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MAXIM

1997 — 75th ISSUE — A CENTURY OF EXCELLENCE — 2004

MARCH 2004

NAUGHTY NEIGHBOR!

ELISHA CUTHBERT

is home alone. You busy?

MONKEYS & LESBIANS

Eeep! Eeep! Eeep! p.120, 80

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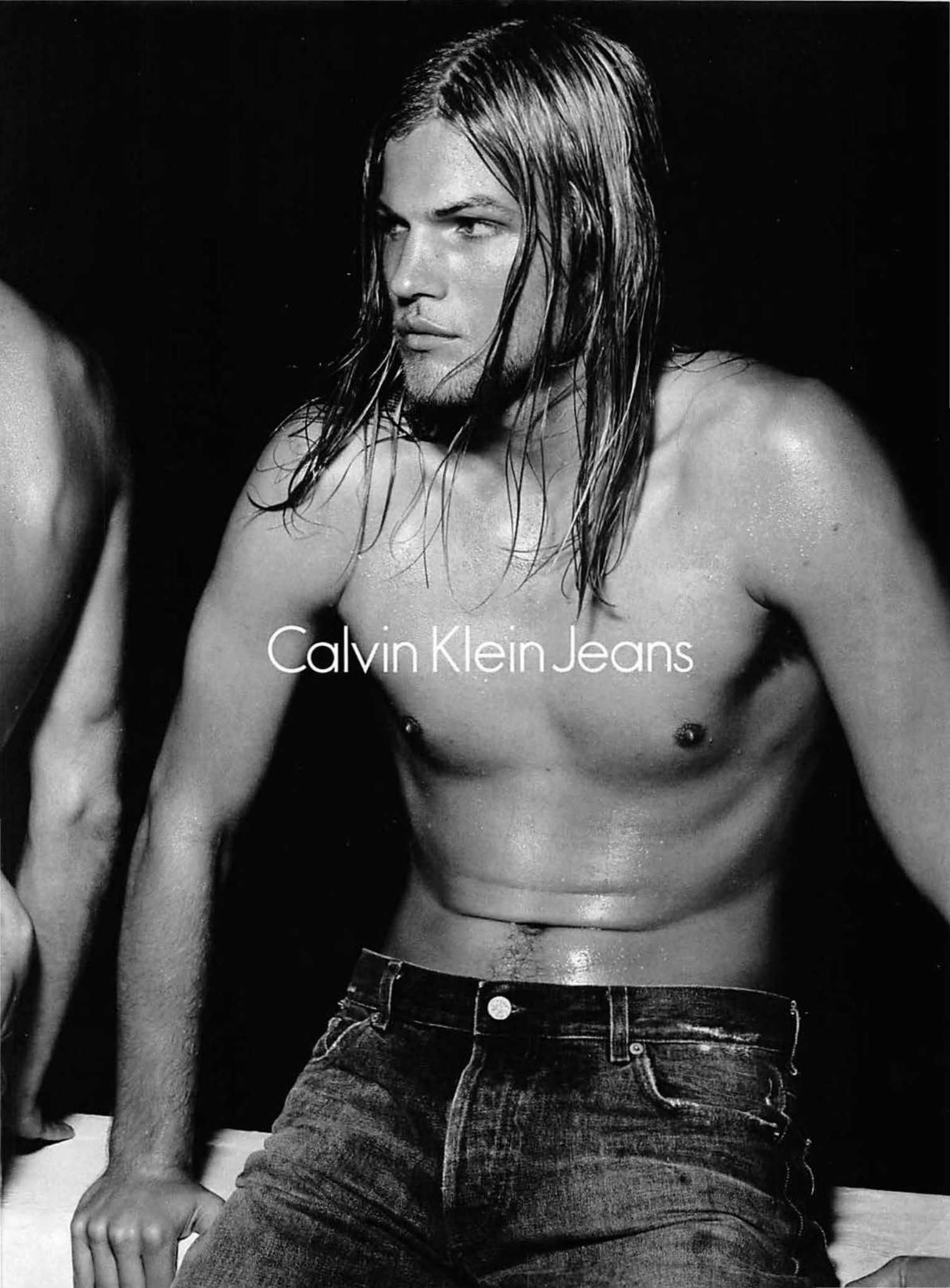


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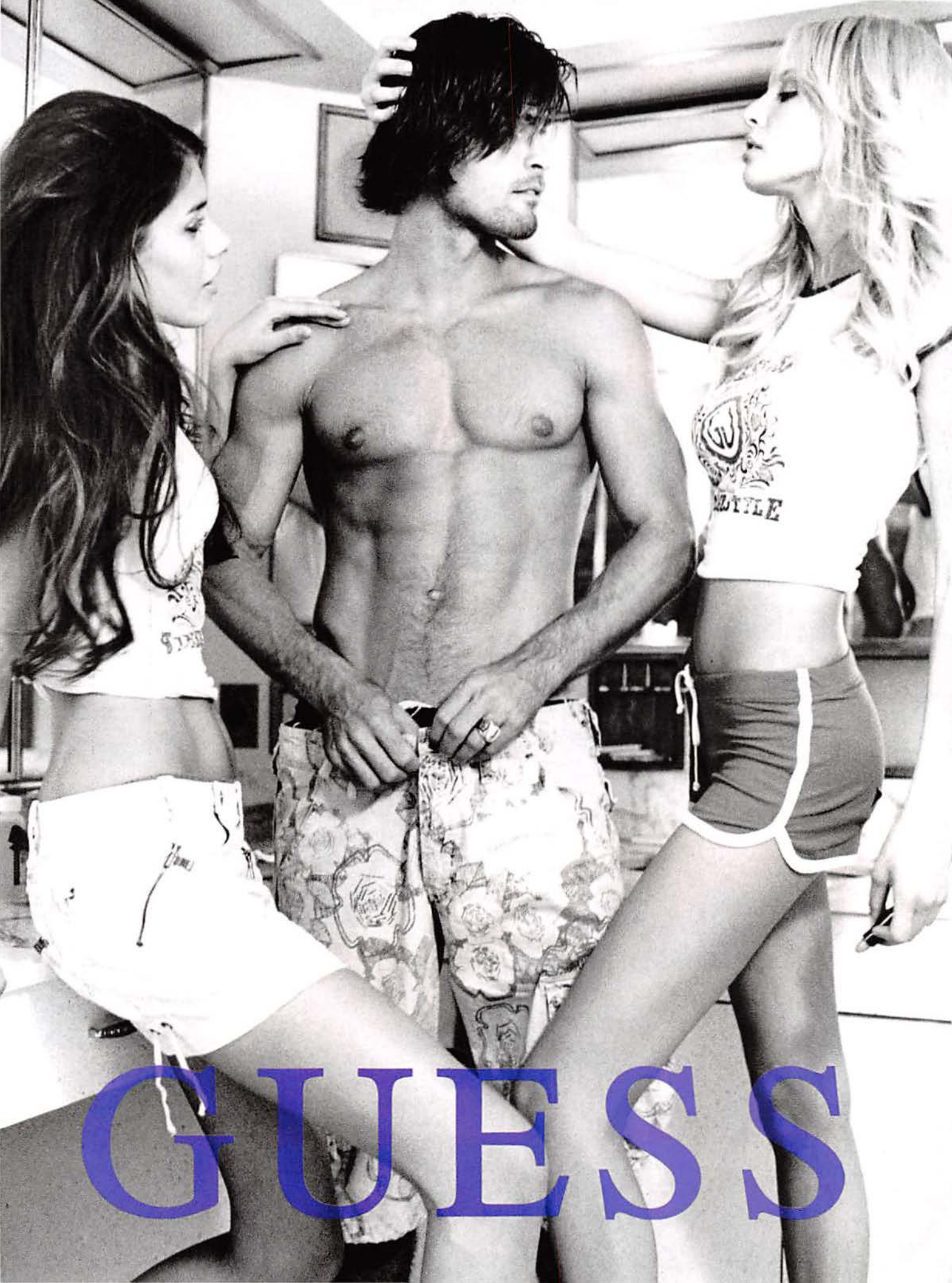
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PARKS & REC.
A. EAGLE
28

AMERICAN EAGLE
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ae.com

Na zdrowie, Secretariat.
Na zdrowie, Symphony no. 9 in D minor Op. 125.
Na zdrowie, New York City.
Na zdrowie, 10/14/1947.
Na zdrowie, Socrates.
Na zdrowie, Sophocles.
Na zdrowie, Picasso's Blue Period.
Na zdrowie, silver anniversaries.
Na zdrowie, 29,035 ft.
Na zdrowie, 8/28/1963.
Na zdrowie, Mr. Hogan.
Na zdrowie, *Reservoir Dogs*.
Na zdrowie, *Pulp Fiction*.
Na zdrowie, *Jackie Brown*.
Na zdrowie, *Kill Bill Vol. 1*.
Na zdrowie, *Kill Bill Vol. 2*.

Na zdrowie, Noel Baba.
Na zdrowie, George W. Ferris.
Na zdrowie, donuts with sprinkles.
Na zdrowie, Tex Avery.
Na zdrowie, Picasso's Cubist Period.
Na zdrowie, *Ulysses*.
Na zdrowie, Ulysses.
Na zdrowie, Liverpool.
Na zdrowie, Job.
Na zdrowie, Copernicus.
Na zdrowie, Don Quixote.
Na zdrowie, 11/9/1989.
Na zdrowie, FDR.
Na zdrowie, JFK.
Na zdrowie, PB&J.
Na zdrowie, Susan Sontag.

WHO HAS EARNED THEIR NA ZDROWIE? WHO HAS EARNED

Na zdrowie, Expressionism.
Na zdrowie, Impressionism.
Na zdrowie, 11,723.
Na zdrowie, Picasso's Rose Period.
Na zdrowie, Cape Canaveral.
Na zdrowie, Pebble Beach.
Na zdrowie, $E=mc^2$.
Na zdrowie, Zorro.
Na zdrowie, Patek Philippe.
Na zdrowie, .
Na zdrowie, Garp.
Na zdrowie, USA 4 USSR 3.
Na zdrowie, Pragmatism.
Na zdrowie, Abstract Expressionism.
Na zdrowie, Święty Mikołaj.
Na zdrowie, Jólasveinn.

Na zdrowie, Voltaire.
Na zdrowie, Candide.
Na zdrowie, 8/26/1920.
Na zdrowie, VIAGRA®.
Na zdrowie, Old Faithful.
Na zdrowie, Jay-Z.
Na zdrowie, 12 seconds.
Na zdrowie, 120 feet.
Na zdrowie, Sisyphus.
Na zdrowie, Picasso's Neoclassical Period.
Na zdrowie, 5/21/1927.
Na zdrowie, Warhol(a).
Na zdrowie, 'Drella.
Na zdrowie, Dr. Salk.
Na zdrowie, Keats.
Na zdrowie, @.

Na zdrowie is the well-meant and well-deserved Polish cheers. *Na zdrowie*!

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Na zdrowie, Larousse Gastronomique.
Na zdrowie, free parking.
Na zdrowie, 4/12/1961.
Na zdrowie, Picasso's Surrealist Period.
Na zdrowie, Playboy Mansion.
Na zdrowie, Jeanne Louise Calment.
Na zdrowie, Roberto Clemente.
Na zdrowie, ⛤.
Na zdrowie, Mom.
Na zdrowie, Dad.
Na zdrowie, foie gras.
Na zdrowie, Gutenberg.
Na zdrowie, Jong.
Na zdrowie, Jung.
Na zdrowie, 4/30/1803.
Na zdrowie, $Fg=G\,m_1m_2/r^2$.

THEIR BELVEDERE?

Na zdrowie, Althea Gibson.
Na zdrowie, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.
Na zdrowie, MINI Cooper.
Na zdrowie, 2/2/1943.
Na zdrowie, 4/15/1452 - 5/2/1519.
Na zdrowie, cogito ergo sum.
Na zdrowie, 214 BC.
Na zdrowie, 11/11/1918.
Na zdrowie, Pancho Villa.
Na zdrowie, genome therapy.
Na zdrowie, 5/24/03.
Na zdrowie, Ramapithecus.
Na zdrowie, ®.
Na zdrowie, Chris Moneymaker.
Na zdrowie, _____.

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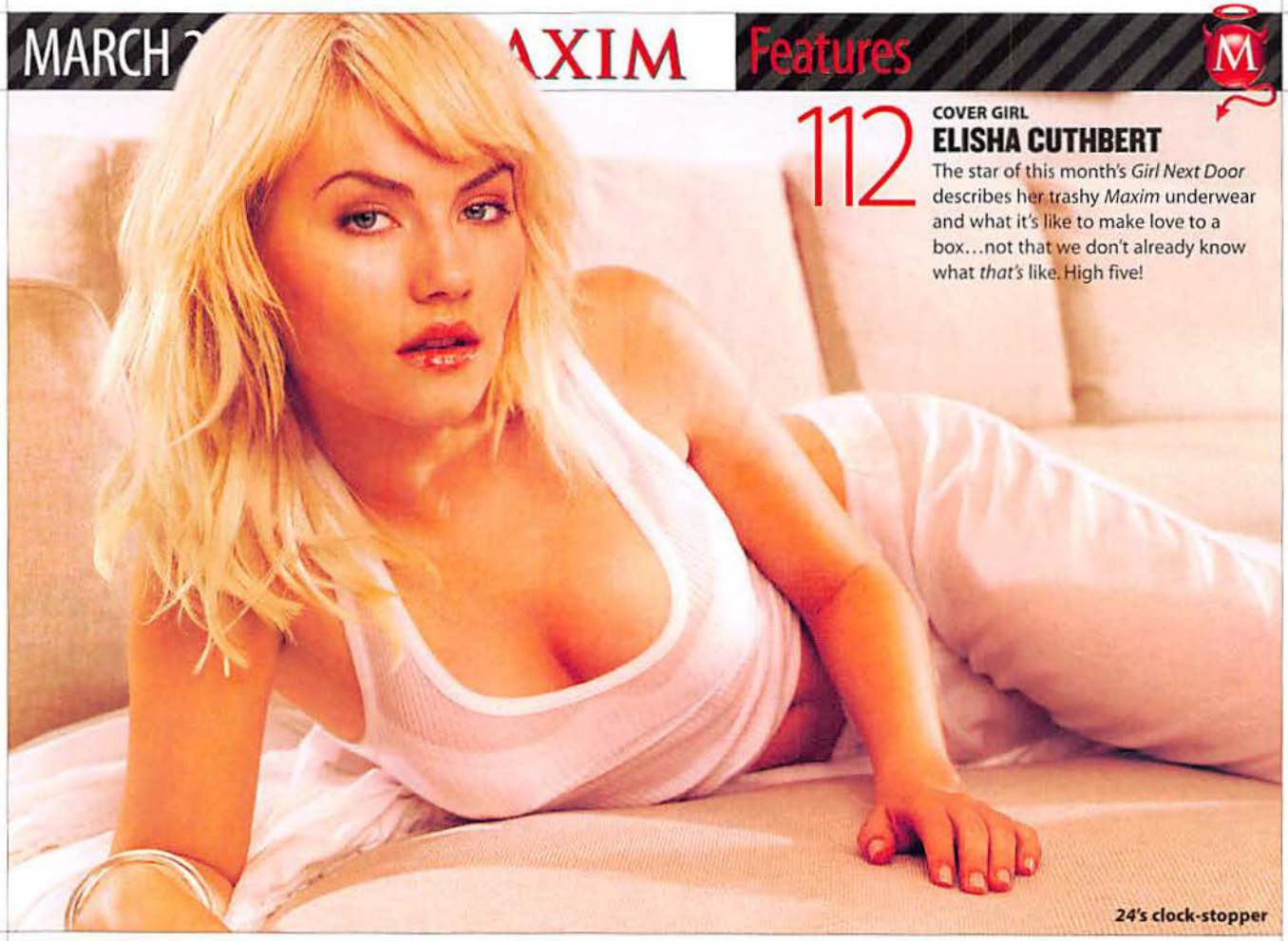

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Features



112 COVER GIRL
ELISHA CUTHBERT

The star of this month's *Girl Next Door* describes her trashy *Maxim* underwear and what it's like to make love to a box…not that we don't already know what *that's* like. High five!

24's clock-stopper



Cactus? Almost killed us! p.150



What a flamer, p.140



120 THE JUNGLE BOOK
MAXIM FOR MONKEYS

Maxim works hard to reflect its readership. That's why we made this special inside issue, covering entertainment, sex, and feces-throwing. Or, to put it another way: Ook-ook-ook! Eeeeee!

WE WANT ANSWERS!

110 COLIN QUINN

Comedy Central's funnyman fires off on psycho knife-wielding groupies, the benefits of being an ugly loser, and why he doesn't drink. A sober Irishman? Now *that's* funny. Almost as funny as a sober comedian!



p.110

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

140 SUMMER OF FIRE

The Earth Liberation Front isn't your everyday group of tree-huggers. These ecoterrorists are fueled by fire, and they're prepared to save the planet, even if that means burning it to the ground. *Maxim* takes you inside the war being fought in your own backyard.

INTO THE WILD

150 STAYIN' ALIVE

When man and Mother Nature go head-to-head, man usually takes one for the team. But our ultimate survival guide will show you how to escape five certain-death scenarios with your balls still intact. And by "intact" we mean firmly in your girl's grasp, sissy.

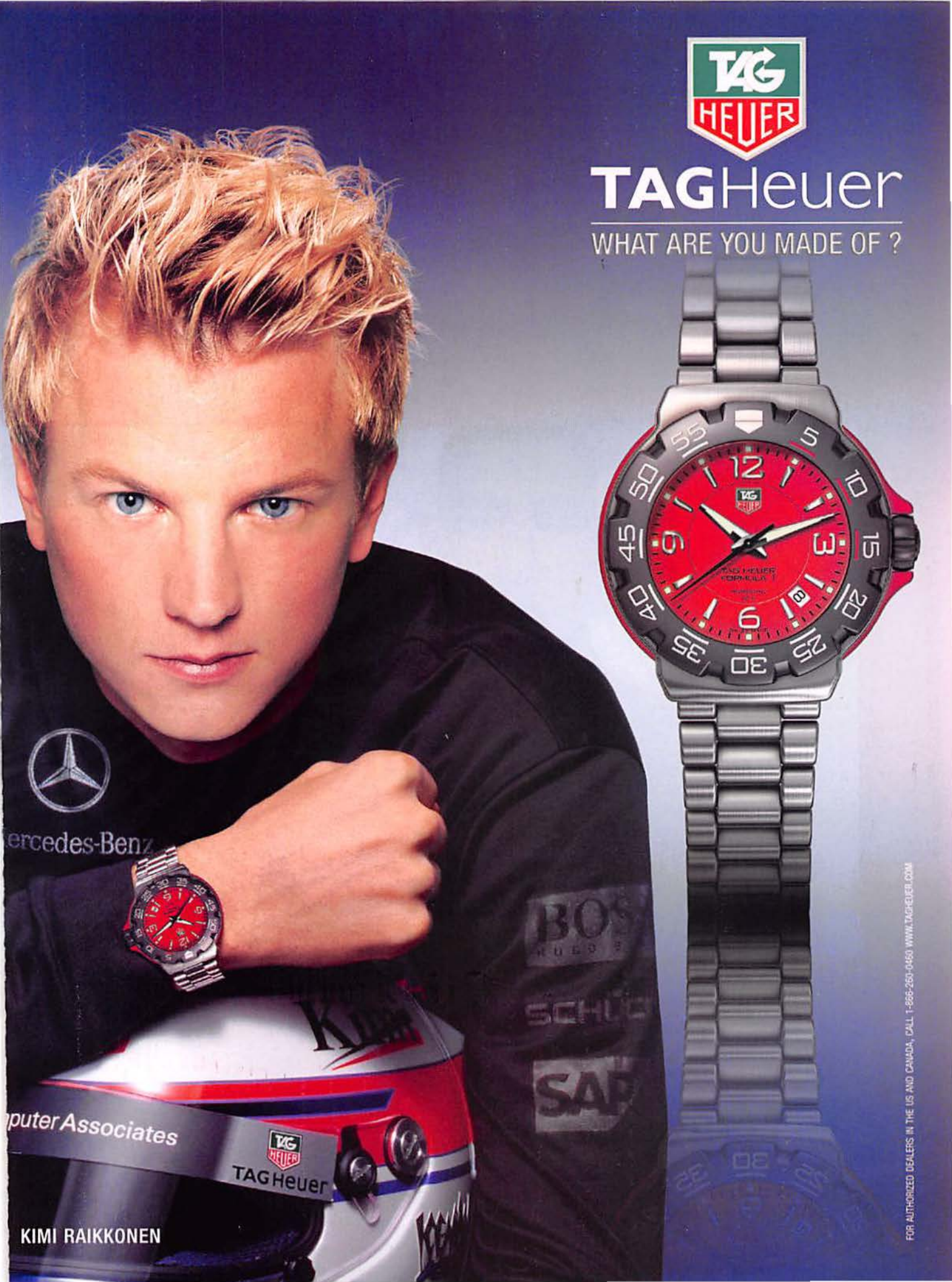
Ready aim... p.158

ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

158 NIKKI BOKAL

This deliciously proportioned model says she's so good in bed she'll make you wanna…propose. Ha! Yeah, right, honey. *We'll* be the judge of that. But no woman could possib—Hey, where the heck is she going?




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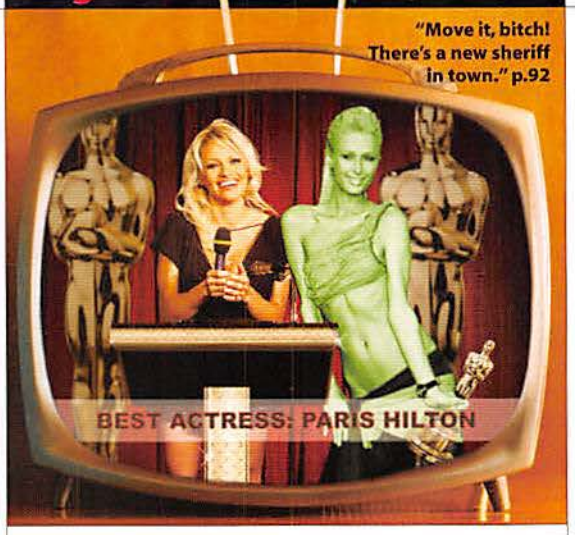
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MARCH 2004 MAXIM



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MAXIM WORLDWIDE
JORDAN
England makes up for generations of pale, snaggle-toothed, cockney drunken cows with one—well, two—fell swoops. Meet the U.K.'s Pam Anderson. Oi!

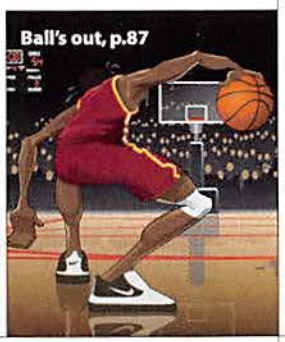
Regulars



"Move it, bitch! There's a new sheriff in town." p.92



Rat's incredible! p.191



Ball's out, p.87

READERS' LETTERS
34 MAXIM HITS THE ROAD!
Canadians spill our mag all over the place. Mad cow, now this…Can those moose-lovers do *anything* right?*



More of this! p.80

JOKES
42 WE'LL BE THERE FOR YOU
Sad *Friends* is over? Cheer up with a hearty laugh!

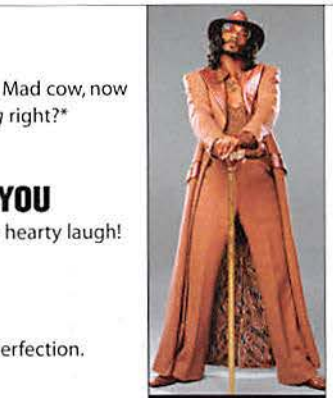
CIRCUS MAXIMUS
46 GET SMOKED!
Dead bodies aged to tasty man-jerky perfection.

HOW TO
66 TAKE A PUNCH
Plus: Nearly electrocute yourself installing an outlet!

I WAS THERE
74 THE FALLS GUY
Kirk Jones leapt into Niagara Falls to end his life…and walked away. What he learned might change *your* life.

SAYS HER
80 GIRL-ON-GIRL GLORY!
Women who love women are the true sex gurus. Lucky for you, we know one of 'em.

SPORTS
87 THE FIXER
Benny Silman's NCAA point-shaving scam was foolproof…until the Feds found out.



G's up, p.96

HOT ZONE
92 BIG PIMPIN'
Snoop Dogg takes on the classic '70s role as Huggy Bear in this month's remake of *Starsky and Hutch*.

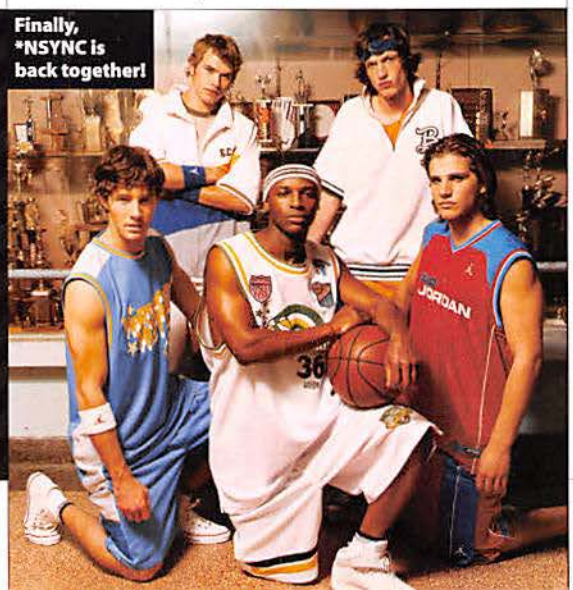
TOP GEAR
191 HIGH-TECH PLUG-INS
An electric bike, a digital guitar, and wooden headphones. Wood, eh? What'll they think of next?

BAR EXAM
200 ARE YOU GOING TO JAIL?
Our quiz will tell you. And editor James McHeidenry discusses his personal battle with the "Irish curse."



p.54

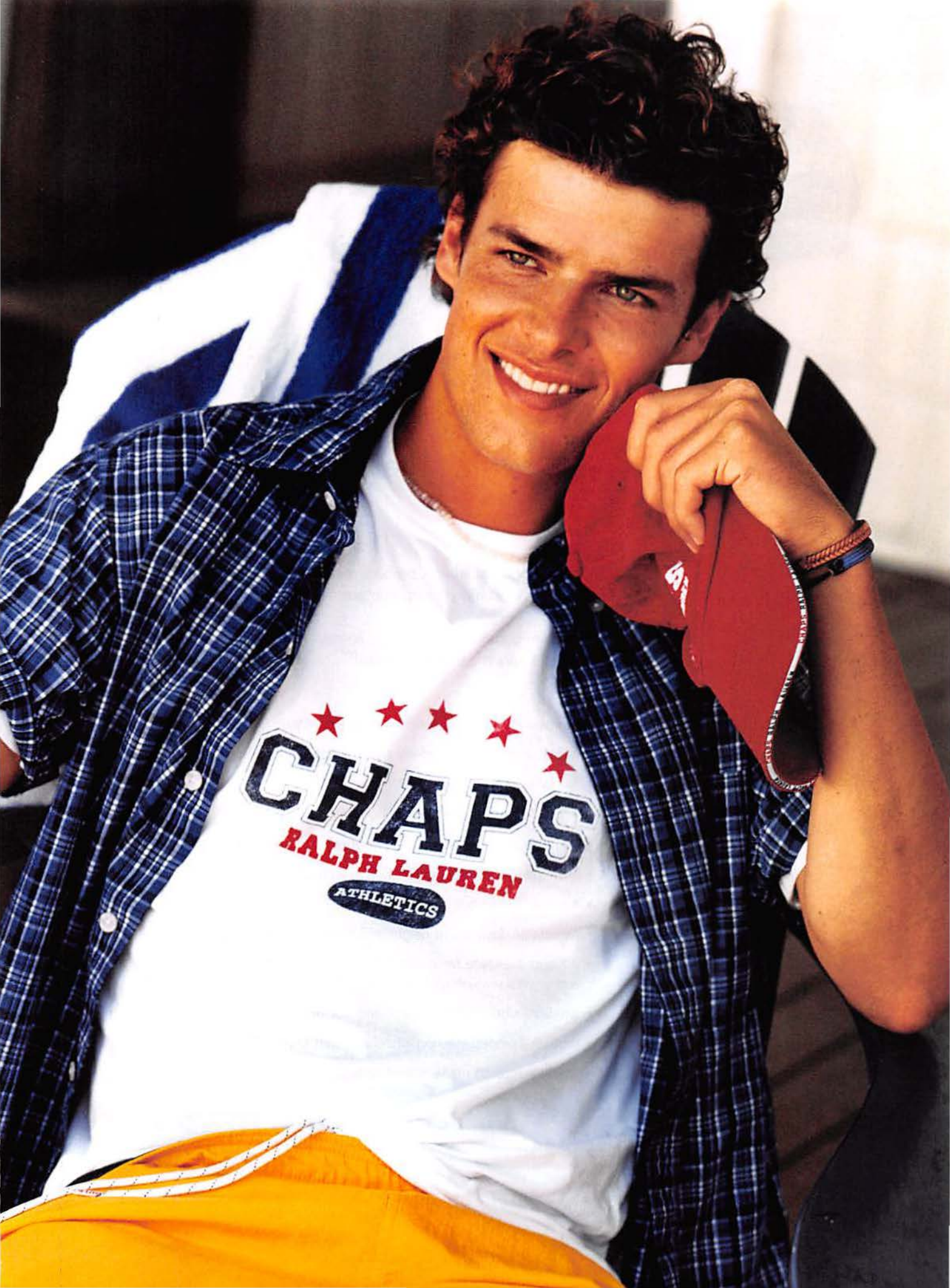
165
MAXIM FASHION
CLASS OF '04 RULZ!
The latest playground looks for jocks and nerds alike fill our yearbook-style spread, taking you back to your days as a zit-faced virgin.



Finally, *NSYNC is back together!

*Disclaimer: *Maxim* acknowledges that Canada has spectacular titty bars.

75


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* Seating surfaces upholstered in leather except for leather-look vinyl on seat side panels, rear sides of seatbacks and other minor areas.
† Always wear your safety belt and secure children in the rear seat.


GET ALL THAT STUFF.
zoom-zoom

127

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

HOMETOWN HOTTIES WINNER

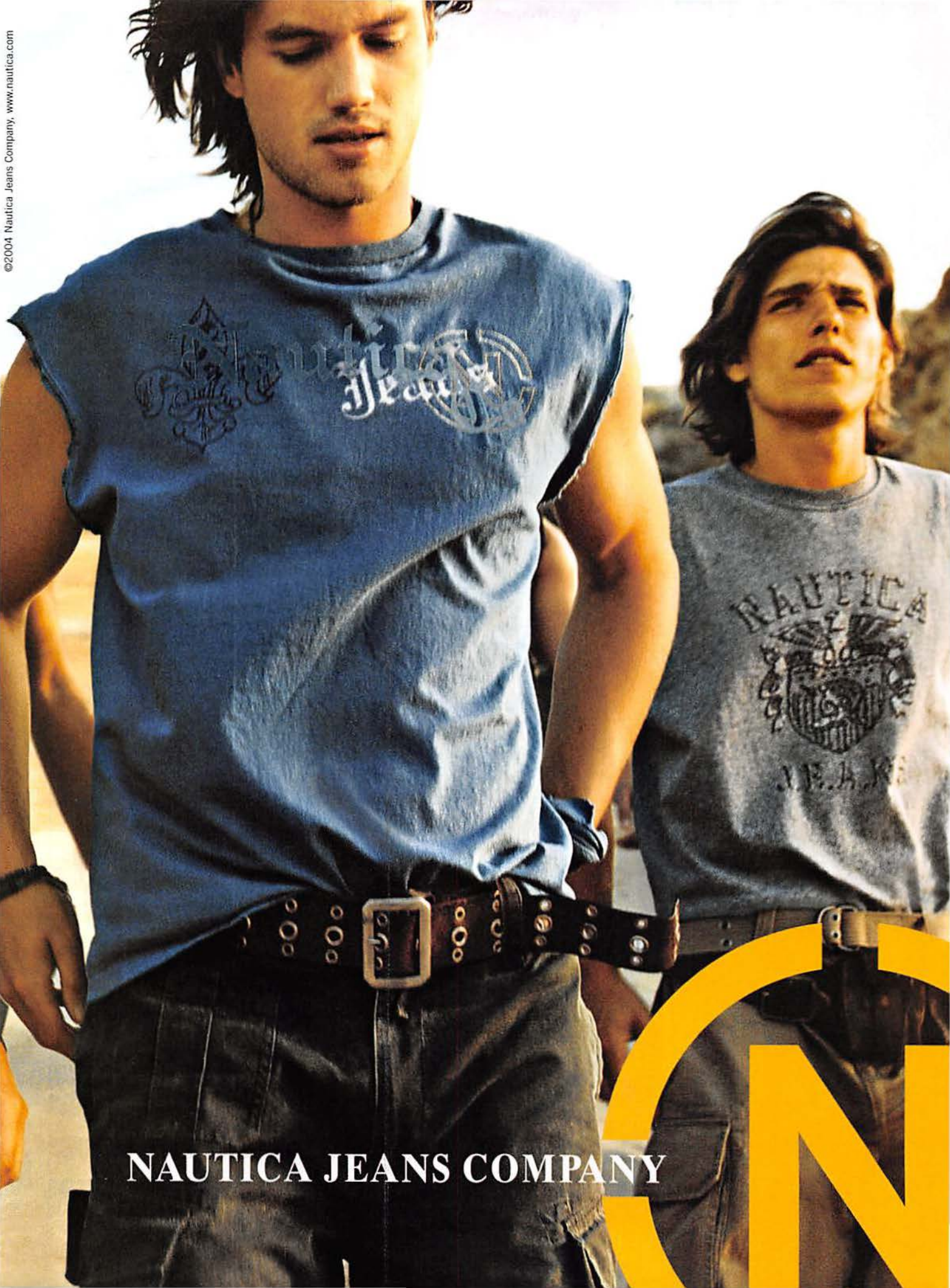
America's got the hottest women and the greatest democracy in the world. *Maxim* put 'em together to give you the only contest that lets average Joes choose the country's sexiest girl-next-door from thousands of stunning online applicants. Men, meet your First Lady.



GAME OVER!

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Seven-Year Itch

▼ **Keith O'Blanchard**
Ladies and gents: The Lord of the Pants



Over the course of *Maxim*'s proud seven-year history, critics have occasionally accused this magazine of being...you may find this hard to believe...obsessed with girls. Yes, despite our noblest entertainment efforts, there are people out there who still manage to shoulder past the shark hunters, dodge the rubber-band machine guns, and sidestep the thundering Ferrari road tests, and see only what they choose to see.

And that hurts.

We're frankly sick of these niggling naysayers and their claptrap, and that's why, after this issue, *Maxim* will no longer feature sexy women. That's right—they ruined it for everyone. In April, look for Carson Daly on our cover, a 48-page *Queer Eye* season retrospective, a 6,000-word essay on barn swallow migration, and exciting photo spreads of five prominent German bankers.

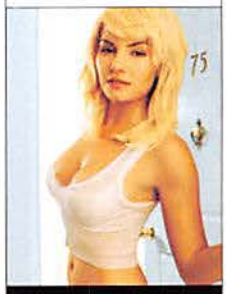
But before the tide shifts, won't you join us one last time as we kick it old-school with America's sexiest girl next door...the winner of *Maxim*'s first annual Hometown Hotties contest!

Ah, the girl next door—a compelling, enduring human archetype, like "nearsighted professor" or "groveling crack whore." There's a delicious sexual tension served up here: The girl (fresh-faced local beauty) is right next door (just two panes of glass away), and that tantalizing proximity can elevate the plainest Jane to Helen of Troy stature...and test the tensile strength of the most rugged pajama bottoms. If you've ever focused a home telescope in the horizontal plane, check out the #1 to #5 hottest girls-next-door in America, p.127.

And if you've had it up to here with pictures of sexy girls, don't panic. We've got the usual mix of monkeys and lesbians (p.120 and p.80), tree-hugging terrorists (p.140), clothes that might get you some (p.165), a hopping-mad late-night leprechaun (p.110), and surprises galore. Come April, we're off girls for good, we promise...but in the meantime, be sure to avert your eyes from *24*'s perfect 10, Elisha Cuthbert (p.112).

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to see if *Budget Living* is hiring.

Keith Blanchard



ON THE COVER: ELISHA CUTHBERT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY Andrew Eccles

STYLING BY Karen Shapiro

HAIR BY David Gardner for Solo Artists

MAKEUP BY Agostino for cloutieragency.com using Paula Dorf cosmetics

CLOTHING Tank top by La Cosa; bra available at Barneys New York; pants by Laura Urbanatti

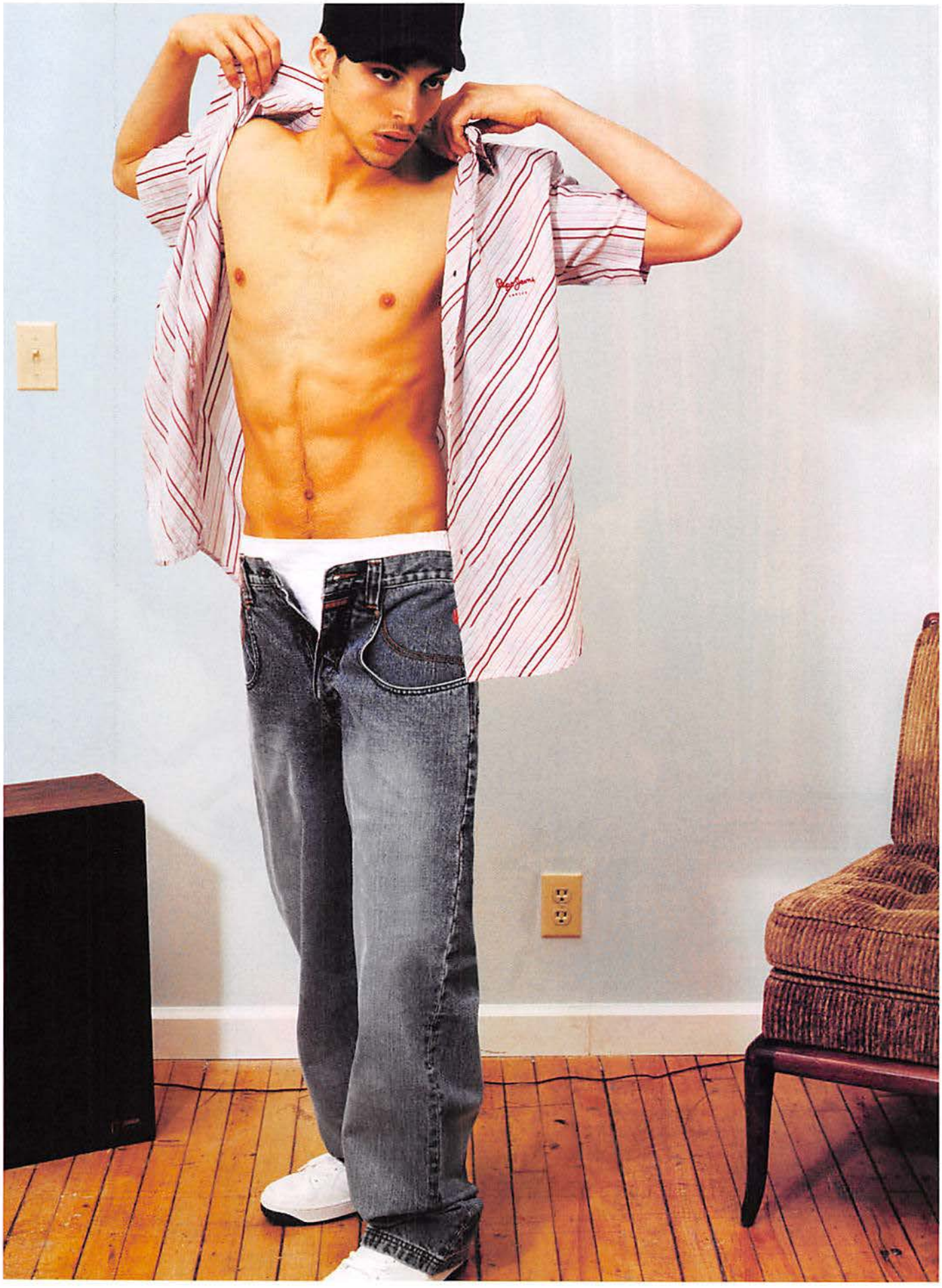


This Month in Maxim

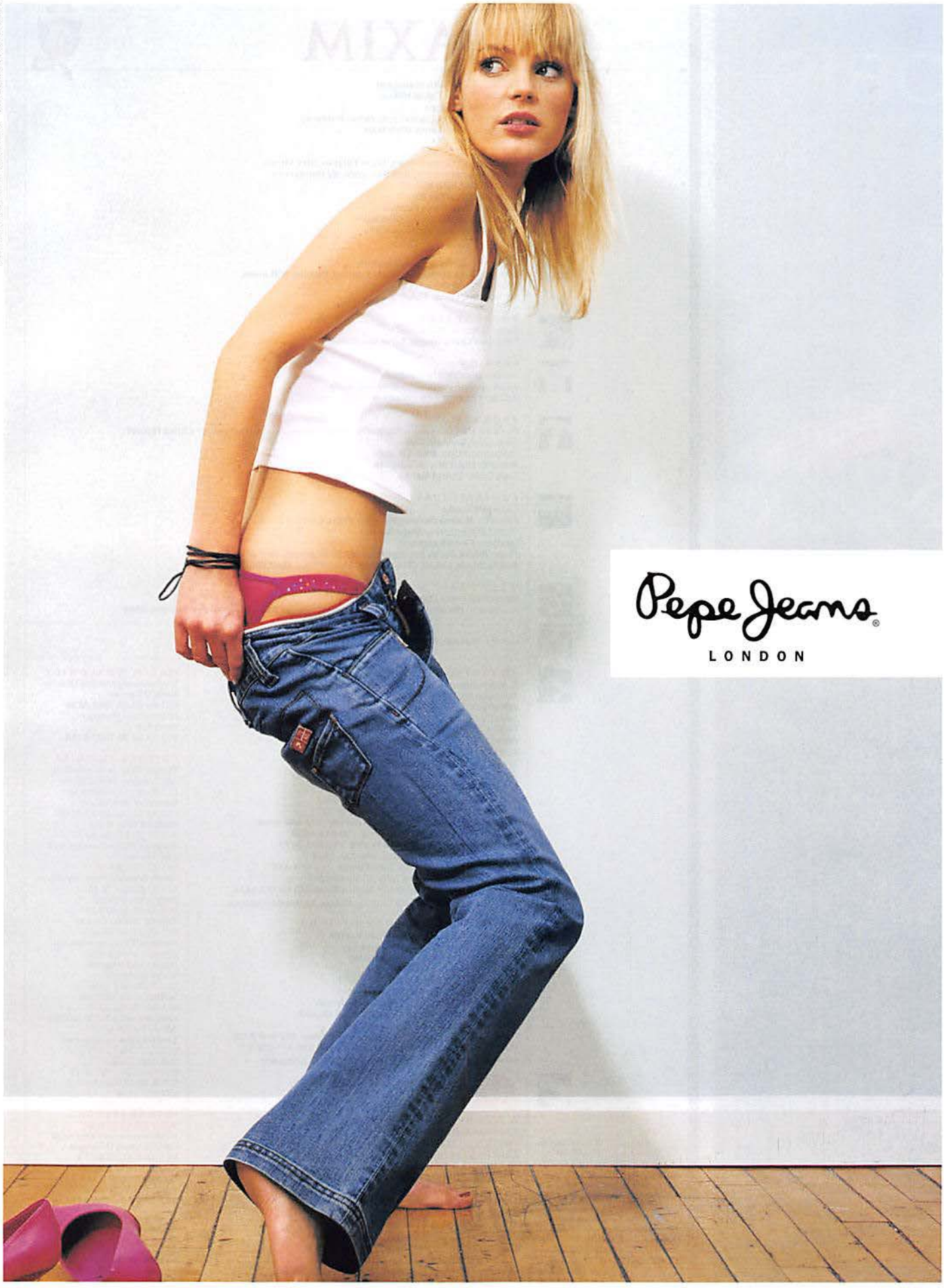
The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Arabic speakers who refused to translate our helpful list of Iraqi phrases	6
Times Snoop Dogg used the "-izzle" suffix during his interview (p.96)	0
"-izzle" jokes made on the page	4
Former Eagle Scouts who edited "Stayin' Alive" survival piece (p.150)	2
Times they've locked themselves in the bathroom this year, collectively	5
Times the monkey peed during "*Maxim* for Monkeys" (p.120) photo shoot	2
Rental fee, in dollars, per perniciously pungent primate puddle	$800
Shouts of "I know tae kwon do!" by drunk editor Jason Kersten at a party	3
...by mocking staffers since	168
Porn movies not yet stolen from office DVD library	37
...including two copies of Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Pumping Iron*	39
Rank of *Filthy Rich*'s "Look who came into money?" among best tag lines	1


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Copy **Jeff Tomko**
Research **Shauna DeGeorge, Jacob Mirer, Carolyn Stein**
Digital Enhancement **Gene Bresler**
Designer **Kevin Newman**
Photo **Alisha Borth, Marilyn Hopkins, Sue Laguna, Matt Steigbigel**
Interns **Aaron Cahall, Chrissi Mark, Alexa Prisco, Matt Windman**

WEST COAST OFFICE
West Coast Editor **Claudia Nicolayevsky**
Assistant to the West Coast Editor **Brooke Wilson** Tel 310-859-4800 Fax 310-859-4767

General Manager **Andy Clerkson**

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EDITORS-IN-CHIEF
France Philippe Bourbeillon and François de Guillebon
011-33 (0) 1-41-34-96-50
Germany Uwe Killing
011-49 (0) 30-259-17-49-00
Holland Mike Kepel
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NEW. FOR MEN

ARAMIS LIFE

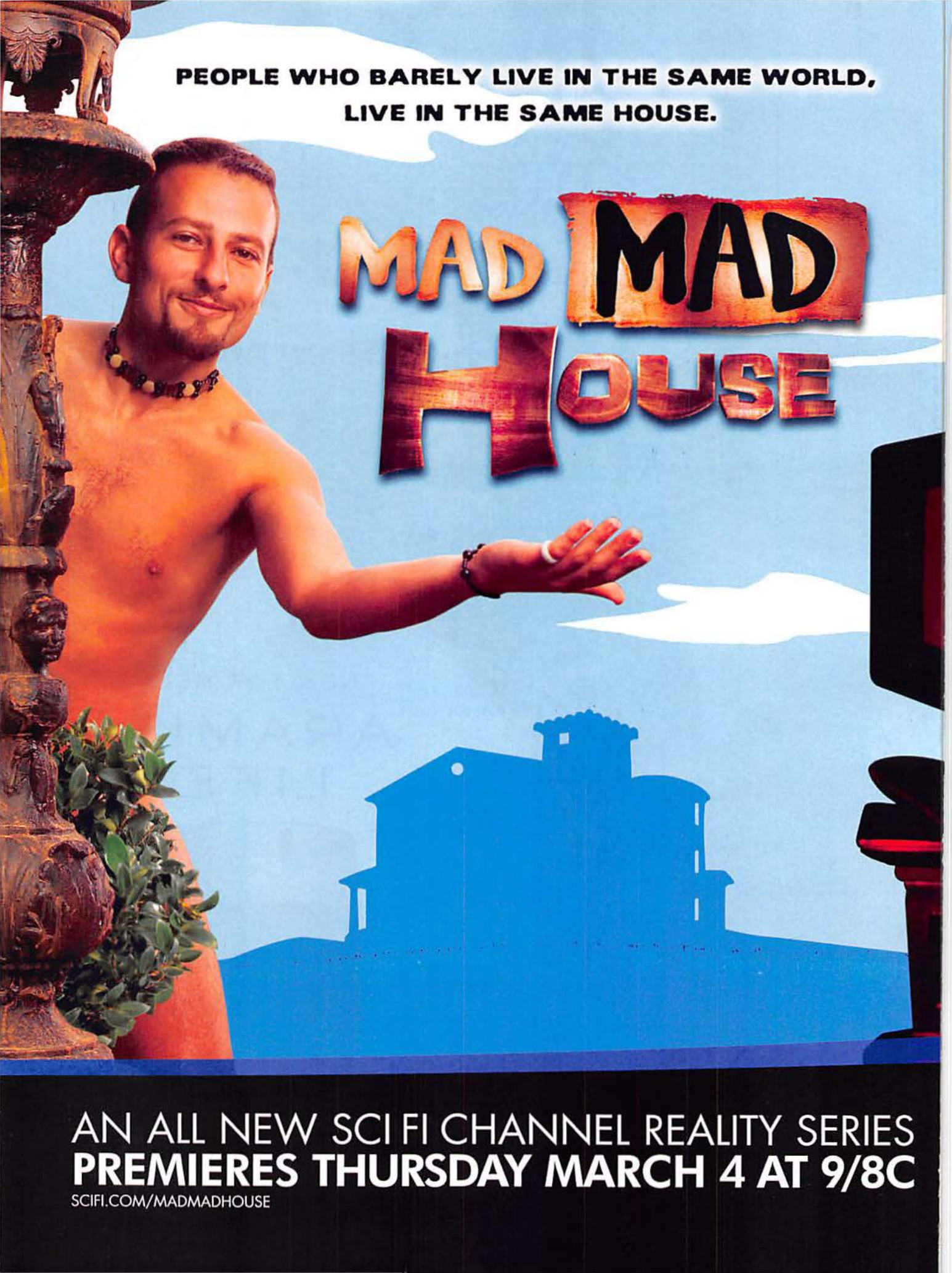


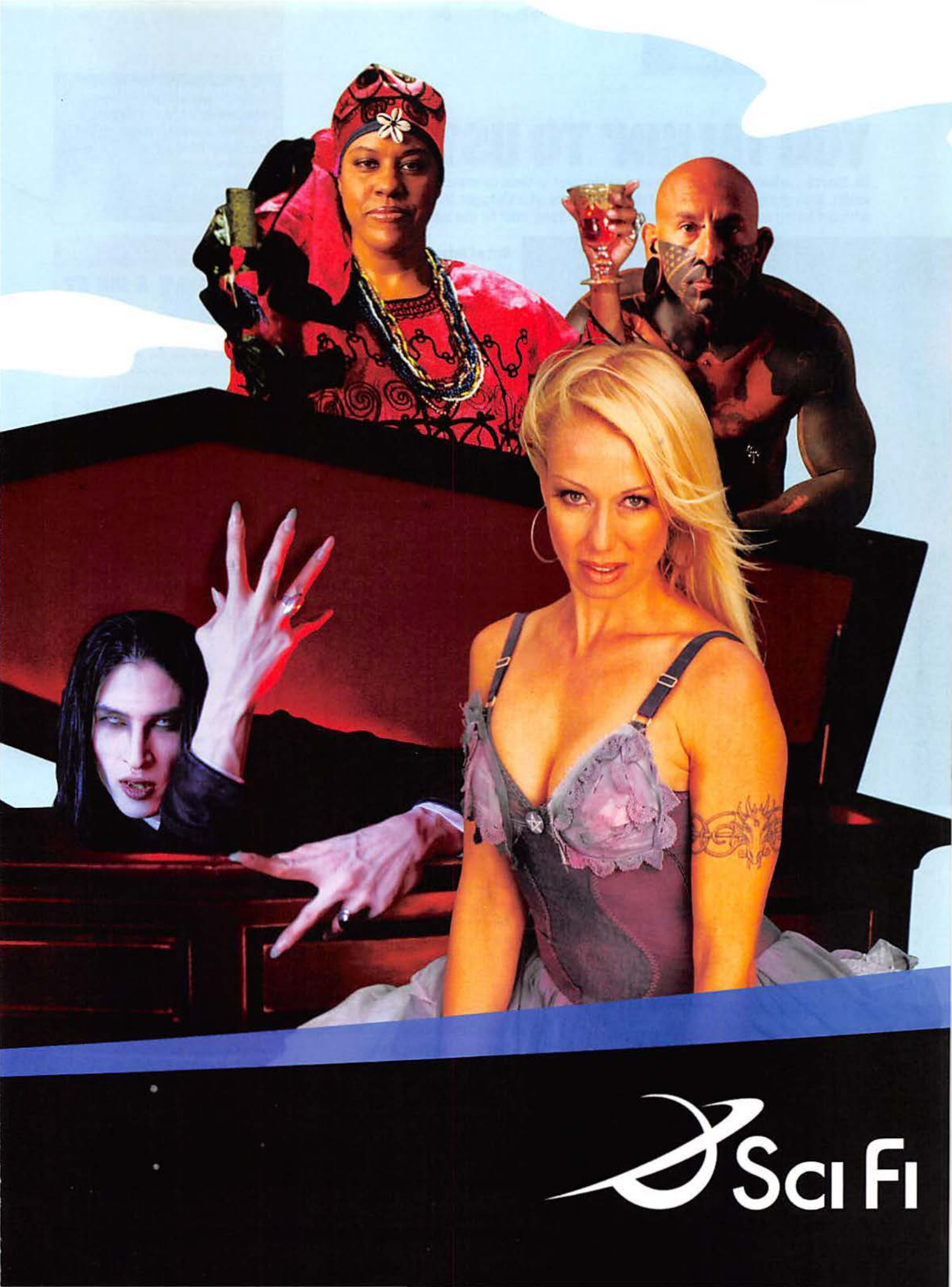
LIFE. IT'S A GREAT GAME.

-ANDRE AGASSI

aramis

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Sci Fi

YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Ah, March...when grass turns green again, just in time to match our St. Paddy's Day vomit. Also green are the gills of these readers who thought they could write us without being mocked. Wanna get pilloried? Send mail to the address at right.

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you a pair of Smith Optics sunglasses. To play, e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.



Wait—are you girls sisters?

Sweet Piece of Ash

I thanked the gods when I saw Michelle Branch on your cover. Who knew she had such a smoking body? She writes her own music, watches porn, harbors a pirate fetish, and has a guy's sense of humor! Where can I find one like that?

Duke Tran
Via e-mail

Michelle's a very poplar girl—we pine for her, too. She's definitely no dogwood.

Out of Odor

In your "Thwart Santa" article [How To, December], you say that cyanide has an almondlike smell. Wrong. Cyanide is odorless, tasteless, and colorless. It smells like almonds on one's breath *after* it's been consumed. If you need more information on matters of poison, feel free to drop me a line.

Edward Chevrier
Great White North

Actually, Ed, cyanide does smell like bitter almonds to some people; it's just hard to detect when you're always sportin' a Stinky Hitler. In the future, do not presume to lecture us on tastelessness.

Faces of Death

In your "CSI: Maxim" feature [January], you show five pictures of *Maxim* staffers and five pictures of serial killers; you then challenge readers to separate the psychos from the staffers. I only guessed correctly once! Are you sure the sixth person in your lineup is a staffer and not the Green River Killer?

Jimmy Long
Long Island, NY

That creepy-looking guy is none other than Andrij Witiuk, our production editor and former presidential candidate. You think he's terrifying in that picture? Just imagine that ugly mug leering from Mount Rushmore.

Punch Drunk Lust

When I saw the pics of *Mutant X*'s genetically superior Victoria Pratt ["Bad Kitty!," January], I fell off my chair. I love that she's proficient in martial arts. Please let her know she can use me as a punching bag any day of the week.

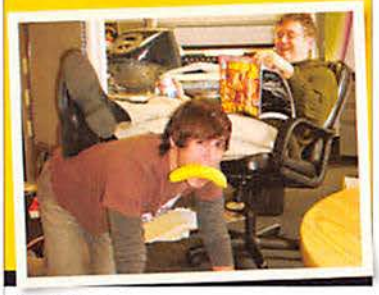
Keith Gray
Versailles, KY

Sorry, Victoria says she doesn't hit girls.

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

WIN A JOB AT MAXIM

At last our yearlong search for a yes-man to replace our incompetent editorial assistant, Jon Wilde, is nearing an end. We've narrowed the field to 10 lucky college seniors, who'll be flown to New York to meet the staff and be regaled with food, drink, and hands-on bathroom chores. Who'll endure our Machiavellian mean streak? Who cares? It's entertaining! Go to **maximonline.com** to watch the demeaning video.

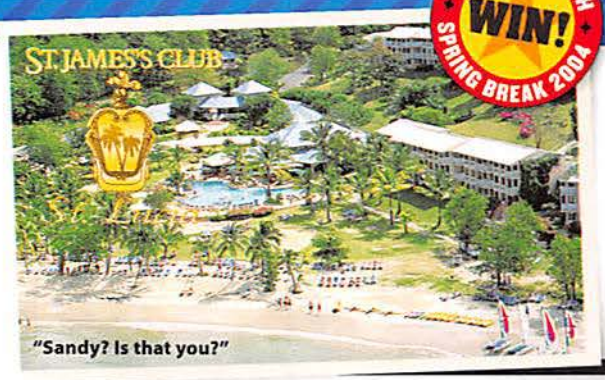


Soil Mate

During a recent business trip, I was stuck waiting in a client's company lounge for an entire afternoon. After twiddling my thumbs and eating KFC for hours, I discovered a stash of *Maxim*s in a drawer. Even though the mags were two years old, they really helped pass the time. They were also useful for passing lunch; I discovered it takes 26 pages of your magazine to render a toilet inoperable.

Martin Kelly
Via e-mail

Um...thanks for writing, Martin. But we really wish you hadn't fished out that subscription card. ▶



"Sandy? Is that you?"

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Get Sand in Your Pants!

Is your idea of an exotic getaway a night out gorging on slabs of beef at the local Sizzler? We're here to help, friend. This month *Maxim* is sending one lucky reader on a seven-night all-expenses-paid vacation to the beautiful isle of St. Lucia. In this Caribbean paradise, you and a chum will enjoy ridiculously luxurious digs at the St. James's Club Morgan Bay Resort. Amble over to their sports center and sign up for windsurfing, sailing, snorkeling, or kayaking. All meals and cocktails are free of charge; we're even throwing in the round-trip airfare on Air Jamaica. For your chance to win this $4,700 dream escape, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. As always, all phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will have their cable systems reprogrammed to receive nothing but Lifetime.

Photographs, Andrew Eccles (Michelle Branch)

jeans for canceled date: $60

shirt for most boring date to date: $55

chinos for date with parents' best friend's daughter: $70

crew neck for date from hell: $42

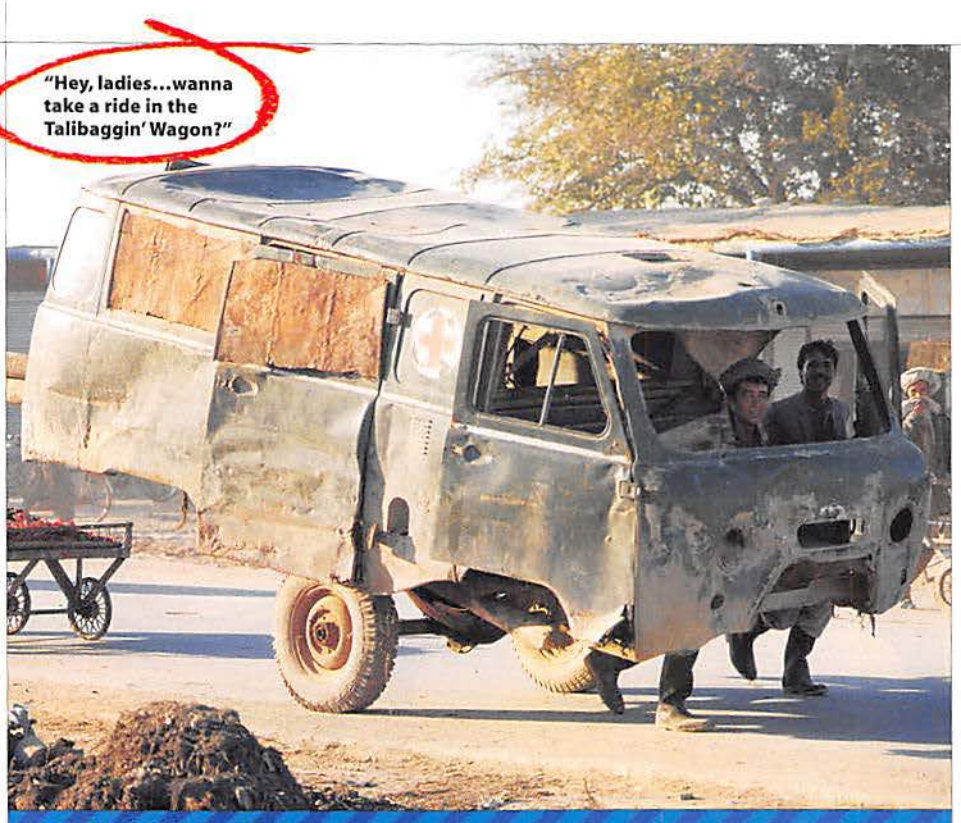


hooking up at the laundromat: priceless

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OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Think you can outwit our sweatshop caption writers? Prove it. Look at the photo above, of a Kabul airport shuttle, and write in your best one-liner. If it beats ours, we'll ship you Da'mage jeans and a Black & Decker drill. We'll also frame the winning caption, and runners-up, in an upcoming issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com, or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be cut into pretty little shamrocks.





DECEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:
She found Nemo...to be delicious!
Adam Mills, Atlanta, GA

RUNNERS-UP:
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
Rob Burns, White Plains, NY

Steve sank a lot of clams into his joint, but he still couldn't keep it afloat.
Jon Childs, Austin, TX

Not a lot of atmosphere, but the place has sole.
Gregory Ronis, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

"Miss, do you have any idea when Senator Kennedy will arrive?"
Chris Maggart, Marietta, GA

Work Release

Boy, do you guys have it easy at *Maxim*. For you work involves getting drunk on the company dime ["RU Experienced?," January], throwing bachelor parties in Key West ["Book 5: Miami"], and enjoying a body-cavity search by one of the world's sexiest cops ["Frisk Factor"]. Is life there really this charming?

Jenny P.
Kingston, AR

Who told you we enjoyed the cavity search? That boner was a totally involuntary reflex!

Clash of the Titans

In your "Fresh Poop" piece [Hot Zone, January], you claim that Bruce Campbell may appear in a horror flick showdown pitting Freddy vs. Jason vs. Ash (from the *Evil Dead* series). Tell me you're not just messing with my head. Can you imagine a greater contest?

George Rittenhouse
Victoria, TX

Sure! How about Christopher Reeve vs. Stephen Hawking in a wheelchair demolition derby! The winner walks away with...well, never mind.

Beyond the Norm

I've never been a huge Norm Macdonald fan, but after reading his *Maxim* Q&A [We Want Answers!, January], I have a newfound respect for the guy. He has his own TV show yet doesn't consider himself a star, he likes to fight, has contempt for *The View* (perhaps the worst show on TV), and enjoys a good Canadian brew. Let's hear it for Norm!

Chris Mark
Pensacola, FL

The worst show on TV? Obviously, you've never caught an episode of Rosie O'Donnell's Tabletop Dance and Mayo Wrestling Party.

Mark of Bizarro

Was that photo of Mark Hamill real ["Revenge of the Jedi," January], or did someone in your art department get creative with Photoshop? The picture of him dressed in a skirt and wielding an umbrella is the freakiest thing I've seen since you ran a full-size shot of Mickey Rourke's weathered head.

Crawford Hunt
New York, NY

Yes, Mark Hamill really dressed up as a schoolgirl for us. But just wait till you get a look at the Polaroids we're sending you of Louie Anderson performing deep knee bends in a wet unitard! ▶

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MAXIM'S ROLLER GIRLS >>

WIN $100

We want pictures, and we're willing to pay.

In December we implored female readers to send us shots of themselves at play on rollerskates, and they heeded the call! Thanks for all the wheelie hot pix, ladies. Next month, mail us shots of you performing cartwheels in an April downpour and we'll ship you a hand towel, plus $100: Letters From Ladies, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave, NY, NY 10018.





2nd

Wiener Roast

That was a great article on the "25 Greatest Moments in Metal" [January]. Who knew there were 25 moments worth remembering? I agreed with all your picks (especially the obscure Norwegian death metal band Mayhem killing and eating each other's brains), but you've got the order all wrong! How could you put W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless all the way down at number 21? According to you, the guy's pyrotechnic codpiece sprayed flames up to 20 feet! That's got to be good enough for the top 10 at least!

Josh Alexander
Aberdeen, WA

Well, Blackie Lawless says it shoots 20 feet, but actually it just dribbles fire on his shoes.

A Winter Tail

Nice job on the "Blue Christmas" article [December]; the winter season pickup tips gave me the courage to finally put the moves on my hot neighbor. If all goes according to plan, I'll be renewing my subscription for three more years.

Dave
Reading, PA

Glad to see the warden finally let you have pen and paper, Dad.

Mexican Standoff

I usually trust the reporting you guys do in your magazine, but I'm afraid I have to question the validity of your frozen-burrito taste test ["Mad Mex," January]. Your staff actually chose an organic variety over the deliciously cheesy, bean-laden bricks stocked at 7-Eleven! Are you out of your frickin' minds? Nothing in the world beats a properly nuked Casa Buena burrito. I demand a full recount!

Rob D'Amico
Brooklyn, NY

You're right, Rob—we have sinned and we must repent. Effective immediately, we'll serve two weeks in the champagne room.

Show Us You're Nuts!

Hello, it just doesn't get any better than *Maxim*. My old buddy "Hare Krishna" has a book out, you know. Your magazine *Maxim* is all the cute little rear ends I can count. What is life without cute little rear ends? The Buddha used to read *Maxim* way back in his day long ago. Various Buddhas of Southeast Asia... you have heard this before. I just can't get enough Buddhas! Goodbye for now.

Dan Farmer
Fairview Park, OH

Thanks for writing! Oh, the voices in your head just called... They say, "Kill! Kill! Kill!" M



<< PUT ME IN MAXIM!

MOTHER TRUCKER

I'm a park warden in Glacier National Park, Canada. On November 16, my partner and I witnessed an accident involving a semi and loads of *Maxims* on the Trans-Canada highway. Here are your missing copies!

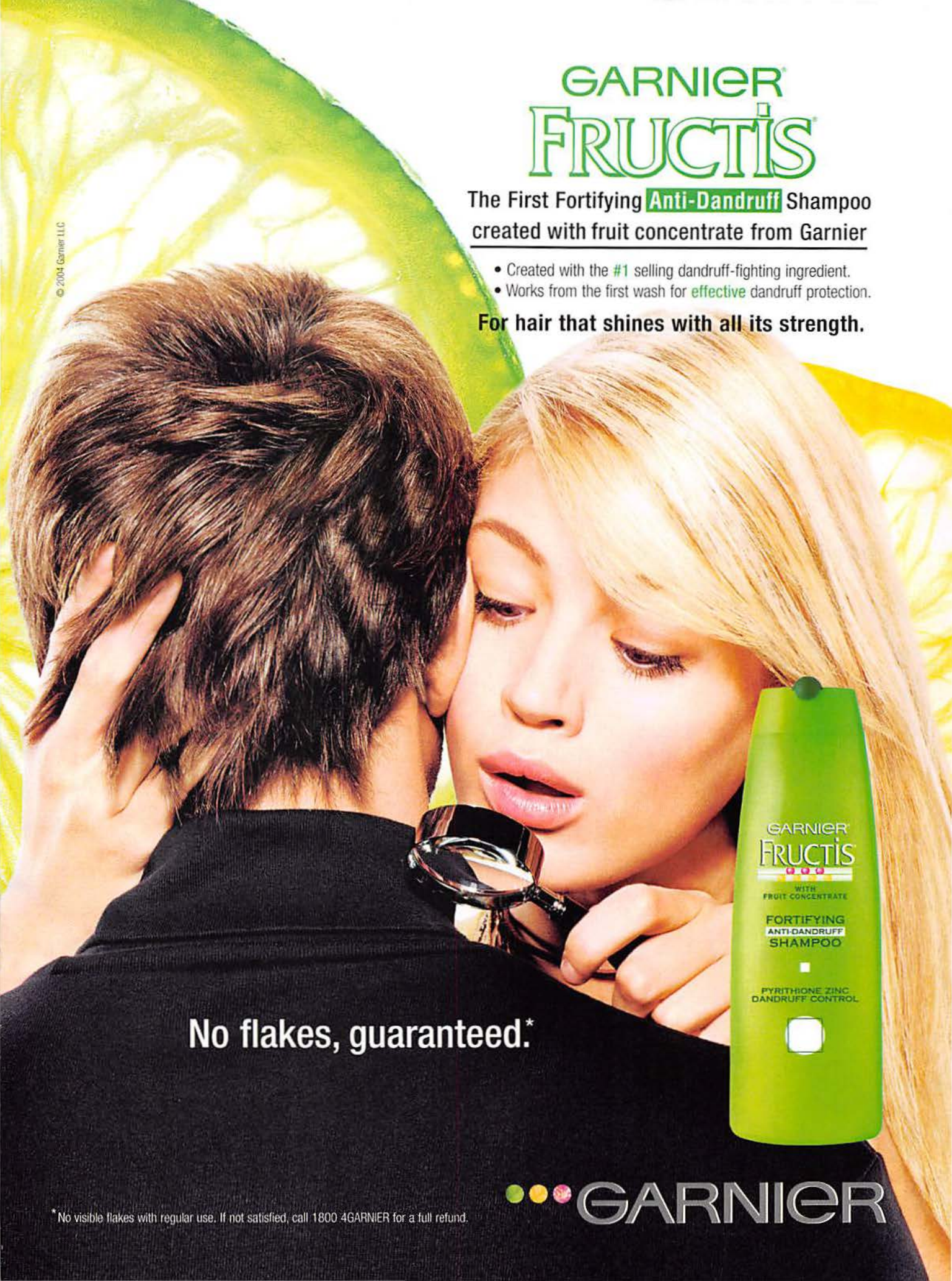
Jordy Sheperd
Revelstoke, British Columbia

You think that's impressive? You should have been there the time the cargo hold of our plane "accidentally" unlocked, dumping 50,000 issues over Baghdad. Our apologies in advance for this month's dump on Paris.



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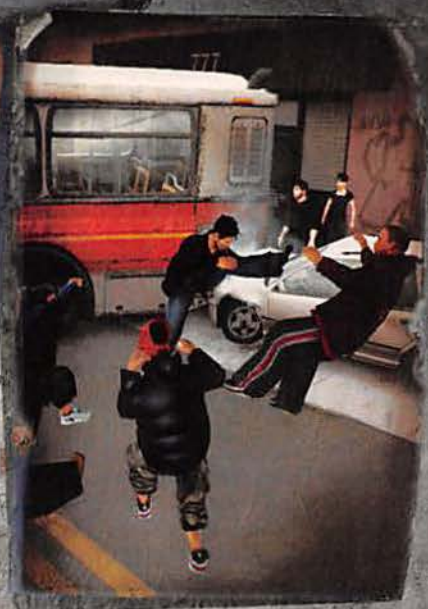
Violence

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JET LI RISE TO HONOR 義氣











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Getting Sum

Q: What's the square root of 69?
A: Eight something.
—J. Smith, White Bear Lake, MN

Horseplay

A cowboy and his new bride check into a motel. The cowboy explains to the desk clerk that they were just married that morning.

"Would you like the bridal?" the clerk asks them.

"No, thanks," the cowboy answers. "I'll just hold her by the ears until she gets the hang of it."

—Michael Falini, Rockville, MD

Sharp Words

Q: How did Stevie Wonder feel about the cheese grater he got as a gift?
A: He thought it was the most violent book he's ever read.
—M. Iverson, Vancouver, BC

Flower Power

ONE FOR GRANDPA

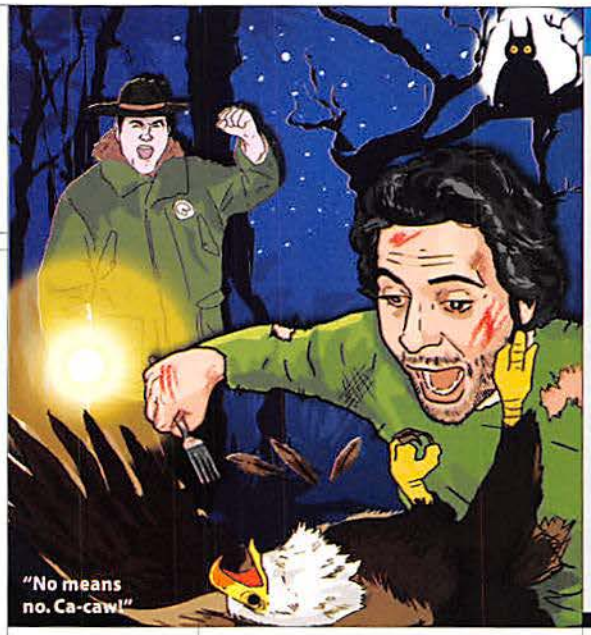
Two bored old ladies are sitting on a park bench. One says, "For five bucks I'll streak through the flower show across the street." They shake on it.

Waiting outside the flower show, her friend soon hears a commotion in the convention hall, followed by loud applause. Then the naked granny bursts out through the door with a cheering crowd behind her.

"What happened?" asks her friend.

"I won first prize for best dried arrangement!"

—Matthew Stoudt, Chicago, IL



"No means no. Ca-caw!"

THE $150 JOKE

Bird Feeder

A hiker gets lost in the woods and spends the next two days wandering around with no food. Finally, he spots a bald eagle on a ledge, hits it with a big rock, and begins eating it raw.

A park ranger stumbles on the scene and arrests the hiker for killing an endangered species.

In court the hiker explains that he was on the edge of starvation and had no choice.

"Considering the circumstances, I find you not guilty," says the judge. "But I have to ask—what did the eagle taste like?"

"Well, your honor," the hiker says, "it tasted like a cross between a whooping crane and a spotted owl."

—James West, via e-mail

Q: Why couldn't Helen Keller drive? A: She was a woman.



Twilight Bone

A traveling salesman's car breaks down in the country, so he decides to call on the closest farmhouse.

When the farmer opens the door, the salesman says, "Sir, my car died just up the road. Could I stay here for tonight?"

The farmer says, "Sure, but you'll have to promise not to sleep with my son."

"Excuse me," says the salesman, "but I think I'm in the wrong joke."

—A. J. Smargon, Coconut Creek, FL

Fanged Up

A vampire bat returns to a cave covered in blood. The other bats hound him until he agrees to bring them to the food, and they all fly off.

After leading the pack for a mile, the first bat suddenly slows down and says, "See that oak tree over there?"

"Yes, yes!" scream the bats.

"That's interesting," says the first one. "Because I fucking didn't."

—Gerald Lochli, Calgary, Alberta

Slot Jockey

A man comes home from work one day to find his wife on the porch with two suitcases beside her.

"What's going on?" he asks.

"I'm moving to Las Vegas," she tells him. "I found out that I can charge $400 a night for what I give you for free."

The guy immediately runs inside, then returns to the porch with packed bags and says, "I'm going, too!"

"Why?" she asks.

"I want to see how you're going to live on $800 a year."

—Chris Seiders, Ft. Worth, TX

Drip-Hop

Q: What is Snoop Dogg's favorite kind of weather?
A: Drizzle.
—Bill Blackburn, Alexandria, VA

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ROCK BOTTOM

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Illustrations, Beefy for Folio (eagle); Gary Ham (chicken)



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THE BIG PICTURE

JERKY BOYS

Pacific Island tribes prefer their beloved relatives baked, not fried.

No, this isn't a line of fans waiting for the new Guns N' Roses album. These crusty dudes are actually centuries-old mummies venerated by tribes on the island of Papua New Guinea. When an esteemed tribe member bit the dust, his corpse was smoked for two weeks, then stored someplace nice and dry to keep him looking his best. The resulting mummification worked so well that dozens of leathery human husks—like these found near the Asaro Caves in the country's Morobe Province—remain intact after centuries of, literally, sitting around. (Often the mummies remain in the same positions the people were in when they died.) Kill-joy missionaries put a stop to this home-style preservation about 50 years ago by forcing tribes to bury their dead. These days the moldy oldies are a popular, if macabre, tourist attraction, thanks in large part to their uncanny Keith Richards impersonations.

AXIMUS

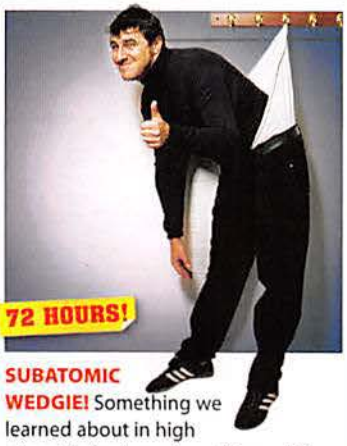
A Maxim View of the World



> DO-IT-YOURSELF

CHANGING BLAINES

Let David Blaine starve himself—we set *real* records of manhood.



SUBATOMIC WEDGIE! Something we learned about in high school is *finally* paying off in real life.



CANINE GENITAL SNIFF! Close friendship with Leo DiCaprio aside, David Blaine's probably never been *this* close to a dog's balls.



CURLY SHUFFLE! Any epileptic can writhe around on the floor. But few do it as a tribute to their favorite Stooge until they vomit.

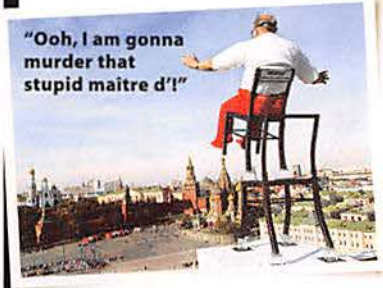


> RETIREMENT PLANS

MEDIEVAL KNIEVEL

Most senior citizens wait peacefully for the sweet release of Death. This old coot hunts it down.

Seventy-two-year-old Henri Rechatin is spending his golden years like many men his age—by leaning back in a comfy chair. Only instead of sitting in a stale, loveless, urine-soaked nursing home, the French daredevil dangles his ass hammock over the edges of really, really tall buildings. The geriatric wild man first made headlines in 1965 when he spent 24 straight hours juggling rings on a tightrope. One year later he set a world record by balancing on a tightrope 1,100 feet off the ground for *213* hours. After authorities refused his request to walk a tightrope over Niagara Falls, Rechatin showed up in 1975 and performed his chair stunt on top of Skylon Tower, 520 feet above the water. It was just a diversion, however, as he sneaked back a day later and, without any fanfare, crossed a cable car wire above the river…while standing on a motorcycle…with his wife dangling underneath it. So after a lifetime of defying death, is *le geezer* afraid he'll push his luck too far and wind up a red concrete stain? "I know that'll come one day," he admits. Let's just pray that senility sets in before it's too late.





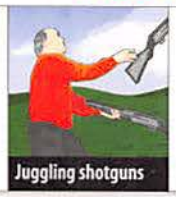


> FUN FACT!

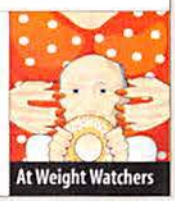
In October 2003, workers removed *13 tons* of pigeon shit from the roof of Philadelphia's city hall. Its new home: the Rocky statue.

WHAT SHOULD HENRI THE DAREDEVIL DO?

Here's how we'd like to see an elderly Frog (almost) kill himself.



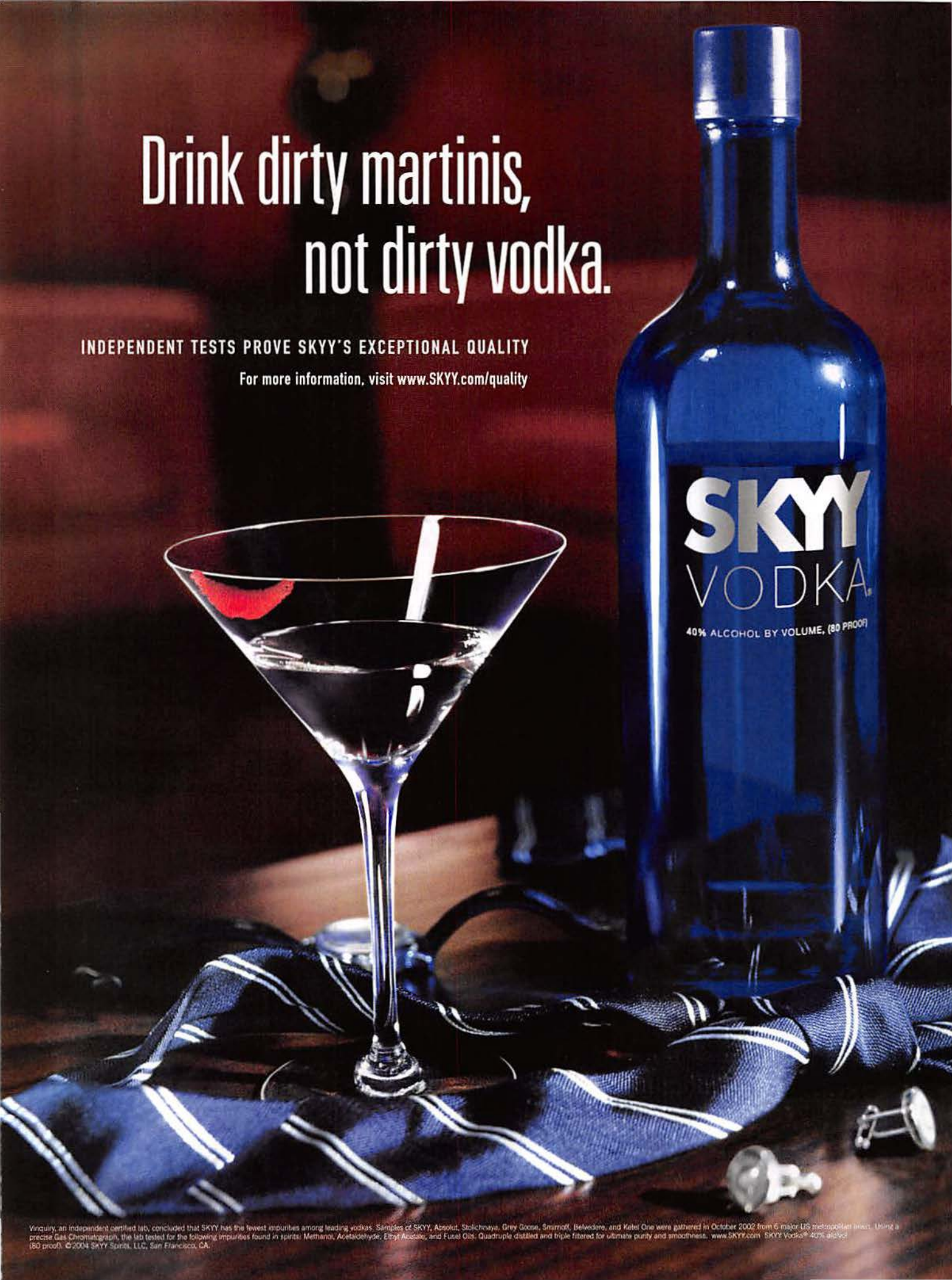




WEB BYTES

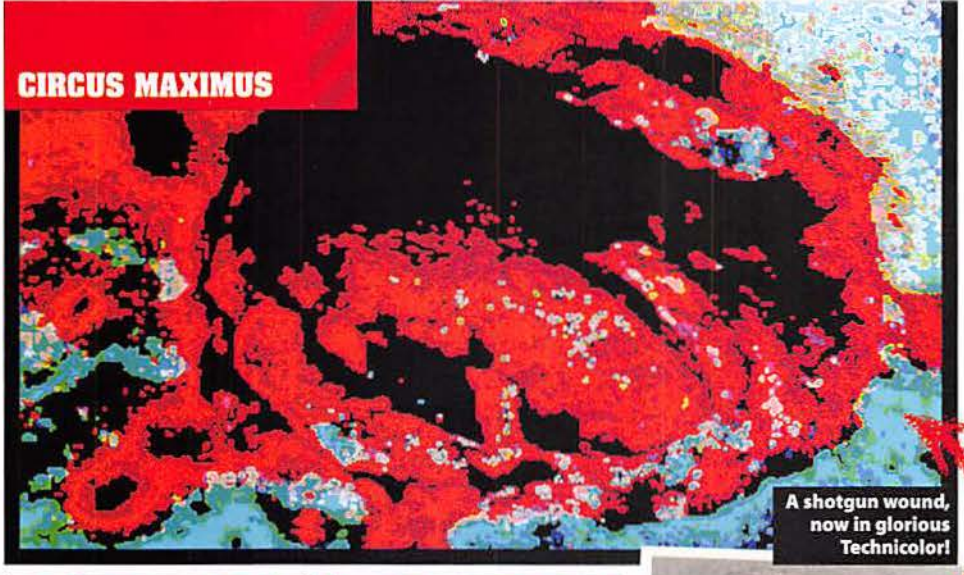
Play darts _without_ maiming anyone! **www.miniclip.com/darts/darts.htm**

Photographs, Bradford Noble (man in black); illustrations, Paul Wootton


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not dirty vodka.
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Vinquiry, an independent certified lab, concluded that SKYY has the fewest impurities among leading vodkas. Samples of SKYY, Absolut, Stolichnaya, Grey Goose, Smirnoff, Belvedere, and Ketel One were gathered in October 2002 from 6 major US metropolitan areas. Using a precise Gas Chromatograph, the lab tested for the following impurities found in spirits: Methanol, Acetaldehyde, Ethyl Acetate, and Fusel Oils. Quadruple distilled and triple filtered for ultimate purity and smoothness. www.SKYY.com SKYY Vodka® 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©2004 SKYY Spirits, LLC, San Francisco, CA.

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



A shotgun wound, now in glorious Technicolor!



"My back is *killing* me!"



"Your ice pick? It's in my brain!"



> IN THE PAINT



DEATH ART

Once again network television shows us the beauty of gruesome violence.

Whether you're a forensic pathologist, a drug-addled hippie, or a psychopathic murderer, you're sure to dig the art of Lynn Wolverton-Parker. As the set decorator for the CBS series *Navy NCIS*, she creates the artwork done by Abby, the show's goth chick/artist/lab technician. "I look through forensic books, the Internet, medical files—anywhere I can find images of beautiful gore," she says as we slowly back away. When she locates the perfect pic, she colorizes and distorts the image, creating art where previously there was only a life-threatening injury. Wolverton-Parker says she plans to sell her artwork soon. We hope she hurries—Mother's Day is just around the corner!

5 QUESTIONS FOR...



...Phil Pfister, America's best hope to win World's Strongest Man.

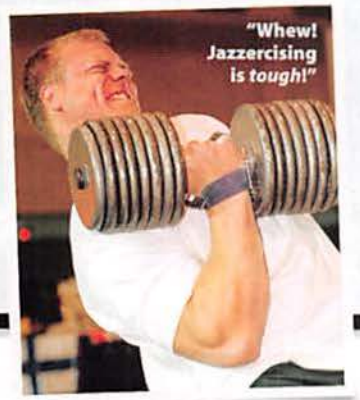
1. So what do you bench?
Compact to midsize cars, and I'm working on SUVs and Cadillacs. But I can't do my F-350 Dually yet.

2. Child's play. Do anything else?
In the off-season I try to train three hours a day, six or seven days a week, but it's difficult because there isn't much of an off-season. I train with Brian Siders, the top power lifter in the world. I also have an old pickup truck that I use as a wheelbarrow—I don't always use equipment found in a gym.

3. What's your single greatest feat of strength?
I moved a riverboat that weighed over half a million pounds five times in one morning—about 50 feet each time.

4. Who hasn't? How would an NFL player do as a strongman?
He would get totally dominated, devastated, and humiliated. Of course, if I were to try to play an NFL game, those guys would walk all over me.

5. Ever have to crush uppity guys in bars with your bare hands?
I tell them I won't fight but that I *will* break their spine if they bother me.





> FUN FACT!

Five percent of Americans claim they have spoken directly with Satan. The other 95 have only seen Dr. Phil on TV.


Are You Experienced?
We talked and dreamed about it, but the reality of the last two years has been an experience that was hard to imagine. We set out to write and record songs that our fans would enjoy; songs that are memorable. But to have the number one most-played song of 2002 is the perfect experience! And JVC has helped make that experience even better by letting us keep all the crazy things we did on tour, using our digital camcorders, or just crashing and watching movies on our big screens.
Chad Kroeger, Ryan Peake, Mike Kroeger, Ryan Vikedal – Nickelback
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ALL-PROS

FALL GIRL

Hollywood's hottest stunt woman makes taking a beating look *good.*

Name: Nathalie Girard
Experience: After seven years as a stunt woman, Nathalie's most memorable moment isn't hobnobbing with celebs or surviving Hiroshima-size explosions—it's being drooled over by municipal employees. "I had to jump from a blazing building wearing a baby-doll dress," recalls the *très* hot Montreal native. "All the firemen below were smiling." They must've been admiring her…courage.
Job skills: Piss off Nathalie and you'll discover what made the diminutive daredevil perfect for stunt work in flicks like *The Sum of All Fears* and *Beyond Borders*: She's a two-time Canadian national tae kwon do champion. (Granted, her opponents were only Canadians.) Yet despite the need for toughness her profession demands, Nathalie is all woman. "I think making movies appeals to the feminine side of me," she explains. "Hearing 'Action!' really turns me on." Great! We're working on an, ahem, art film she'd be *perfect* for.



HELP WANTED

- **Know a teacher with class?**
- **A chef who's sizzling?**
- **A welder who's, um, really hot?**
- **E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com and we'll give her a page!**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

"Honey, I need $12 for the pizza delivery boy."

Styling, Mindy Saad for Arthouse; hair, Brian Magallones for Artists Loft; makeup, Corinne Vegter for Code

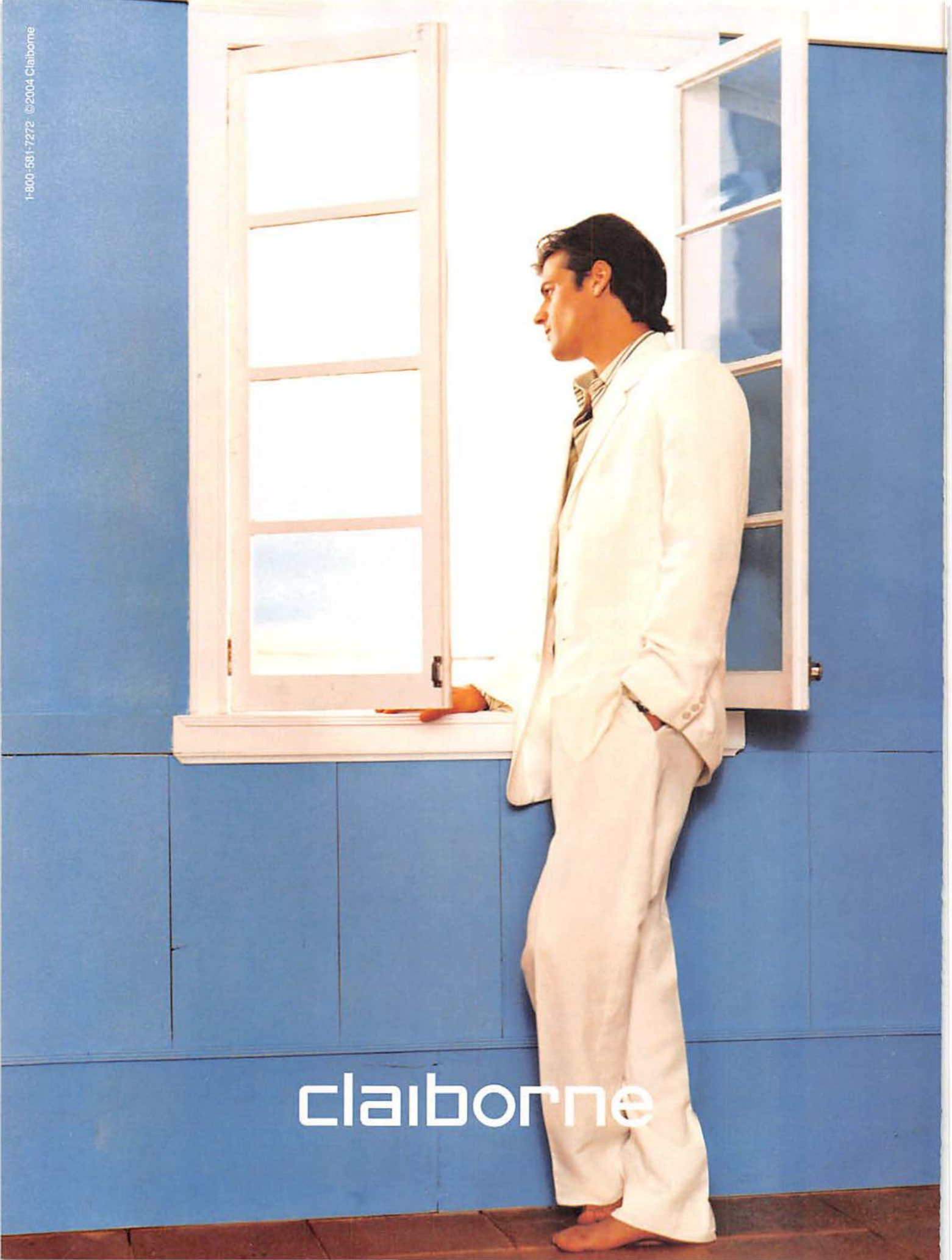
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PLANET MAXIM

We print the stories other news organizations are too responsible to report!

POLAND

MEN ACCUSED OF DRINKING AND DIVING

Three divers are being investigated for illegal fishing and abuse of animals after they poured booze down the gullet of a half-dead pike. One diver claimed they were trying to "restore it to consciousness by treating it with champagne." Their plan did not work.



ENGLAND

EMPLOYER SHORT ON COMPASSION

A 19-year-old, 4'4" dwarf is suing the supermarket where he worked for discrimination because managers refused to give him a ladder to stock the store. The wee employee was forced to climb shelves and freezers as witty customers kidded him with comments like, "Don't jump—life isn't that bad!"



UNITED STATES

STARVING WOMAN HUNGRY FOR REVENGE

Angry that her McDonald's burger came without mayonnaise, a 37-year-old Texas woman threw her food at the drive-through cashier. When the manager went outside to write down the car's license plate number, the woman ran her over—shattering her pelvis—then sped away.



CANADA

MAN POSING AS COP GETS ROCKED

A Canuck was arrested for impersonating a police officer when the guy he pulled over for speeding turned out to be. . . a police officer. The impostor put red flashers on his white Dodge Neon and packed a gun, but when the pulled-over cop asked to see a badge, the man said he'd left it at home.



THAILAND

LYING DOCTOR KIDS WOMEN

A fertility doctor was arrested for tricking women into thinking they were pregnant. Instead of artificially inseminating his patients, he injected them with a substance that made them gain weight. He was caught when a woman went to the hospital to find out why she hadn't yet given birth.



LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

ALL TRUE!

We sniff out the smelliest dirt!



"It's yay thick, and..."

'HEY, PAM, NICE TOMATOES!'

Pam Anderson and **Tommy Lee** punctuated their latest spat in the parking lot of a Malibu grocery store with a tomato fight. After Tommy hurled a tomato at Pam's ass, she spun around and nailed Tommy in the shoulder. The fun ended when a bystander nearly called the cops because his car was covered in tomato goo.



❖ Footballer-turned-actor **Vinnie Jones** flew into a drunken rage during a flight. After accosting a woman, he punched a man who tried to intervene, then told the flight crew he could have them murdered. ❖ During a concert in Copenhagen, **Busta Rhymes** heckled a fan who refused to stand up. He later apologized to the guy, who was in a *wheelchair*. D'oh!



THE MANY FACES OF JULIA ROBERTS

Is the actress happy or yappy?



ANSWERS: 1. Happy 2. Yappy 3. Yappy 4. Yappy 5. Yappy 6. Happy

MAXIM HALL OF FAME

RICHARD HARRIS

Beneath Dumbledore's lice-ridden beard was a drunkard for the ages.

Born: October 1, 1930
Best known for: Two *Harry Potter* movies, *Unforgiven*
Why we honor him: In 1964 Richard Harris scored an Oscar nomination for *The Sporting Life* that gave him ju-u-u-st enough acting clout to remain absolutely shitfaced for the rest of his career. Born in—who'd have guessed?—Ireland, Harris boasted that directors had to add a week to production schedules as insurance for his "drunk days." But he didn't limit his drunken behavior to the set. After Harris found out that his estranged wife had hired a private investigator to trail him, Harris got the dick's name and phone number. So when the tipsy thespian couldn't figure out where the hell he was after an especially raucous night, he did the sensible thing and phoned the P.I. "I am pissed out my brains," he said. "Where the hell am I?" Such nights led to Harris' having been read last rites twice before succumbing to cancer at age 72. May we all follow his shining example...except for the working part, that is.





BAR O' THE MONTH

LANDSHARKS

Indy's home of booze, bikinis, and curious burning sensations.

Surf's up! Thinking of offing yourself 'cause you live in dreary Indianapolis? Well, turns out there's a reason to live called Landsharks, a tiki-themed dive on the city's Broad Ripple strip. After you knock back a mai tai or seven while precariously perched on one of the lifeguard chairs, manager Nick Donaldson's rationale for the Maui-wowie motif will sound downright rational: "It's spring break all the time." Yippie! Show us your tits!
Baby got backdraft: "By midnight girls are dancing on the bar, going crazy, and blowing fireballs," Donaldson promises. When we asked who this lucky Fireballs fella was, Donaldson explained that the lovely bartenders dip their fingers into cups of Bacardi 151, light 'em on fire, and then spew mouthfuls of rum. Drinkmongers also regularly torch the bar with 151, so fall *backward* off the stool when you pass out. On weekends cornfed hotties strip on the bar, which has a brand-spankin'-new railing. "It keeps the girls from falling off," Donaldson says. Dang!
Where to go: Get wet at 810 Broad Ripple Avenue, or call 317-254-8157.
—Submitted by Kara Dawn, Indianapolis, IN



POP QUIZ



WEIRD BEARDS

Which goons are World Beard and Moustache Championship finalists, and which ain't?


1. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


2. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


3. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


4. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


5. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


6. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


7. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


8. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


9. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐


10. REAL ☐ FAKE ☐

ANSWERS: 1–9 are real. 10 is fake...like your girlie's you-know-whats. Photographs, Ron Hoskins (Bar o' the Month).

WEB BYTES

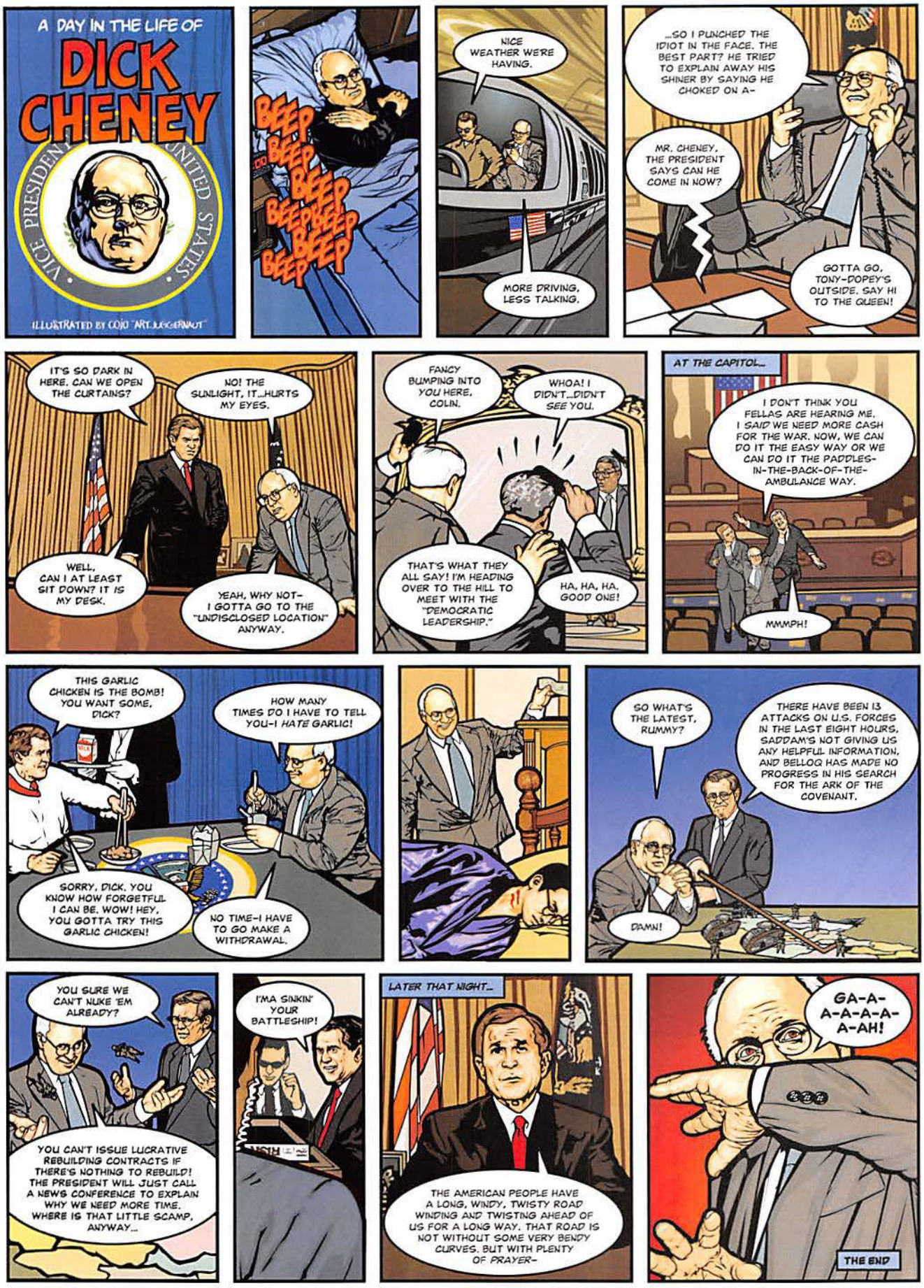
Test your itchy trigger finger, Hopalong! **www.happyhub.com/network/reflex**

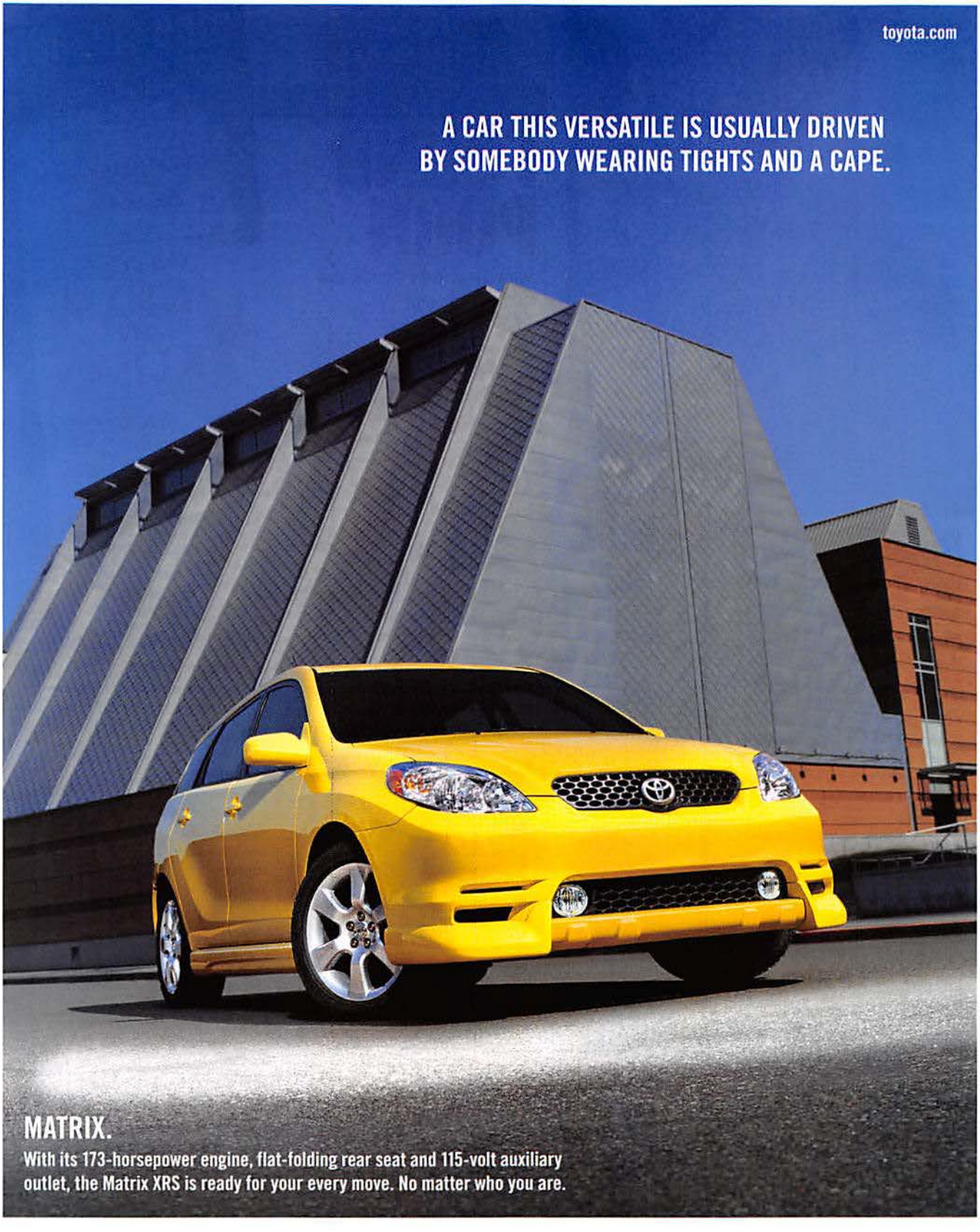
ECHO Davidoff

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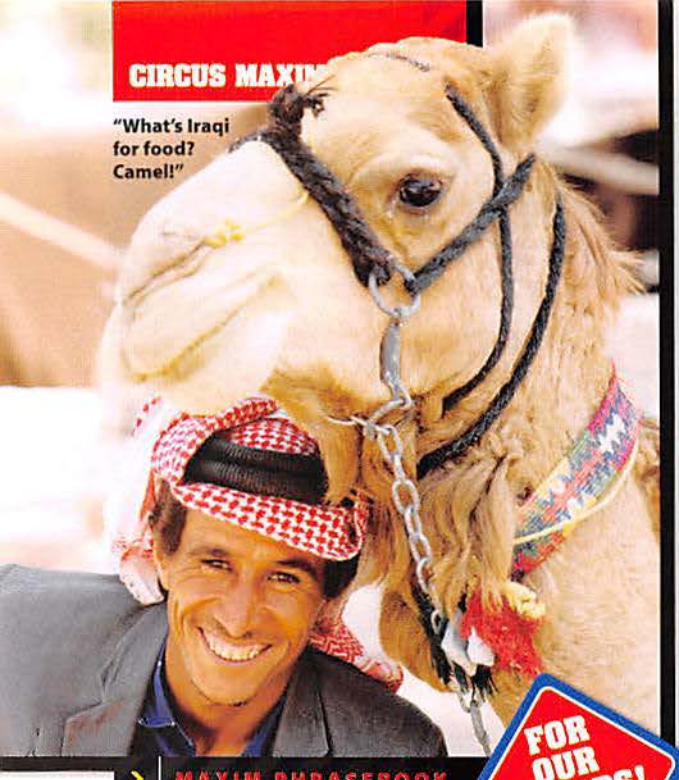
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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
DICK CHENEY
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
ILLUSTRATED BY COJO "ART JUGGERNAUT"
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
NICE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING.
MORE DRIVING, LESS TALKING.
...SO I PUNCHED THE IDIOT IN THE FACE. THE BEST PART? HE TRIED TO EXPLAIN AWAY HIS SHINER BY SAYING HE CHOKED ON A-
MR. CHENEY, THE PRESIDENT SAYS CAN HE COME IN NOW?
GOTTA GO, TONY-DOPEY'S OUTSIDE. SAY HI TO THE QUEEN!
IT'S SO DARK IN HERE. CAN WE OPEN THE CURTAINS?
NO! THE SUNLIGHT, IT...HURTS MY EYES.
WELL, CAN I AT LEAST SIT DOWN? IT IS MY DESK.
YEAH, WHY NOT- I GOTTA GO TO THE "UNDISCLOSED LOCATION" ANYWAY.
FANCY BUMPING INTO YOU HERE, COLIN.
WHOA! I DIDN'T...DIDN'T SEE YOU.
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! I'M HEADING OVER TO THE HILL TO MEET WITH THE "DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP."
HA, HA, HA. GOOD ONE!
AT THE CAPITOL...
I DON'T THINK YOU FELLAS ARE HEARING ME. I SAID WE NEED MORE CASH FOR THE WAR. NOW, WE CAN DO IT THE EASY WAY OR WE CAN DO IT THE PADDLES-IN-THE-BACK-OF-THE-AMBULANCE WAY.
MMMPH!
THIS GARLIC CHICKEN IS THE BOMB! YOU WANT SOME, DICK?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU-I HATE GARLIC!
SORRY, DICK. YOU KNOW HOW FORGETFUL I CAN BE. WOW! HEY, YOU GOTTA TRY THIS GARLIC CHICKEN!
NO TIME-I HAVE TO GO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL.
SO WHAT'S THE LATEST, RUMMY?
THERE HAVE BEEN 13 ATTACKS ON U.S. FORCES IN THE LAST EIGHT HOURS, SADDAM'S NOT GIVING US ANY HELPFUL INFORMATION, AND BELLOQ HAS MADE NO PROGRESS IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.
DAMN!
YOU SURE WE CAN'T NUKE 'EM ALREADY?
YOU CAN'T ISSUE LUCRATIVE REBUILDING CONTRACTS IF THERE'S NOTHING TO REBUILD! THE PRESIDENT WILL JUST CALL A NEWS CONFERENCE TO EXPLAIN WHY WE NEED MORE TIME. WHERE IS THAT LITTLE SCAMP, ANYWAY...
I'MA SINKIN' YOUR BATTLESHIP!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE A LONG, WINDY, TWISTY ROAD WINDING AND TWISTING AHEAD OF US FOR A LONG WAY. THAT ROAD IS NOT WITHOUT SOME VERY BENDY CURVES. BUT WITH PLENTY OF PRAYER-
GA-A-A-A-A-A-AH!
THE END





XRS model shown. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



FOR OUR TROOPS!

> MAXIM PHRASEBOOK

DESERT TALKS

Useful phrases for the man who's going places. This month: Iraq!

ENGLISH: Are you all right? You look shocked and awed.
ARABIC: Hal anta bekhair? Tabdu a'laik assadma walkhoshoua'.
E: Not to sound like a know-it-all, but you forgot the U at the end of Iraq.
A: La oreed an abdou kman ydaa'ei beanahu yaa'ref kol shaia', wlakenak nseet harf U fee nhayat Iraq.
E: Is that a weapon of mass destruction in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?
A: Hal aslehat addamar ashamel mawjouda fee jaibek, am anka saeed lroa'yatei fakat?
E: Lovely vest. Is it real dynamite?
A: Ya laha men baza jameela. Hal heya hizam motfajerat hakeekei?
E: Your country has vast oil deposits that could give the United States a strategic advantage over the rest of the world for decades? Gee, we had no idea!
A: Lebeladek makhzoon kbeer men aneft yomkenoho an yamnah alwelayat almotaheda afdalya estrateejya a'n saa'er ala'alam? Fee sanawat ala'shr alakheera!
E: Wasn't *Finding Nemo* just the cutest?
A: Lam yatem ala'othour a'la nemo, fakat athaky?





> FUN FACT!

More than 10 percent of Washington, D.C. residents are addicted to drugs or alcohol. And that doesn't include elected officials.



> SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
This tiny little monkey is begging for a great big spanking.
—Chris James, Burlington, VT



▲ **THE $150 WINNER**
For the discriminating pipe smoker who wants to tear himself a new one.
—Jan Faircloth, Westwood, KS



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
These fishing lures are great for catching trout, salmon, *and* herpes!
—Jeff Clayton, Metropolis, IL

▶ **RUNNER-UP**
You haven't had a sore throat till you've had a hooker's sore throat.
—David Smetana, New York, NY



▼ **RUNNER-UP**
If you're disappointed by this policy, dine at Bukkake Hut.
—Greg Reynen, New Ulm, MN



YO, PERVERT! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

WEB BYTES Make your own slasher flick, you psycho! **www.saulbass.net/psychostudio/psychostudio2.html**

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Found Porn)

The building's on fire! Better get out of those warm clothes.



What a lovely Kevlar-reinforced titanium bikini!

MAXIM WORLDWIDE



JORDAN

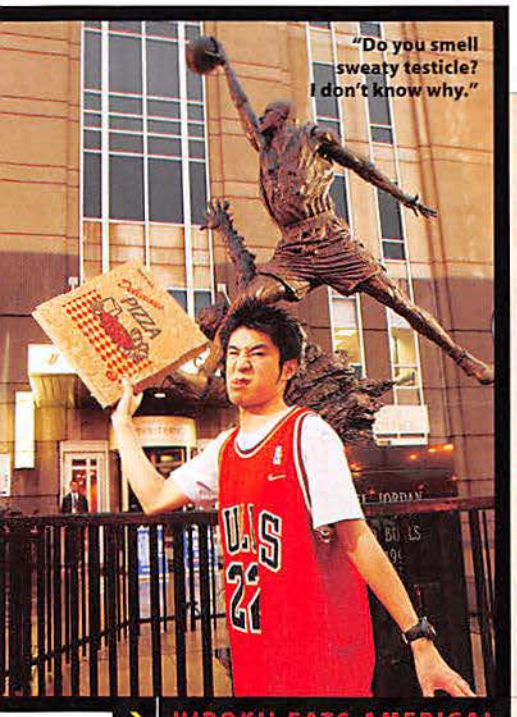
Meet Britain's surprisingly good answer to Pamela Anderson.

As seen in: British *Maxim*, January 2004

Her story: After nearly nine years of modeling and high-profile boyfriends, Jordan has managed to become one of England's favorite sex symbols for, um, two *very* big reasons. And as luck would have it, the British bombshell is more than happy to share both 36FF reasons with the world—after a round of Everclearitinis, that is. "Once I've had a few drinks, I start flashing my boobs," confesses the starlet, whose mum knows her as Katie Price. Considering her penchant for showing off her best assets, it's little surprise that Jordan—no relation—likes to get a little freaky-deaky in the sack. "I've whipped and caned guys when I've thought they deserved it," she admits. "Evil can be fun, but I reckon I'm on my way to heaven—I'm an angel." Can we get an amen?

Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABSYNTH

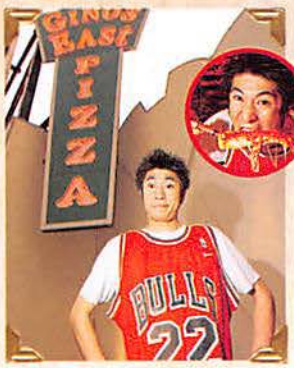


HIROKI EATS AMERICA

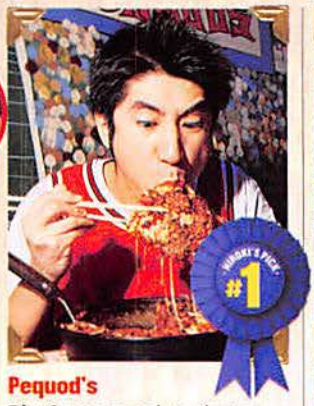
PIZZA LOVIN'

Our Japanese art assistant visits the Windy City to get sauced and deep-throat Chicago-style deep-dish pizza.





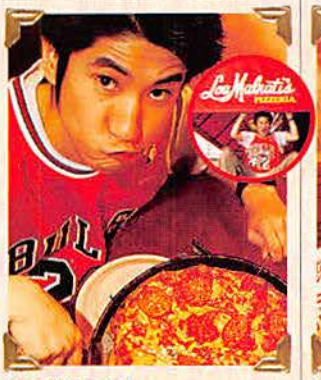
Gino's East
Pie: Cheese and sausage
Hiroki wrote: "It's heavy metal bingo creepy. I taste alcohol hiding. Crust is cookie, cheese not interesting, sausage needs taste. Not baked well. Sorry."
★★☆☆☆



Pequod's
Pie: Sausage and mushroom
Hiroki wrote: "This fantabulous! Bread is Mom's pancake-style, and sausage is Johnny! I want caramelized part—it don't make cancer. It is MVP of pizza."
★★★★★



Bella Bacino's
Pie: Heart-healthy spinach
Hiroki wrote: "Looks tomato cake pie. Sauce is high level, not from canned, but who's gonna eat from 7 A.M.? Spinach is snatch—very elegant."
★★★★☆



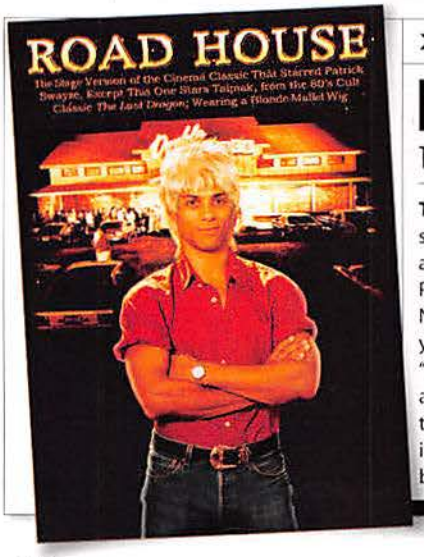
Lou Malnati's
Pie: The Lou
Hiroki wrote: "This is not deep-dish. This is deep *shit*! I want to say loudly boring. I never come back since cheese smell kill me. Kill me-e-e-e!"
★☆☆☆☆



Giordano's
Pie: Stuffed spinach
Hiroki wrote: "Hawaii Five-O, it's huge! Simple grandmom-style, but alive forever. Bleeding, bukkake cheese. Tasty spinach is yam-yam-yammy strong."
★★★★☆



Pizzeria Uno
Pie: The Numero Uno
Hiroki wrote: "Green pepper and onion mixed—good for me. It's magical food treasure ship. But sausage, pepperoni, and mushroom give greasy."
★★★☆☆

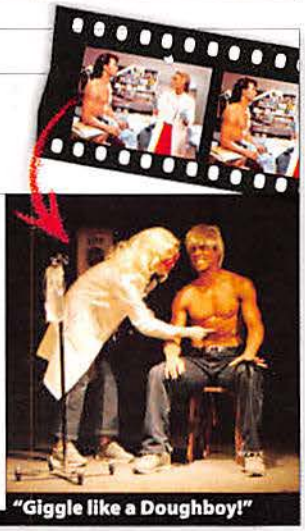


SCREEN TO STAGE

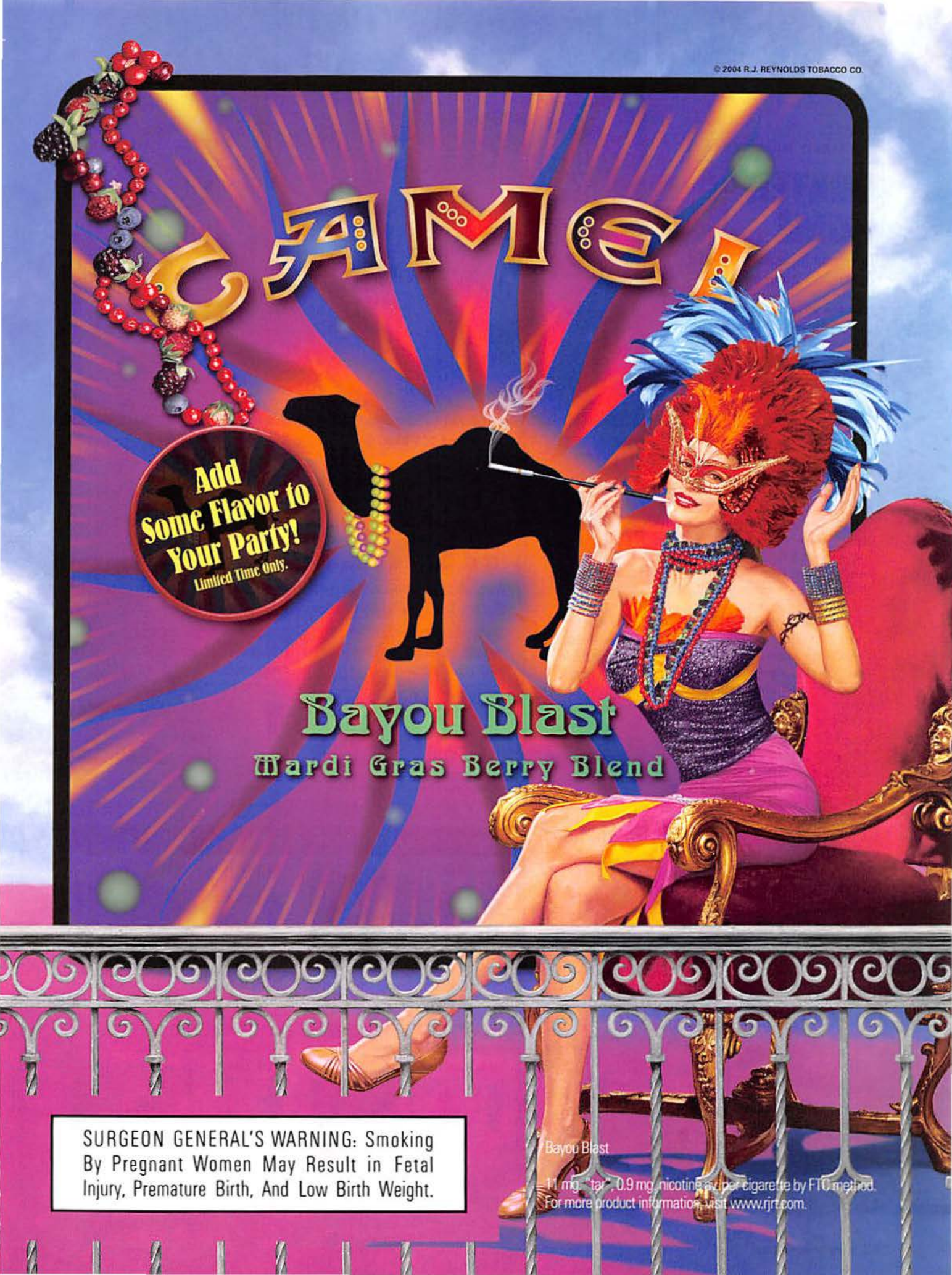
ROAD HOUSE CUES

Theater geeks bring a classic movie to violent, mulleted life.

Tired of watching movies starring Patrick Swayze that are actual movies and star Patrick Swayze? Then head to New York for the answer to your pathetic prayers: the "fightsical" *Road House*, a stage adaptation of the 1989 movie that became a classic despite its stereotypical philosopher-bouncer main character. "*Road House* has all the worst elements of action movies, yet it's addictively watchable," says play director Tim Haskell. His stage production lives up to that high standard with terrible acting, worse wigs, and fight choreography worthy of a teen WWE fan. In other words, it's awesome! Beat more info out of roadhousetheplay.com.


"Giggle like a Doughboy!"

Photographs, David Barnes (Hiroki)


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Add Some Flavor to Your Party!
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11 mg "tar" 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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> FIELD AND STREAM

BOATER HOME

Drive your RV into water—but on purpose this time!

It's been 35 years since we put a man on the moon, but American ingenuity is back: A South Carolina company has designed the Terra Wind, which combines all the comfort of an RV with the seaworthiness of a yacht. The stuffily named Cool Amphibious Manufacturers International (C.A.M.I.) mounted a motor coach on an aluminum boat hull and rigged a 330-horsepower diesel engine to power the wheels and propellers. "If you pass a lake you like, you can drive right in," says Julie Giljam, who owns C.A.M.I. with her husband, John. Pilot the 42-foot behemoth into calm waters, then slip the marine transmission into gear to cruise at seven knots and freak out water-skiers. "People have called 911 thinking we sank our trailer," John boasts. Making a spectacle of yourself ain't cheap—a Terra Wind starts at $850,000, while this prototype runs a cool $1.2 mil, complete with 42-inch plasma TV, Jacuzzi, and mirrored ceiling. Feel the motion of the ocean at terrawind.com.


Vroom with a view


Drivin' like a bass outta hell



> FUN FACT!

Two percent of all conjoined twins are connected at the head; 100 percent think *Stuck On You* is definitely the best Farrelly brothers movie *ever*.

> SPEED TRIALS

CLOCKING WOMEN



We grabbed a stopwatch to prove scientifically* that the fairer sex is also the slower one.

GOING TO THE BATHROOM

AVG. TIME

01:24	02:32



Sitting down doesn't require an extra minute. Not that we'd know.

TALKING ON A CELL PHONE

AVG. TIME

02:16	03:41



To be fair, women aren't *always* on the phone. Often they're shoe shopping.

RESPONDING TO A GREEN LIGHT

AVG. TIME

00:01	00:03



The gas pedal's the one farthest to the right. So, whenever you're ready.

PARALLEL PARKING

AVG. TIME

00:29	00:43



In the ladies' defense, the parking space was only the size of a 747.

CLEARING AIRPORT SECURITY

AVG. TIME

01:13	01:36



Nothing like waiting until the last second to remove the nipple rings.

PAYING A CASHIER

AVG. TIME

00:06	00:14



Fast food is...fast, but women sure aren't when paying for it in *nickels*!

*Statistic-gathering methods suggested by Gary Simon, professor of statistics at New York University.



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"I told you Styrofoam was a bad idea."

WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

We answer devastating, Commie-hating, masturbating questions.

Q: How exactly did we end up with a military base in Cuba?

A: Way back in 1934, when eight-year-old Fidel Castro had only a few wisps of facial hair to get in the way of his constant cigar smoking, Cuba signed a treaty leasing us 45 square miles of prime waterfront property to build a refueling station for our battleships in the Caribbean. "It was an open-ended agreement," says Gary Prevost, a professor of political science specializing in Latin American affairs at St. John's University. "It can only be canceled if both parties agree." Nonetheless, the ever-wily Fidel eventually shut off the base's water supply and stopped delivering provisions, so the military began hauling everything in itself. These days ships are refueled at sea or run on nuclear power, and some pundits argue that the base has lost its strategic value. "Still, the U.S. government wouldn't have to argue too hard for how important it's been for the war on terrorism," Prevost reminds us. It's only fair—we incarcerate suspected terrorists indefinitely without charging them with anything, but they get to chill on a beautiful tropical island!

"Is the hat too weird?"





We can see Beav!

Q: What would happen if a bald madman blew up Hoover Dam?

A: Just imagine the sweet release of drunkenly urinating on your girlfriend's couch after a dozen beers, combined with the shock of getting run over by a fleet of supersonic dump trucks. If Lake Mead's 9.3 trillion gallons of *agua*—enough to put the entire state of Pennsylvania one foot underwater—were to be suddenly unleashed, a 400-foot-high wall of rapids would hurtle down Pyramid Canyon at 30 mph, obliterating everything in its path. The first population centers to be hit would be Laughlin, Nevada and Bullhead City, Arizona, each about 70 miles away. The good news? People would have three hours to evacuate thanks to Uncle Sam. "We would call these communities and tell them there was a lot of water headed their way," says Bob Walsh, a spokesman for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. The dam's electricity output would be compensated for, but there'd be millions of people in the Southwest left without running water. Then again, it's the *desert*, you simps!

GOT QUESTIONS?

Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018. Or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Oi!

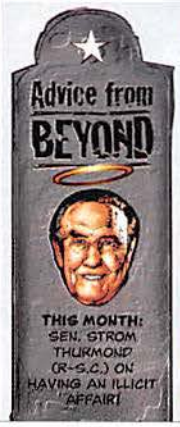


Q: Do other animals jack off?

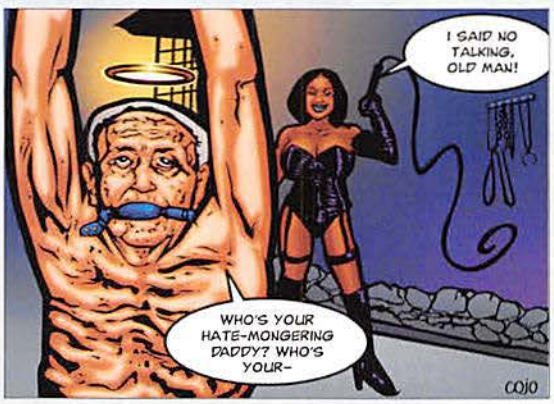
A: Hey, they gotta relax. "Nonhuman primates do it routinely, but not on a daily basis like some people," explains Bob Cook, V.M.D., chief veterinarian of the Bronx Zoo's Wildlife Conservation Society and apparent friend of yours. Most animals cuff the guv'na to relieve tension when females aren't in heat, and, like you, they'll use any means to do it. Elephants diddle themselves with their trunks, dolphins rub against the sea floor or scuba divers, and monkeys yank their cranks with their hands, feet, tails, and—God bless 'em—mouths. And, yes, female animals tend the ax wound, but none of them will admit it.


"What are *you* looking at, pervert?"

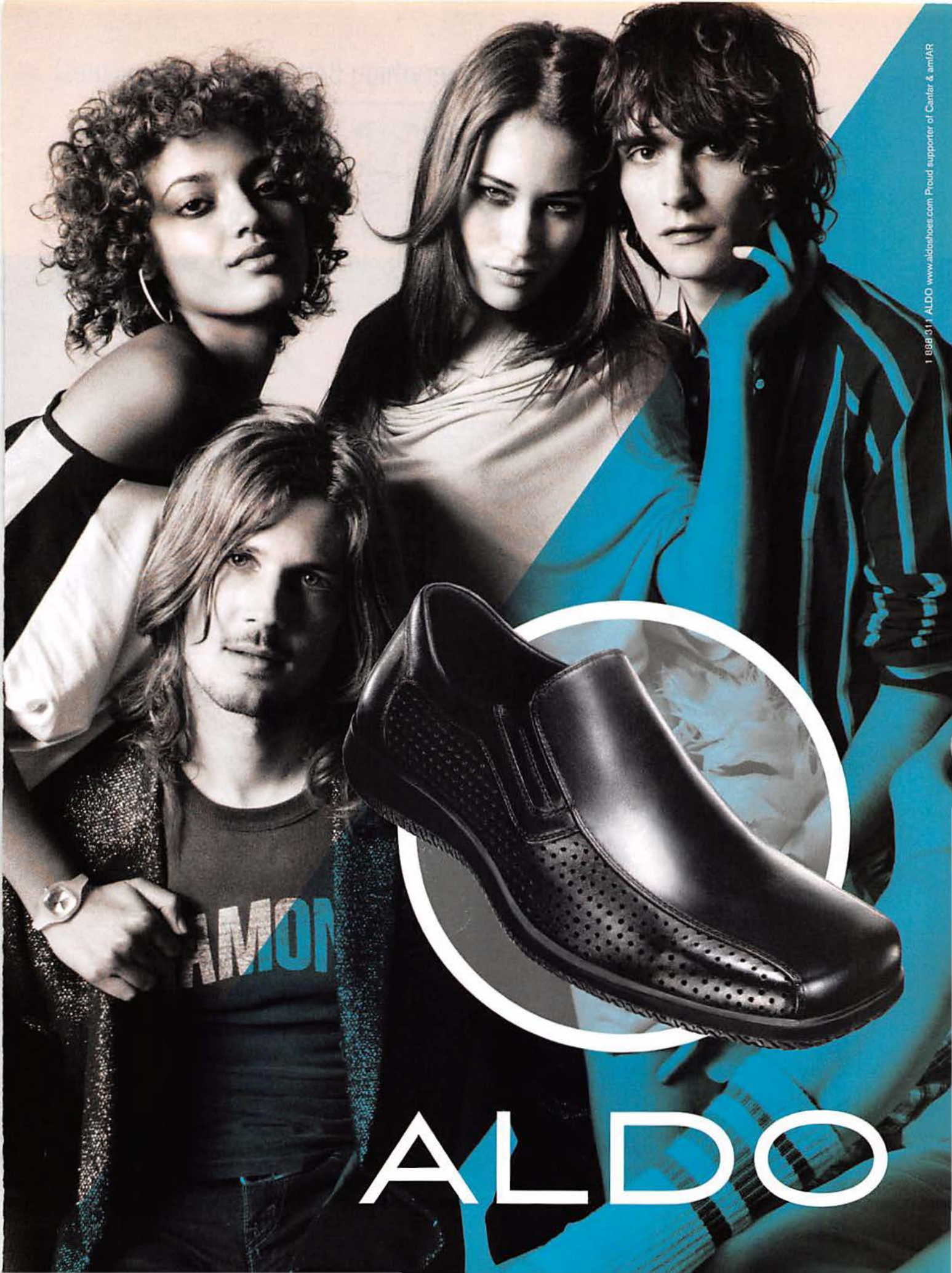
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Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Dave Alexander, Craig Better, Aaron Cahall, Chris Connolly, Sean Cunningham, Bobbi Dempsey, Ky Henderson, Steve Kandell, Matt Lee, Marcy Smith, Scott Stein, Hiroki Tada, Jon Wilde. Advice From Beyond illustrations by cojoartjuggernaut.com.


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HOW TO



> HOW TO

TAKE A PUNCH

As if living with Dad hasn't given you enough practice.



1. SAVE FACE

Like wedgies and herpes, haymakers are better given than received. But when a ride on the Knuckle Sandwich Express is unavoidable, three-time Ultimate Fighting champion and jujitsu instructor Royce Gracie knows what to do. First step: Figure out where the punch is going. If you see a fist blocking your field of vision, it's probably going to be a head shot. "As the hand hits your face, roll away," says Gracie. Not only is it OK to flinch, it's ideal. "Never look into the oncoming fist because then you're going against the punch." If you can, tilt your head forward and try to take the blow on the top of your cementlike skull rather than your doughboy face or temple. Most important, clench your teeth and tighten your neck and face muscles—this will make sure you don't bite your tongue, bust your teeth, or allow your head to snap back with deadly force. Once the fist connects, continue moving with the blow to minimize the impact. Still standing? Good, now tell Mr. Tyson you're sorry about making fun of his lisp.



2. WORK THE BODY

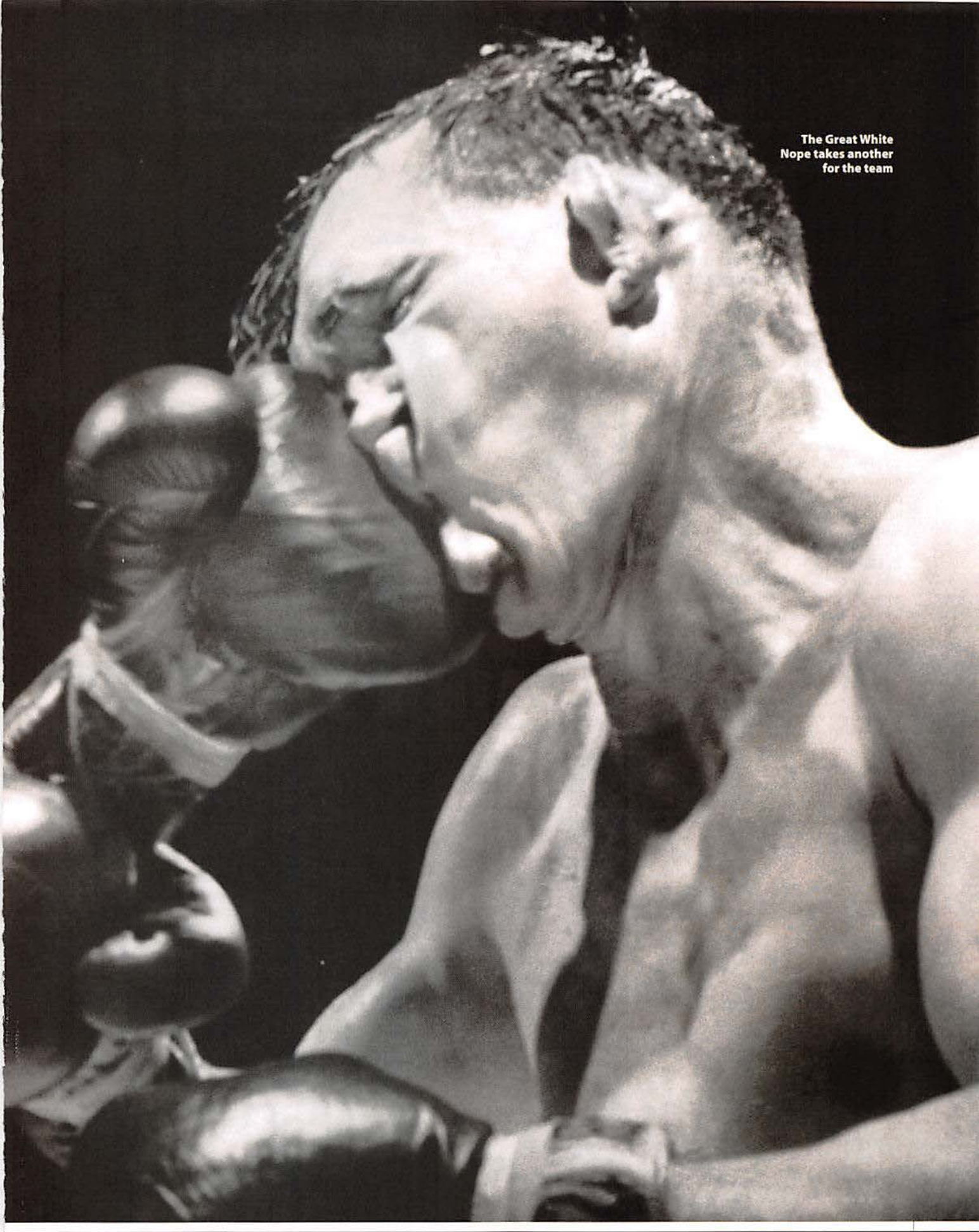
If your opponent is throwing a tenderizing shot to the torso, you can either rub BBQ sauce on your chest or take it in stride. Gracie advises getting as close as possible to your adversary to dull the momentum of the shot. "Tense up and move toward his arm, because then you cut the power," he says—the less the jerk winds up, the less force his punch can have. Though it may not appear so, a body shot can be potentially deadly if you're not constricting your muscles to protect your vital organs. (You could ask Houdini if he hadn't died from a blow to the tummy.) Swivel your hips and take the blow on your side, because cracked ribs are better than ruptured intestines any day of the week. And even if you've got a bar full of hotties watching you get your ass kicked, *never* suck in your gut—that instinct only allows the blow to hit even harder. Gracie recommends holding your breath for a split second while taking the punch. And if you keep holding it, maybe you'll pass out and spare yourself further humiliation.



3. GROIN PAINS

There are worse things than a low-flying fist to the junk, but pretty much all of them involve prison showers. "It's very hard to come back from those low blows," laughs Gracie. "I don't really see what you can do with them." Thanks a million, pal. Obviously, you want to try to avoid a gonad pummeling at all costs, so Gracie suggests staying as close to your cowardly nemesis as possible when he takes his cheap shot. When the shot does come, pivot your body so the crown jewels become less accessible and try to get a knee or elbow in the way to intercept some of the damage. And for once in your life, abject fear will actually work in your favor—the mere thought of getting your bells rung can work as a form of self-defense. "Most likely you won't even feel the hit, your adrenaline will be running so high," says Gracie, who's most likely just lying to make us feel better. Your best bet? As soon as you come to, wipe the vomit off your T-shirt, track down the son of a bitch, and run over him with Mom's Buick.

Illustrations, Gary Brandham



The Great White Nope takes another for the team

HOW TO

INSTALL AN OUTLET

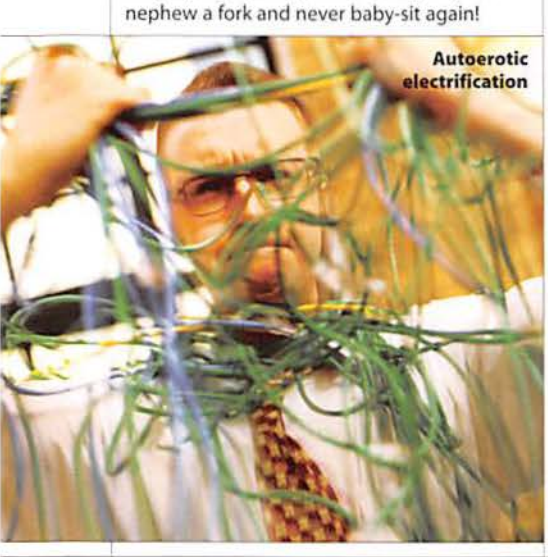
Your TV gets better reception when it's actually plugged in.

1. GO SHOPPING

Rewiring equals 'splosions, so go for a surface-mounted outlet (called a receptacle) instead. Basically, you're mooching off an existing outlet to make a new one. Buy the following at a hardware store: a receptacle, several feet of raceway (a square pipe that goes over the wires), and accessories like 12/2 nonmetallic wire and a starter box (the guys at Home Depot will know). Where to put the new juice? Master electrician Gary Raab of Signature Electric Corp. in Las Vegas says, "Follow NEC and local codes." Oops!

2. LIGHT IT UP

First, shut off the power. Unscrew the existing outlet's faceplate and pull its receptacle out of the wall, exposing the outlet's wires. Attach the starter box to the existing outlet. Next, cut a piece of raceway from the starter box to the new outlet location and attach it to the wall between the outlets. Then attach it to the surface mount outlet at the new location with screws. Now run the wire through the raceway and secure it with clips, leaving six extra inches minimum exposed at the ends. Strip and attach the black and white wires to the corresponding terminals (black to the brass screws, white to the silver) at the starter box. For the love of God, *don't* clip the green wire! Kidding. Replace the outlets' faceplates, snap the cover on the raceway, and return power. Now give your nephew a fork and never baby-sit again!



Autoerotic electrification



"So, doc, does it look like strep?"

HOW TO

TRAIN A TIGER

Looks like Siegfried has an opening—and you're just the guy to fill it!

1. BECOME A MOM

Save the whip and chair for bachelor parties and clear your schedule. "When it's four to five weeks old, become the tiger's surrogate mother," explains John Kirtland of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus. This means letting baby tiger sleep in your bed and bottle-feeding it up to a pint of Kitten Milk Replacement formula (find it at the vet or a good pet store) every four hours. Now the best part: You need to stimulate your new pet to defecate and urinate on command until his muscles develop. Put Tigger in the tub and use a damp cloth as a stand-in for Mother's—ugh—tongue, lightly rubbing the potty parts after feeding. (Put on some Barry White for ambiance.) Kirtland suggests raising a similar-aged pet as a playmate for the tiger—like Mom's poodle!

2. STAY ON TARGET

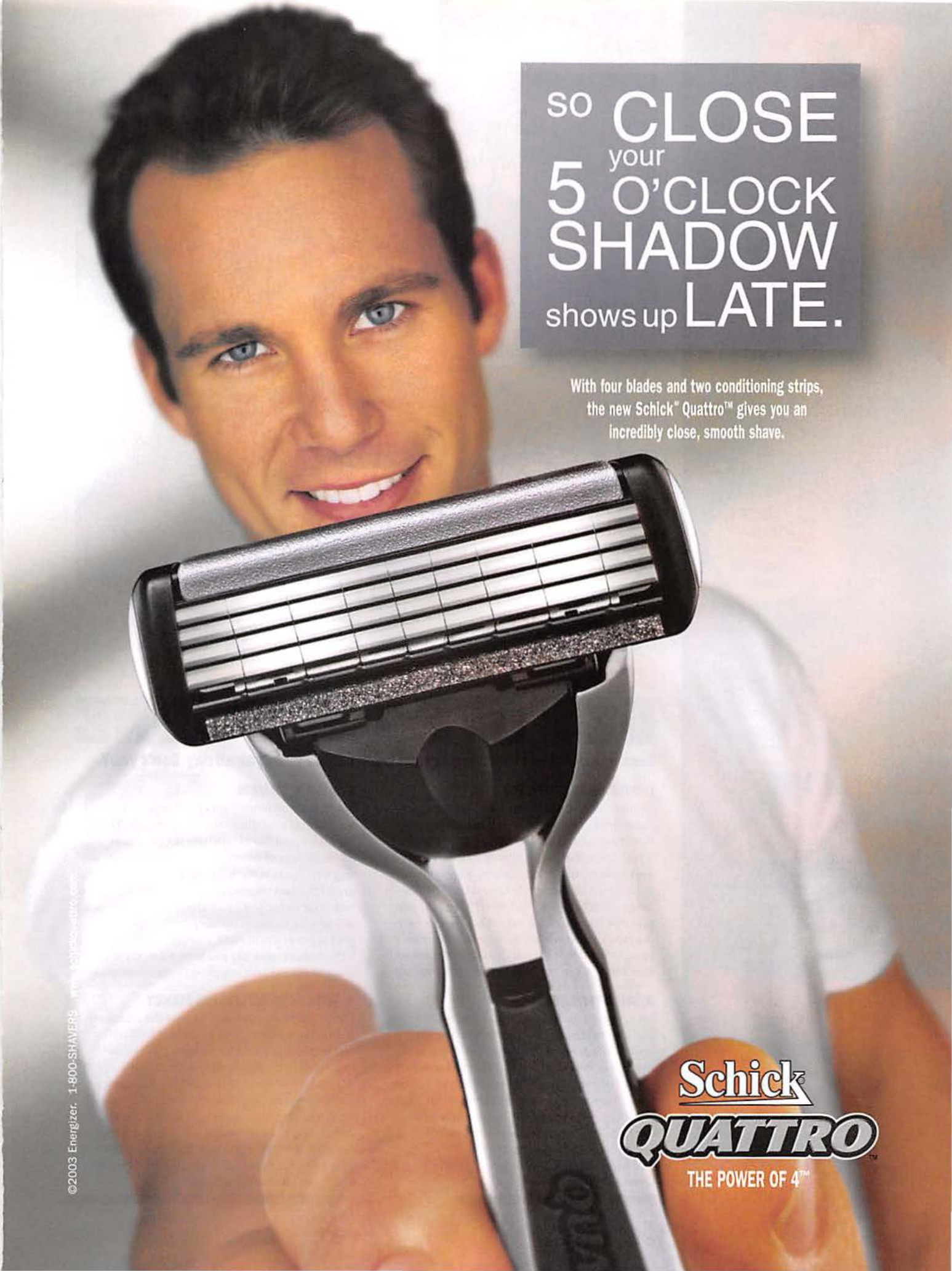
Much like a human child, after four to eight weeks your tiger cub can use the potty, eat raw meat, and get his own place. So move Whiskers into an enclosure with fresh water, sunlight, some shade, and a platform to sleep on. From here, teach Frisky "stationing," a.k.a., "Stay over there when I tell you and don't eat me." Stand over a mark on the floor and lure the animal there with a piece of beef or chicken, then reward him with the delicious meat when he obeys. Use a similar technique called "targeting" to get the tiger to look at a particular spot. With practice this training can also lead to advanced commands like "lie down," "roll over," and "grab me another beer."

3. FASTER, PUSSYCAT!

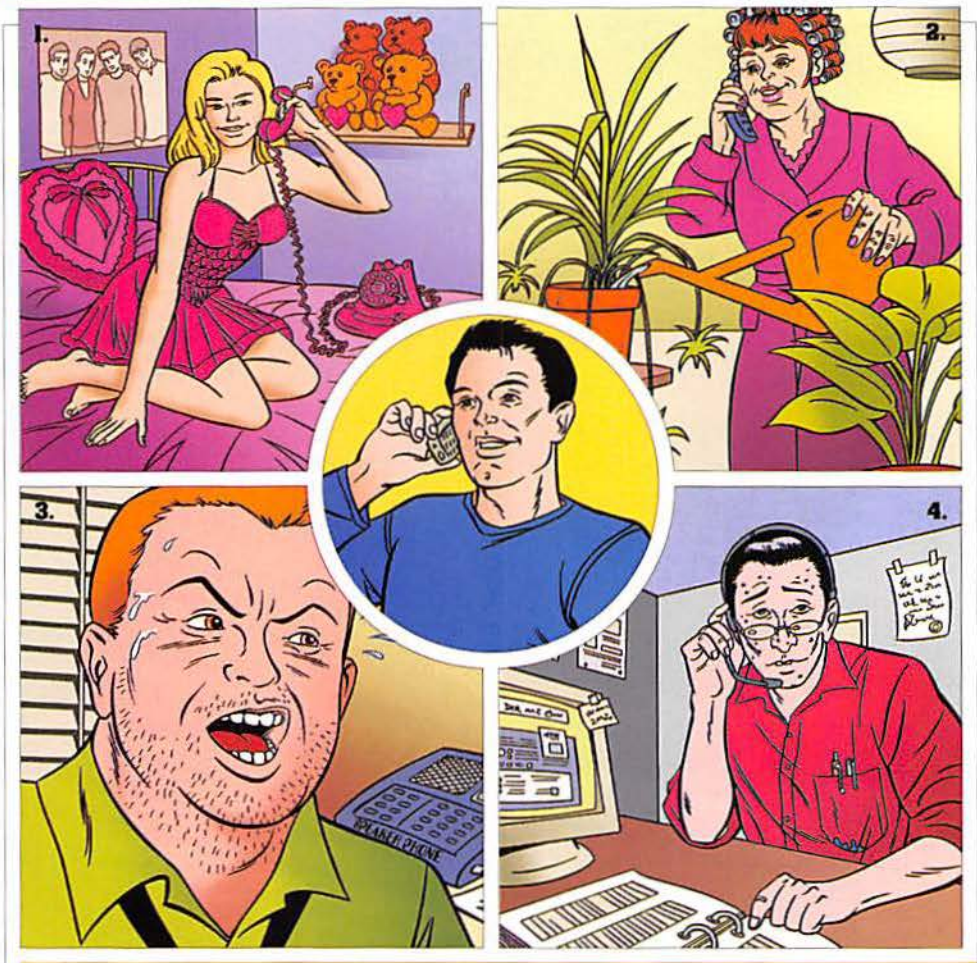
If poor Roy taught us anything—besides the importance of chest waxing—it's that tigers are dangerous. "You want to get into a routine," cautions Kirtland. "They need to know how you're going to react when they do something." Don't enter the enclosure until Kitty stations on command, and have an assistant watching with a fire extinguisher to blast it if it does attack. Should the tiger crouch, put its ears back, or refuse to focus its eyes on you, it's in no mood to play. Go. Now.



He enjoys children of *all* species


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> HOW TO

GET OFF THE PHONE

Because you have more important things to do than yak all day. Don't you?

1. WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND

Girlfriends call at the worst times, like during the Super Bowl or while you're in bed with her sister. How do you hang up without sacrificing sex for a week? Stress that you're interested in whatever it is she's freaking out about. "Talking is a job for men, but it's a gift for women," explains Los Angeles–based speech trainer Ann Convery. Tell your princess that hearing about her car accident or herpes diagnosis is "too intense" to do over the phone and you'd rather talk in person…later. She'll think you care, and you can get back to those infomercials!

2. WITH YOUR MOM

Hanging up on Mom is sticky—disrespect her and she'll cut off your allowance; don't and you'll hear her brag about her blossoming sex life. Susan RoAne, author of *What Do I Say Next?*, suggests setting time limits at the beginning of each call. Just say, "I have two minutes before work, but it's nice to hear your voice." She'll be moved that her boy still makes time for her in his busy life: She gets bragging rights at Bingo night, you get her off the horn. If this doesn't work, say you have a therapy appointment to discuss your crippling Oedipus complex.

3. WITH YOUR BOSS

Even if you're really busy (read: hung over), it's a bad idea to blow off the boss. If he's hounding you about work at home, tell him the information he needs is at the office and you'll bring it to him first thing in the morning. If he's hounding you about work *at* work, cut his rambling short by telling him, "I want to get started on this right away so it can be taken care of on time." You'll sound like an eager beaver instead of the guy who comes in early only to urinate in the coffee machine.

4. WITH YOUR COLLECTION AGENCY

The gas company wants to be paid *this* month too? The quickest way to get a bill collector off the phone is to threaten a "cease communication." According to the Fair Debt Collection Practices Act (FDCPA), if you demand that a collection agency stop calling you, they have to comply. Draft a letter including your name and account number demanding to be left alone. Sure, you'll still owe money you don't have, but at least you won't be bugged by incessant calls. Especially once your phone gets shut off, deadbeat.



"Ma, we're engaged!"

Illustrations, Dave Hine


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Sockfellas: "How am I smelly? Like a sock?"

> HOW TO

MAKE A PUPPET

Finally, a friend you can stick your fist into!

1. CHOOSE A SOCK

Some people make a fist, draw eyes on their index fingers, wiggle their thumbs, and call it a puppet. Those people are losers. Real men use socks, preferably clean ones. Most institutions will provide free ones for the indigent, but if you're locked in a room with no clothes, just admit you're an addict and you'll get your stuff back.



Sockbiscuit

2. HELP IT SEE

Eyes require a needle and thread. If you're on a ward where they X-ray your belongings, consider having a wooden needle smuggled in the spine of a hardback book. Remove any stray feet from the sock, then ask a grownup to help you sew two buttons just above the toe part. (When you put it on your hand with your fingers where the toes would go, the buttons should be on your knuckles.) You can also cop out and draw the eyes with a marker or gnaw on your finger until it bleeds and use that. (Note: This won't work with black socks.)

3. GIVE IT LIFE

Open puppet, insert fist. Hold your thumb against your outstretched fingers as if you just pinched a dollar and move it up and down to make your puppet talk. Look into its eyes and give it a name that shows it's special. Cyril, a brain-damaged con on HBO's *Oz*, named his Jericho, like the biblical city that was burned and delivered "into the hand" of Joshua. As his costar muMs, who played a large recidivist drug dealer, said of Jerry: "That puppet was creepy, man." A better name for your li'l guy might be Ashley or Mary-Kate.

4. JOIN SOCIETY

Now you finally have a friend you can trust. Puppets don't reveal secrets, so you can be honest with Mary-Kate, confiding things like, "I'm the one who smeared poop on the bathroom wall." And your puppet can also be your agent. "Puppets are a way for patients to communicate feelings they might not otherwise be able to verbalize," says psychiatrist Jane Annunziata, coauthor of *A Child's First Book About Play Therapy.* Your puppet can relay messages that you are too nervous to say yourself, such as, "I am going to kill you, kill you so dead."

> HOW TO

JOIN A FOCUS GROUP

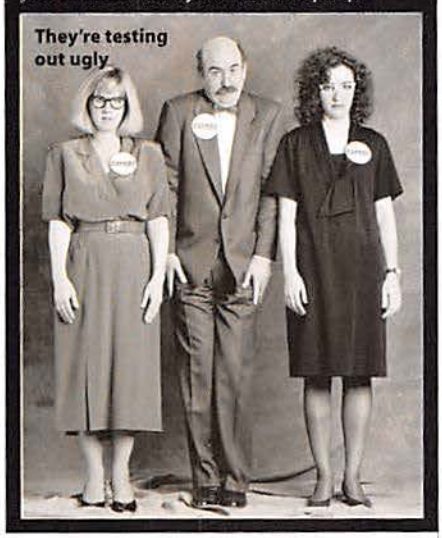
Why complain for free when companies will pay you to do it?

1. FIND YOUR CALLING

What's two hours of your time for pocket money and some free stuff? A tendency to hemorrhage cash makes the male 18-to-35 crowd a hot commodity, so if you don't already have one, get a penis. The great news: Any of your other seemingly endless "personality flaws" can be spun into "target demographics" for marketing wonks. Unemployed? Rate daytime TV shows! Girlfriend gave you gonorrhea? Try out new meds for pharmaceutical companies! A word to the fearless or poverty-bound: Testing new drugs often pays more, and you may even get free board at clinics. Once you've figured out what you're good for, you can sell yourself. Literally.

2. FIND A GROUP

Like cults, many companies draft participants off the street. But don't wait for them to find you—write letters to companies raving about their products and show you're the ideal person to "objectively" rate their new products. "Mention that you tell your friends about the products you like," suggests Peter Shankman, CEO of the Geek Factory PR firm in New York. Get your name on market research firms' lists by registering at focusgroups.com or myfocusgroups.com. The more you register (and the more info you give about yourself), the better your chances of getting into a group. Finally, steer clear of services offering to get you into groups for a fee—they'll rip you off faster than your mother's pimp.



They're testing out ugly



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Kirk Jones makes history and hits instant celebrity

The Falls Guy

Surviving a Niagara Falls dive made Kirk Jones famous, but what he learned on the way down changed his life.

On the edge of the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, I watched the current rush furiously toward the 18-story drop. I realized what the sheer force of that water would do to a human body and got scared. But I'd already resigned myself to the fact that I wouldn't be going home, so I climbed over the guardrail. At the rate the water was moving, I figured it would take only 15 or 20 seconds to get swept from the bank of the Niagara River to the precipice of the falls. I leaned forward, then heard a voice.

"What are you going to do? Jump?"

A middle-aged woman in a red coat was standing on the other side of the rail, about 15 feet away. Next to her was a teenage girl.

"Know what, ma'am? I think I will," I said.

Then I threw myself in.

A bad bend in the river

I had decided to go over the falls three weeks before, when I visited Niagara with my parents. I'd been depressed ever since my family was forced to close our auto supply business in Detroit earlier last year. I worked in sales at that shop for 15 years. It wasn't my greatest love, but it gave me an honest, decent living. All that changed when the business sank and my dad chose to retire early to Oregon. I became despondent. I did some soul searching, tried to figure out where I wanted to go next, but I couldn't find any answers. Darkness came over me, and I couldn't make it go away. I just wanted to be released from the pain.

As I took in the falls' wondrous beauty, I remembered the time I almost drowned in a lake in Brighton, Michigan. I was six, and my dad saved me just in time, but I remembered feeling a great sense of peace as I descended in the water. If I was going to go, drowning would be the best way. But I couldn't do it in front of my parents.

After my folks left for Oregon, I asked Bob Krueger, a good friend, if he wanted to visit Niagara. Both of us were unemployed and we didn't have much money, but I told Bob I'd pay for the trip if he could find transportation. I didn't tell him my plan, because if he'd known he wouldn't have gone along. We packed and made the 4 1/2-hour drive on Saturday, October 18. I checked us in to the cheapest motel I could find, then we ate and went to the Sundowner, a girlie bar. I assumed it would be the last weekend of my life.

During Niagara's peak summer season, the falls claim four suicides each month.



Moving toward the edge

The next day, as we visited the falls and drove around Niagara, I kept going over my decision. I didn't know if it was right, but I felt like a failure to myself and my family. At the falls I told Bob I didn't want to go back to Michigan.

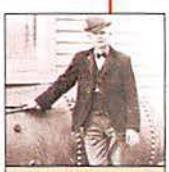
"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I feel like throwing myself in," I said.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said, and tried to cheer me up. I didn't jump then because I didn't want to ruin the weekend. I knew Bob had enough problems of his own, so I tried to push everything to the back of my head. But when I woke up the next day, Monday, I knew I wasn't going back to Michigan. ▶



October 24, 1901: Annie Taylor climbs into an airtight wooden barrel and tumbles into history as the first daredevil to survive a trip over Niagara Falls. She later dies broke and alone. That'll learn ya.



July 25, 1911: Bobby Leach survives the plunge in a steel barrel, breaking both kneecaps and his jaw. He later slips on an orange peel and dies of gangrene.

July 11, 1920: *Ballast! That's the secret,* thinks Charles Stephens, a Brit. He ties himself to an anvil, gets in a barrel, and goes over the falls. They find the barrel hours later. All that's left in it is Stephens' arm.



July 4, 1928: "Smiling Jean" Lussier has balls. Or at least a ball, a large rubber one, in which he bounces over the brink.

July 5, 1930: Buffalo waiter George L. Stakathis waits over 14 hours for rescue when his barrel is trapped behind the falls. Help arrives too late, and Stakathis suffocates. Check, please!

FLOW CHART

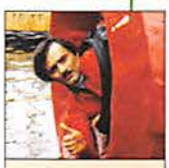
WATCH THAT FIRST STEP!

Some make history at Niagara Falls. Others make fish food.

June 9, 1960: A boat capsizes, sending seven-year-old Roger Woodward over the falls. A life jacket and shit-house luck spare the tyke's life.



July 15, 1961: Another ball's in play, this one carrying William Fitzgerald. He's fined $100.



July 3, 1984: Congrats, Karel Soucek! You make it in your nifty, snorkel-equipped barrel. But years later you will die re-creating the stunt in the Houston Astrodome.



August 18, 1985: Rhode Islander Steven Trotter wraps his barrel in inner tubes and makes the quick trip down. His jaunt in the river lands him in hot water, and he is fined over $5,000.



October 5, 1985: Plucky Canuck John "Super Dave" Munday makes the first of two trips over the falls. Plenty to do up in Canada, eh, John?

September 27, 1989: Ontario locals Peter DeBernardi and Jeffrey James Petkovich make history together as the first two-man team to make the trip.

June 18, 1995: Steve Trotter steps up with Lori Martin, a Georgia caterer. The two are the first male-female team to make the drop. Don't even talk about the fines.



October 20, 2003: Kirk Jones dries himself off and picks up his phone to find out that it's *Maxim* calling.



High and dry; Jones, minutes after his fall

AS TOLD TO CAROL HUANG

We had a half pint of vodka from the night before. While Bob slept I drank two vodkas with Coke. I thought about my plan and wondered if there was life after death. After I finished my drinks, I woke Bob. He was worried about having enough gas to make it home, so I gave him my last $40 Canadian.

"That should be enough to get you back."

"You mean 'us,' don't you?" he said.

"Yes."

I suggested we take a last look at the falls. We drove to a free parking lot, then hiked along the upper rapids to Table Rock, a tourist lookout perched on the brink of the falls. Plumes of mist soared above us as the cascade plunged 180 feet to the gorge below, thundering into a torrent of white foam. Nature's power overwhelmed me. I felt so small. I believed that whatever would happen to me would happen. When Bob started fiddling with a used camcorder we'd brought, I walked away. I spotted a point beyond the guardrail leading to a steep embankment over the river. I climbed the rail, spoke those last words to the woman in the red coat, then ran and hurled myself off the embankment.

The point of no return

The water hit me like ice, and the current took me instantly. On my back with my feet forward, I could hear people screaming, terrified. There was nothing anyone could do. I didn't want to see their anguish, so I stared at the blue sky above me. The roar of the cascade grew until it was all I could hear. Then I heard the suctionlike gasp of a giant drain.

Suddenly I was free-falling, encased in a wall of water that must have been 10 feet thick. I could still see beautiful sky beyond the flickering water, and I wondered, *Is this was what it's like to die?* Then the force of all that falling river bore down on me.





Jones with rescuers and at the hospital with a well-wisher

The water twisted my body in corkscrew turns, ripping at me in all directions. It felt like it would tear my head off. I slammed into a massive rock, and pain shot through my left rib cage. I screamed, gagging as the river filled my mouth and lungs. My ears popped—I was deep below the surface. And then I realized I wasn't dead.

I decided to fight. I struggled to reach the surface three times, then broke free and gasped a quick breath before the river sucked me under again. I fought like that for 10 or 12 minutes. Swimming below the surface was the only way to escape, so I dived, fighting back up when I needed air. I was losing strength when I saw the *Maid of the Mist* approach, its tourists pointing cameras at the falls. I waved desperately, but the boat turned away. I didn't have the strength to keep myself afloat much longer. My waterlogged clothes felt like stones. Seeing some big rocks to my left, I decided to go for them.

Every second, 600,000 gallons of water cross Niagara Falls' precipice.



Alive and kickin'

I fought crashing waves for 10 minutes and managed to grab a rock, then a swell smashed me 30 or 40 feet back out. I was exhausted. I wanted to give up and let the river take me away. But another wave pushed me right back to the rock and I gripped it good. I caught my breath, reached some smaller rocks that looked like steps, then pulled myself out and stood up with all my strength. "I'm alive! Dammit, I'm alive!" I screamed.

A constable from the Niagara Parks Police called out from a path about 50 feet above.

"Did you fall in?"

"No."

"Then how did you get here?" she asked.

I pointed to the falls. "From up there."

"You're kidding," she replied.

Pretty soon five or six men were leading me up the canyon with a rope. They took me through a side tunnel and put a towel over my head to shield me from the press. As we came out I heard cameras clicking and people shouting, "What's your name?" They put me in an ambulance and took me to the Greater Niagara General Hospital. As I lay on a gurney, covered in blankets, I heard a doctor ask, "Why's he here?"

"He went over Niagara Falls," another voice replied.

"Why isn't he in the morgue?"

"He's alive."

"You're fucking shitting me."

I turned my head and waved. The doctor shook his head and waved back.

Other than two cracked ribs and spinal pain between my shoulders, I was OK, so they moved me to the psych ward for three days. I signed autographs for other patients and doctors and nurses, and a doctor talked to me about depression. He made me feel a lot better. After I got out, they put me in a jail in Ontario for two days until my brother Keith bailed me out. When I walked into the waiting room, he stood up, said, "You dumb-ass," and shook my hand. I'm facing charges by the Niagara Parks Police for mischief and illegal stunting, which could result in a $7,600 fine. But I'm under a doctor's care and I feel good.

People ask me why I survived. I don't know. I probably never will. But I know life is special, and I believe you can overcome its biggest obstacle: yourself. I want people to know that if you can conquer the dark cloud of depression, it's a greater feat than conquering even the mightiest of falls. M

HARD NUMBERS

SUICIDE KINGS

America's top suicide methods.



He couldn't bear it

■ **Gunning for it:** With firearms as readily available as candy and crack, it's no surprise that more than half of U.S. suicides are from gunshots.

■ **Tie dying:** The gallows went out with the gas lamp, but about 20 percent still off themselves by hanging. Let's hope they got in one last spank.

■ **Pilling time:** Many of the 17 percent who go for intentional poisoning swear by this method. Upside: no refilling that 'script!

■ **Dropping out:** Only 2.1 percent of suicide victims plunge from a high spot. This figure does not include Mickey Rourke's career.

■ **Blade runners:** Blood and guts look good on film, but slashing or stabbing accounts for only 1.5 percent of suicides. Remember, it's all in the wrist!

GENTLEMEN,
CHECK YOUR SKIRTS AT THE DOOR.

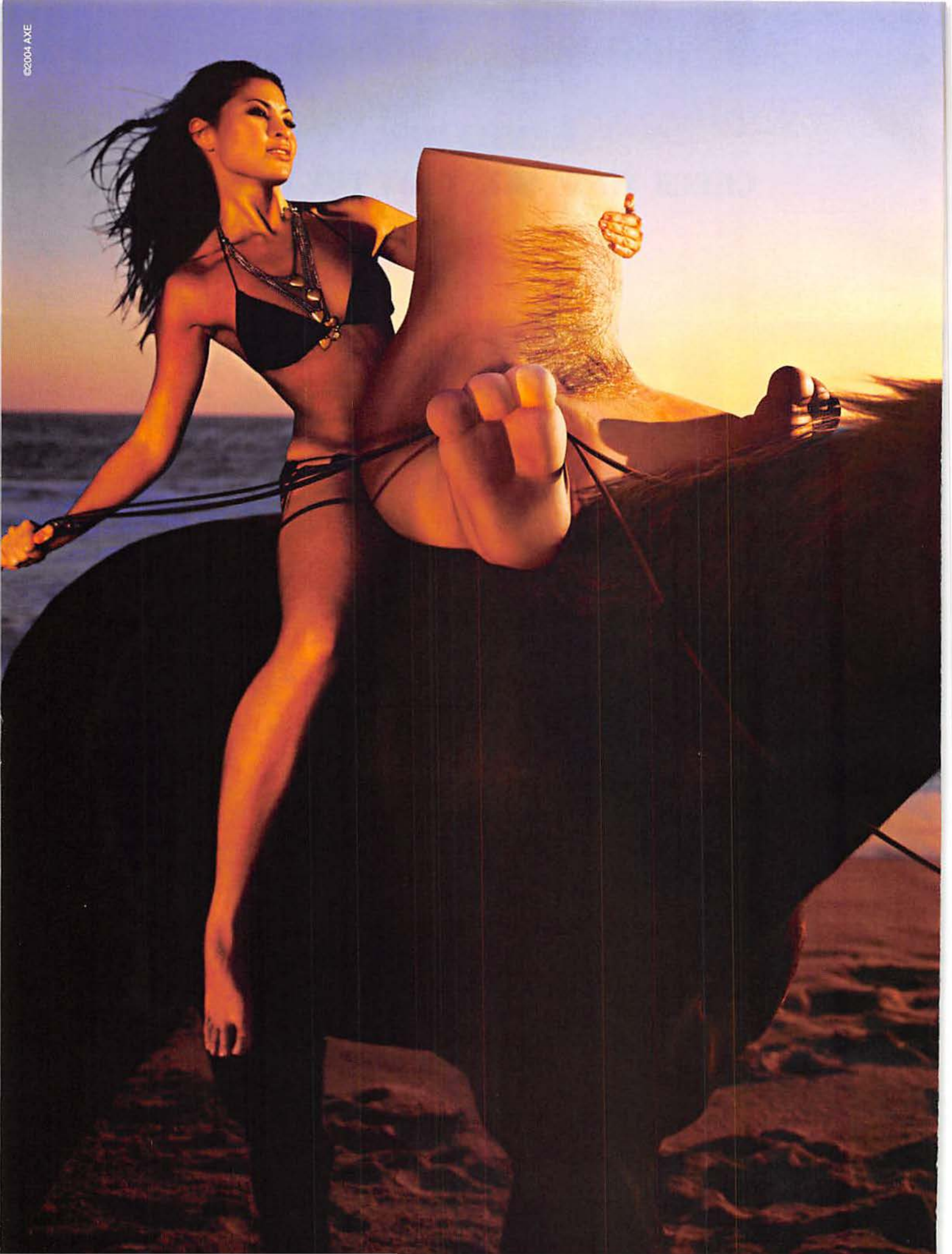


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ESSENCE



Girls, one of you needs a spanking

Girl-on-Girl Glory!

Who knows how to make a woman happy better than someone who chases tail and has one? K.C. Jones shares Sapphic secrets.

Wanna know what lesbians really do in bed? That's right, I'm a dyke, so I have an advantage: Not only do I know how to get a girl to give it up, but I know how it feels on her end, too. Sure, it's supposed to be a trade secret, but letting you in on a few details might actually make you a better lover. Not to me, of course, but all I ask in exchange for sharing this information is that you make it good for her, because thinking about that makes it good for me.

Lesbian lesson #1:
Leave your penis at home.
I know women who do more for their girlfriends with just their hands and mouths by 9 A.M. than you do with a penis all week. So master the other tools in your belt. I understand you want to get inside her as fast as possible, but just focus on her pleasure at first. You may even want to "take old Roger for a walk" before you hit the bedroom, so you're not tempted to call a halt and jump ahead to "boring old" penetration. It will really get you hot, plus she'll remember and repay you with all your favorites next time.

Lean in and whisper everything dirty you hope to accomplish by sunup.

Never underestimate how unbelievable your fingers can feel inside her. They are more flexible and articulate than your Willy Wonka, so there are lots of places you can reach and ways you can touch her. I like to start with one finger inside her, palm facing up, curving the finger toward myself like I'm beckoning someone. This "come hither" action usually makes her come hither pretty hard. Many women love the sensation of a curved finger (or two or three) because it hits their G-spot. Women I talk to say they never ask their guy to do this because they assume he's only dipping his fingers in to make sure it's wet enough to slide his man-part in. But if you reassure her that it really turns you on to feel her with your hand, you may be surprised how she opens up (in more ways than one).

Lesbian lesson #2:
Take control of the night.
There's an old dykeism: "What does a lesbian bring on a second date? A U-Haul." The joke is that women, being more prone to falling in love after a first encounter, all want to be in a relationship. Now, I don't believe that's true, but I *have* learned that sex is always better when the woman I'm bedding knows where she stands with me, whether she's a fling or a serious girlfriend.

So what does this have to do with you? You may think sex is just sex, but for girls, what we think of the "relationship" often affects what we're willing to do in the sack. For example, if I know it's a casual hookup, I can go wild without worrying about what she'll think of me; if I know we're intimate, I won't misread what seems like a passionate lovemaking session. You don't want her feeling unsure about the relationship, or she'll be self-conscious in bed—a red flag for you. ▶


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Sex is more fun if I know we won't have to have the "relationship talk" afterward. Start by making a comment like, "I love dating such a cool chick," or, "So you're OK with one-time things?" early in the night. Even if it's not what she was hoping to hear, trust me, these simple gestures can save a lot of awkwardness later. Reinforce that comment by making it feel real for her: If you consider this a possible relationship, mention things you can do together in the future; if it's a one-nighter, lean in and whisper everything dirty you hope to accomplish by sunup. Take it from me: Even if *you're* sure about where you two stand, she's not. All girls overthink.

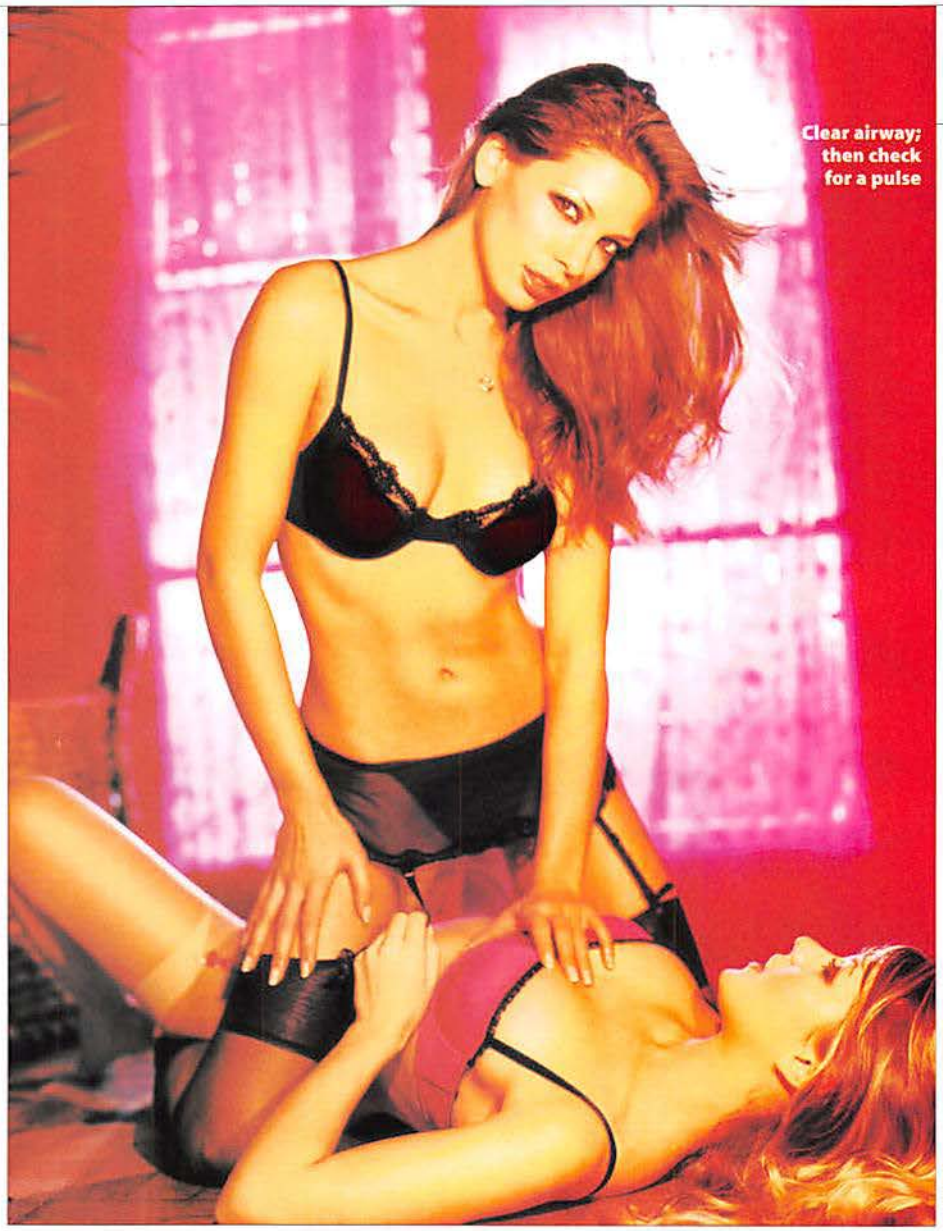
Then initiate sex—consider the ball (or, in your case, balls) in your court. Even if you don't know her mood, you know your own, so do what turns *you* on the most. Knowing what you want is hot; if you're not wishy-washy, a woman knows she's desired. She'll love the idea that you lose control around her . . . and that can unleash lots of previously unseen animal behaviors in her.

This is how I play it: I might put my finger in her mouth or ask to touch her tits or playfully guide her head toward my girl-zone. Then I pay attention to how she responds. If she bites back harder, I know she's feeling frisky; if she grazes my face with her hand, I know she wants something more romantic, and I can give it to her. And now, so can you.

Lesbian lesson #3:
Take her vitals.

Once I start something, I want to be sure she likes it before I continue. So how do you know if she's getting off or getting bored? My best tool is verbal communication. The hottest sex I've had was when we discussed it in detail. Not all women are ready to talk in bed, though, so let me speak up for those and tell you how else you can tell if they're hot. I look for physical signs of arousal: increased heart rate, flushed face or chest, deeper breathing, and, of course, wetness. Now, this shouldn't feel like a clinic visit that she owes a copay for. Investigate during foreplay: With your hand on her breast, feel for a racing heart; when you stop kissing, see if she's flushed.

Remember: *You* should be rigid, not her. If she's not responding, don't take it as rejection; just shift gears. This shows her that you are *with* her. It shouldn't be news to you that being jackhammered like a jailhouse pillow is a turnoff for women. Even the shyest girl will murmur an answer to "Do you like this?" or guide your hand to the right spot if you say, "Show me where to go." ▶



Clear airway; then check for a pulse

THE FIVE GREATEST LESBIAN MOMENTS

Maxim salutes gay rights with this fond look back at historic lesbofests.



1. Mulholland Drive (2001) 1:40:18 A surreal plot features nymphy Naomi Watts and sex-Mex Laura Elena Harring making sweet smoochery. We get it, though—hot chicks don't *need* a reason to kiss.



2. The Hunger (1983) 1:04:10 Long ago Susan Sarandon made out with French vampire chick Catherine Deneuve, giving us wet dreams. So they ate human flesh? Hey, they were only inhuman!



3. Bound (1996) Ch. 7, 11:40 A chatty Jennifer Tilly locks tongues with criminally superjuicy Gina Gershon. The Mob-theft-kill plot is almost as interesting as the boob-on-boob action. Va-va-va-Gina!

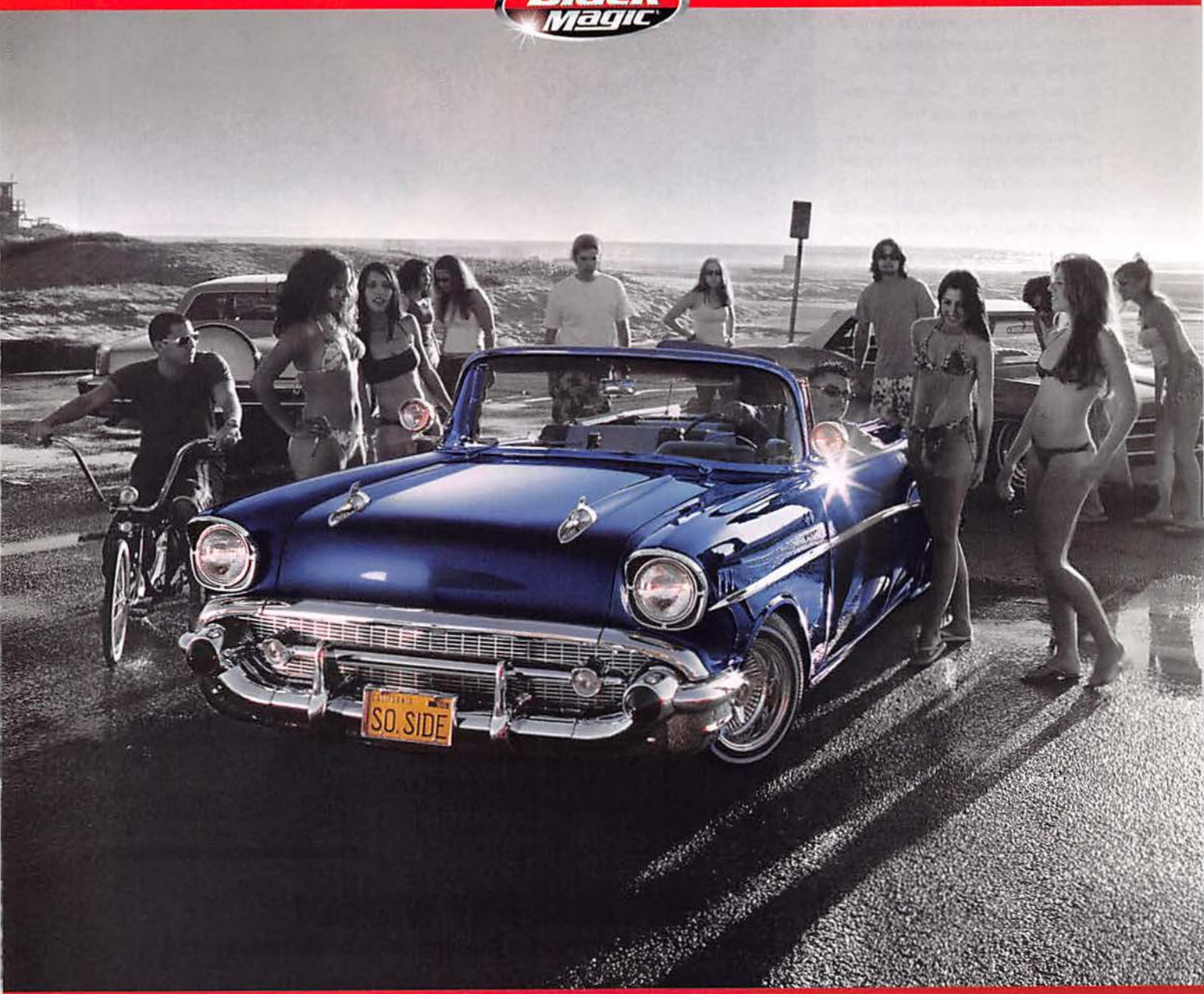


4. Wild Things (1998) Ch. 18, 7:05 A twisty who's-doing-who-wrong plot was supposed to be the draw. All we remember is Neve Campbell and Denise Richards getting each other wet. *That's* who's doing who.



5. Two Weeks Notice (2002) Ch. 27, 1:34 We love actually when two women, slowly and against all odds, fall in love. As Hugh and Sandra entwine, we hit the head to "wipe the popcorn butter off." —*Chrissi Mark*

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Tickle fight. Sweet God, please?

To know exactly what feels good, I made up a game with one of my girlfriends. I do a move and say, "This is A," then I do another and say, "This is B," and make her pick. It's kind of like a taste test, even if I'm doing the tasting. If what I do doesn't work, she can easily say, "Definitely not A, but would you... oh...yeah...B...ohh..." When she screams the alphabet, you've hit your mark.

Another way to make her yell my name is to simultaneously touch her nipples and her clit or her mouth and her nipples or connect all three. It's the Bermuda Triangle of sex: Once you get in, there is no return. This feels great because the pleasure of each erogenous zone is upped when it's combined with others.

Lesbian lesson #4:
Remind her what to remember.
When I want a woman to think of me as the smartest, sexiest thing she's ever had in bed, I talk about it right after, just to sink the hook and make sure we both remember the best parts. So save some energy to recount details that will make her feel like the drop-dead sexy beast she really is: "I've never heard you scream like that—it was so hot." Or, "When you touched my thigh, I could barely hold back." I still remember the woman who told me, "You're so beautiful," right as I was coming.

Any compliment given after sex will be seared into her brain for a long time, and it's good for you when she blushes thinking about it at work the next day. It may seem pointless to a guy—weren't you both right there?—but postgame analysis is reassuring to a woman. The better she feels about sex, the more willing she'll be to try new things.

Lesbians do have an advantage when it comes to creating physical intimacy, if only because two women can read one another's nonverbal clues. So don't doze off; if the power of speech hasn't returned to you yet, just touch her. You don't have to cuddle, but responding to her after the deed will move you up in her rankings. If I want to be pulled close after, I love when my partner does that for me; if I'm spent and don't want her hot, sweaty body all over me and she holds one of my forearms with her hand, that can be just as sexy.

I'll always remember the woman who told me I was beautiful... as I came.

So there's your insider's scoop...no need to thank me. But do yourself a favor: If your thoroughly satisfied woman should happen to ask, "Where'd you learn that?" whatever you do, don't tell her another girl taught you. Trust me, she'll take it the wrong way. This'll just be our little secret. M

GOT A NOOKY QUESTION?
Ask K.C. your questions and read her answers at **maximonline.com.**



She rolls with a tough crew

HOW TO PLEASE ANY WOMAN

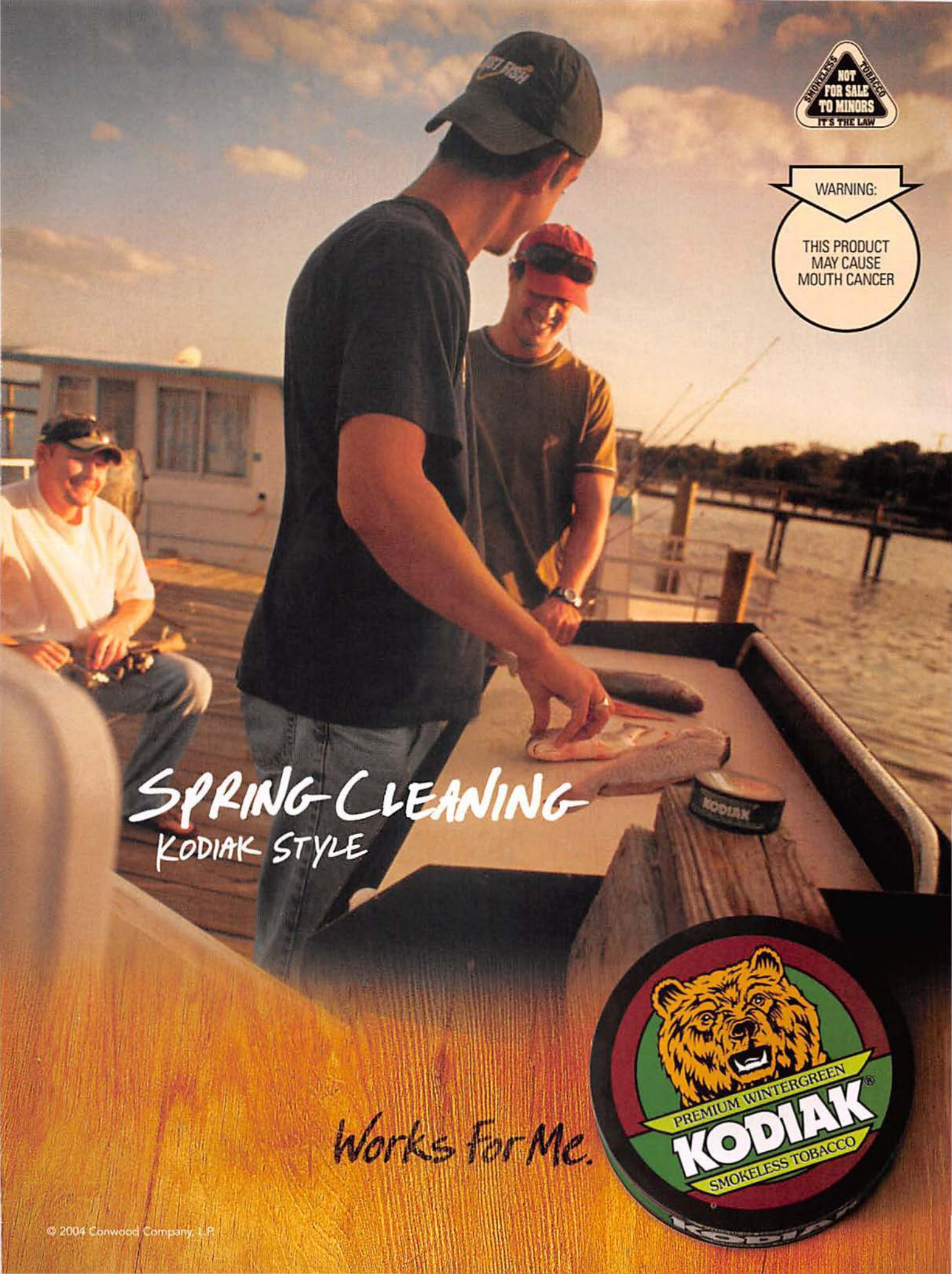
Four more folks who don't owe you jack offer advice on what gets a girl off.

■ **UNEXPECTED ALLY #1: SEX THERAPIST**
Tip: Try a new direction. Making her scream is all about the angle of your dangle, says Gail E. Wyatt, Ph.D., author of *No More Clueless Sex:* "Instead of just thrusting in and out, go at an angle for more pleasure." If that fails, don't panic—just click on that penis enlargement ad, man.

■ **UNEXPECTED ALLY #2: TV DIRECTOR**
Tip: Make her a star. Michael Fresco, director of Fox's guilty pleasure *The O.C.*, says, "We always figure out how to make the actress feel comfortable." For him that's blocking off the set; for you, dimming the lights or leaving clothes on. Or medicating her—seems to work in Hollywood.

■ **UNEXPECTED ALLY #3: PORN STAR**
Tip: Restrain yourself... temporarily.
Carmen Luvana, star of Adam & Eve's *Rawhide,* says that the tease is the turn-on. "Touching outside my panties before going inside or licking my vagina instead of going straight for the clit drives me crazy!" And, people: She would know.

■ **UNEXPECTED ALLY #4: CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL**
Tip: Your index finger can open her O file.
Cassy, 23, recommends a high school favorite. "Finger girls more, especially while going down," she says. It hits her clit and also gives her that dirty, feel-how-wet-I-am sensation of sneaking behind the rectory. Amen!—*Anna Holmes*


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The Fixer

Benny Silman organized the biggest point-shaving scandal in college sports history...then his world went to hell. How one man disgraced Arizona State University.

The way I see it, if anything in this screwed-up world is fun, this should have been it: One month into my senior year at Arizona State, I was rolling through Vegas in a stretch limo, picking up $10,000 stacks from every sports book in Sin City. Cruising the Strip that day felt like a dream, but it was just the start of a wild ride...straight down the fucking drain.

I'd flown in expecting to get picked up by my friend's brother, Joseph Gagliano, who'd fronted me 20 grand for my little scam. But when I climbed into the limousine, two Italian guys in suits were already inside.

"Who the hell are you?" I asked.

"Great work, Benny!" they responded, handing me two huge envelopes of cash. "Your kid played a helluva game."

My buddy had lied to me. These guys—Dominic "Nicky" Mangiamele, a Chicago-based "trucking executive," and his son Joe—were my real backers, and now they were here to help collect. In two years I'd gone from a broke punk from New York City to BMOC at Arizona State University. Little did I know I'd soon be inmate 43207-008. I wasn't a drug dealer or a pimp. I was just a campus bookie. And I thought I was the best. I was a 20-year-old college kid, and I was apparently in business with the Mob.



Silman lived to tell the tale

One kid even signed over his tuition check to me.

Game on

It all started innocently enough...if you consider bribery, money laundering, and conspiracy to commit interstate fraud innocent. I still remember the first big bet I took: Dolphins getting three at home from the Bills. The funny thing is, if Miami had lost that game, I'd have been out of business in my first week. No fancy cars, no wild women...and no prison. If Thurman Thomas had broken one more tackle, I wouldn't be telling this story and at least one man might still be alive.

But Marino pulled it out, and I was off to the races. In a month I was making more money than the school president. Even collecting was easy. My muscle—a local strip joint bouncer—had the easiest gig on Earth. I didn't want to rough up some freshman who might run his mouth to the cops. Most kids paid up without a fuss, but there were times I'd walk into dorm rooms expecting cash and walk out with skis, laptops, even keys to brand-new cars. One kid actually signed over his tuition check. It was like taking candy from a bunch of trust fund babies.

Life was good. And then I met Stevin "Hedake" Smith.

Close shave

Hedake (pronounced "headache") was the best basketball player at ASU and shadier than a lunar eclipse. It didn't take us long to become friends, and it took even less time for us to mastermind the biggest scandal in modern-day college basketball.

Our little point-shaving scam seemed foolproof enough at the time (at least to a couple of fools like us). I picked the game—ASU giving 14 1/2 to Oregon State at home—and all Hedake had to do was keep it close. My buddy's brother fronted us the cash (or so I thought), and we were in business.

Hedake was a magician. If God himself had been watching the game, he'd never have known Hedake was on the take. Hedake scored 39 that night, with a Pac-10-record 10 three-pointers, and ASU won by six without even making me sweat. It was perfect. The next day I flew to Vegas to collect $20,000 for each of us, and that's when I ran into the Mangiameles in my limo. But that was only a minor buzz kill—we'd just cleaned house.

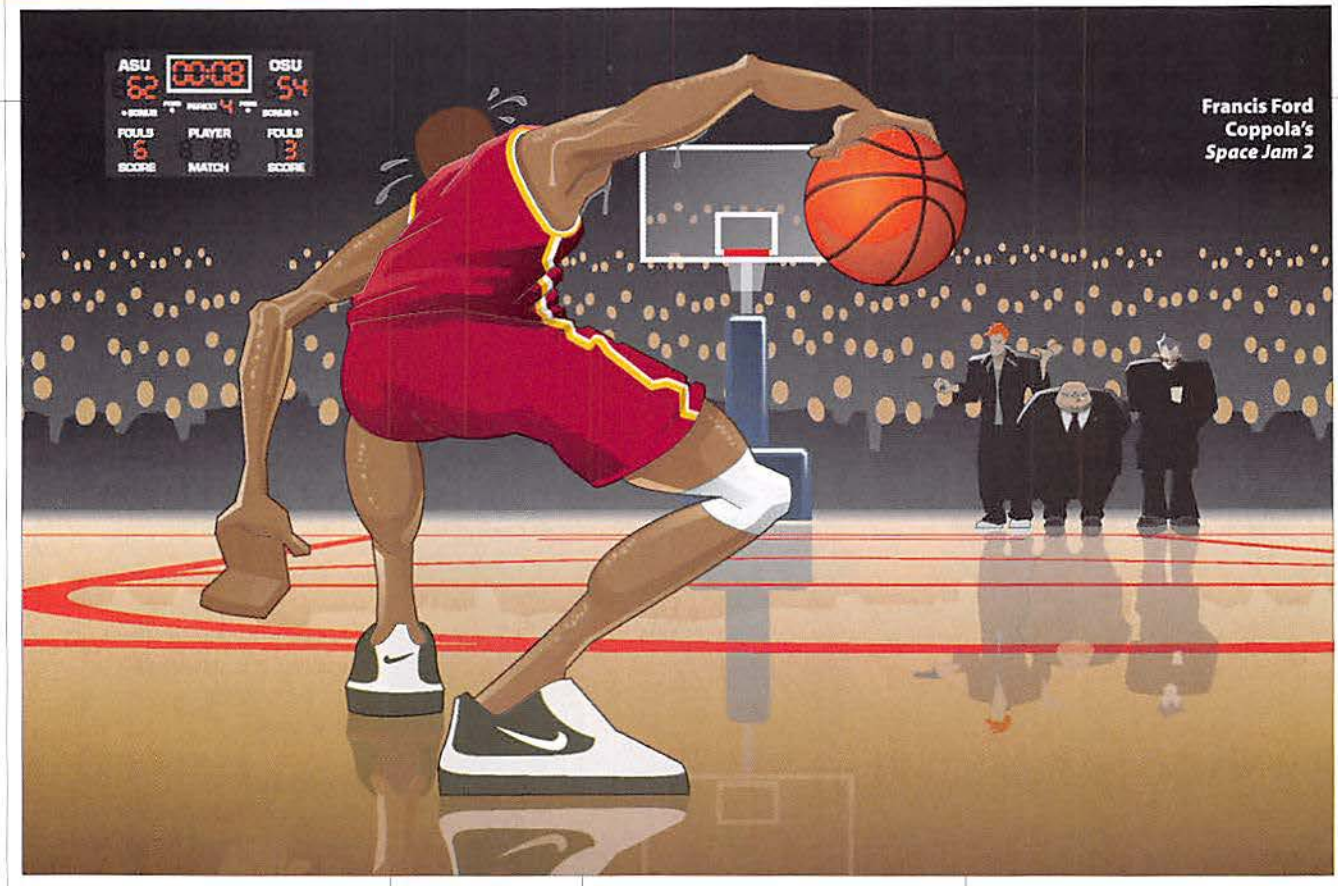
By the time I got back to my apartment in Arizona, trouble was waiting for me. A 6' 8", 375-pound local drug dealer already had his fat ass planted on my couch when I walked in. He said his name was Big Red.

"I heard about your little scam," Big Red said with his huge hand firmly grasping the back of my neck. "And I'm in!"

I tried to deny the whole thing, but Big Red could've made Helen Keller talk. In exchange for not putting his size-22 foot in my ass, he took Hedake's share. ▶

Photograph, Clay Patrick McBride (Silman)

AS TOLD TO ALEX STRAUS ILLUSTRATIONS, JAMIE SNEDDON



Francis Ford Coppola's *Space Jam 2*

"I'm keeping this," he said. "I'll bring it back after your boy Hedake does his thing in tomorrow's game."

Hedake and I had planned on making this a one-time-only thing; now we were in way over our heads. To make sure I couldn't run, Big Red watched the next game from my couch. The Mangiameles called me every 10 minutes. And I sweated out a perilously close six-point win against an $11\frac{1}{2}$-point spread. So suddenly I was 2-0 and everyone was looking at me to pick the next game. What could I do? ASU was giving nine to USC.

Hedake played his ass off again, but underdog USC was on fire and won the game outright. "That was the easiest money I ever made," Hedake said two hours later, still in his sweaty uniform. "It felt like the whole freakin' team was on the take."

Every red flag in Vegas went up—no one bets that much unless it's a fix.



Chasing our bets

With the season winding down and no good games left, all I wanted was to sit back and count my money. But my partners had other ideas. They wanted to let it all ride one more time, and the only decent matchup left was against Washington. ASU was favored over the Huskies, and everyone—Big Red and his friends, Gagliano and his people, Hedake and his posse—sent all their money to Sin City. There must've been $1 million riding on piece-of-shit Washington that day.

Hedake played the first half like Michael Jordan . . . playing *baseball*. With Hedake bouncing passes off the scorer's table, every red flag in Vegas went up. No one bets that much on Washington unless it's a fix—and every casino knew it. The MGM Grand called the Mirage. The Mirage called Treasure Island. Treasure Island called the Golden Nugget. And they all called the Nevada Gaming Control Board. When we showed up to collect, the cops would be there waiting to nab us. A few casinos even reopened the line at halftime—something they never do—just to get more of our cash. There were guys running up to the windows pulling wads of cash out of their socks like Vegas was giving away free ▶

ALMOST INFAMOUS

Bribery is for sissies! Here are four sporting scandals we'd like to see.

QUICK SHAVE, AND A BEAUTY

Anna Kournikova puts the 10 in tennis, pulling up her skirt just as her gay opponent, Amelie Mauresmo, attempts to serve. Shocked and awed by the perfectly groomed display, she shoots 72 serves into the net, giving Kournikova the victory.

BONDS GETS NEEDLED

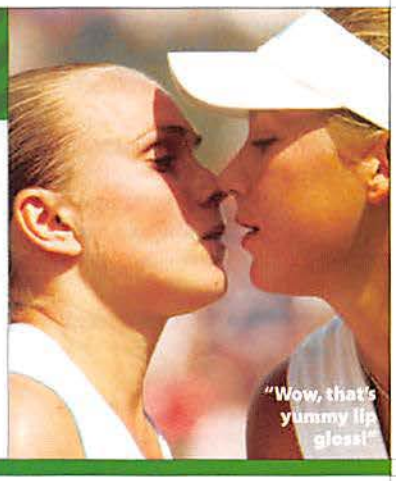
Thumbing his nose at baseball's flaccid drug policy, Barry Bonds steps into the batter's box with a syringe still dangling from his arm. "Back off, ump!" Bonds shouts. "My balls are already smaller than Tic Tacs—so I don't need any lip from you!"

KEY GOES POSTAL

Keyshawn Johnson, found wandering naked around Tampa coach Jon Gruden's home, brandishes a water gun filled with what appears to be mayonnaise. Mrs. Gruden, shot repeatedly in the face and chest, is treated for injuries at a local Planned Parenthood.

CAPRIATI SMOKES COMPETITION

Jennifer Capriati really lights up the 2004 U.S. Open. After winning she bores a hole in the trophy bowl, packs it, and sparks up in front of the crowd. Frantic officials are forced to lure her off center court with a trail of Doritos.





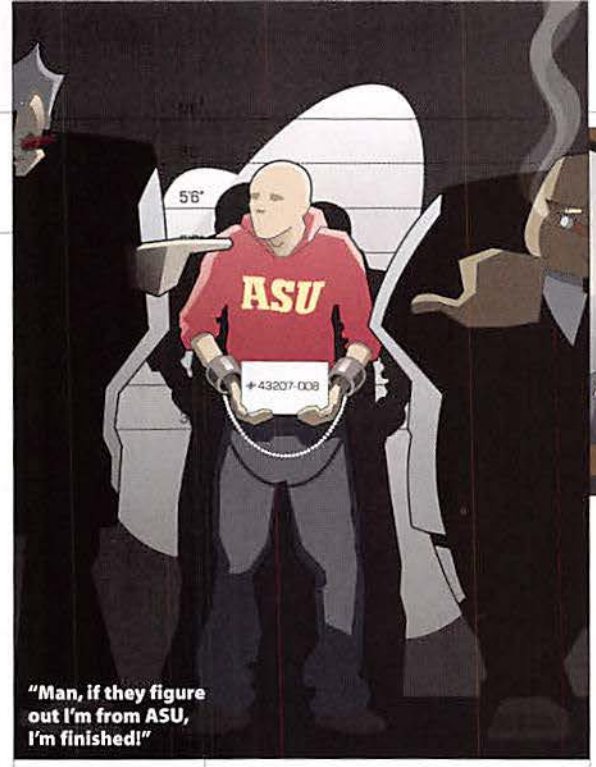
It's confident. IT'S BILL BLASS.

money. But the House doesn't lose—the casinos knew they'd never have to pay us either way.

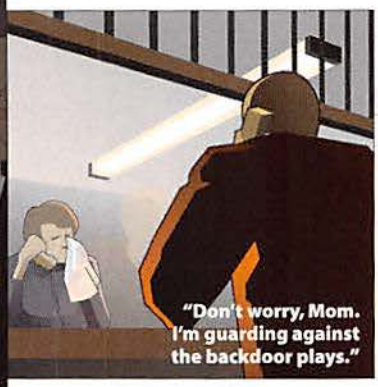
And Hedake was *bad*—so bad, in fact, he got benched in the second half. Seeing him sitting on that bench made my nuts ascend. I could feel the breath leaving my body as I foresaw Big Red's mammoth hands around my neck. Without Hedake ASU was unstoppable. By the final buzzer, they'd absolutely destroyed the line, and we'd lost it all.

I'll never forget that feeling of panic. Gagliano called my cell at least 20 times. He wanted his money and didn't care how many of my bones he had to break to get it. But that was the least of my worries. Big Red and his 9 mm were waiting in my apartment holding my roommate hostage until I got back. I was a dead man.

So I ran. Hedake dropped out of school and ran, too. Then Big Red turned up dead. I heard the official report said he OD'd, but I don't believe it for a second. And all I could think was that I was next.



"Man, if they figure out I'm from ASU, I'm finished!"


"Don't worry, Mom. I'm guarding against the backdoor plays."

Crapping out

Let's face it—I was an addict. I still am. I needed my gambling fix, and even the knowledge that I was risking my freedom or even my life couldn't stop me. In a month I was back in the game, taking action on everything from the NFL to trick-shot billiards.

Big Red turned up dead, and all I could think was that I was next.

Looking back, I can't believe I could've been so stupid, but I even moved back to Arizona to work with my old clients.

Ironically enough, I was sitting at a blackjack table in Vegas when my world came crashing in. I was about to double-down a hard-11 when one of my buddies pushed me so hard I almost fell off my chair. When I followed his pointing finger, I saw my face on every TV set in the casino. Later that night I had to explain to my mother why an anchorman called me "the mastermind behind the biggest scandal in the history of college sports." Criminal mastermind? What kind of mastermind loses everything *and* gets caught? I was on *SportsCenter* every hour on the hour. CNN led with my story. I was fucked.

Apparently, one of Hedake's little buddies had ratted us out to save his ass from some credit card fraud rap. I was indicted the next day. They already had Hedake, who had just tried out for the Dallas Mavericks, Joe Gagliano, and the Mangiameles. And all four of them squealed like stuck pigs. The way the court heard it, I was the brains, forcing everyone else into my scheme.

I eventually pleaded guilty to five counts of sports bribery in an attempt to get as little as 12 months in prison. But the judge wanted to make an example of me and threw me in the can for four years. Hedake got one, the Mangiameles probation.

Take it from me, four years behind bars felt more like four hundred. Halfway through they transferred me to South Dakota and had me shoveling snow 10 hours a day. My mother cried every single time I called. When I found out my father was having heart surgery, they told me the only way I was getting out to see him was if he ended up in a coffin. Prison is the closest place to hell I ever want to see—but the truth is, I put myself in that position. I have no one to blame but Benny. Four years later I'm finally out, trying to make a new life for myself on the outside.

March Madness is here again? Fan-fucking-tastic. I still piss in a cup every week for my probation officer, and I still spend time talking to NCAA athletes about the dangers of gambling. But I can't explain to these kids why gambling is illegal in Arizona but big business in Nevada. And I can't explain why betting on sports is illegal in 49 states, but every single newspaper in the country prints the lines for every sport, every day of the year. And I can't explain why I still have an almost unstoppable urge to bet, even though I know I gambled away a lot more than mere money. I wake up every day hoping I can keep my promise and never wager another cent as long as I live.

But I wouldn't bet on it. M

GREAT TAKING-A-DIVE MOMENTS

As long as we've had sports, we've had people throwing games for money.



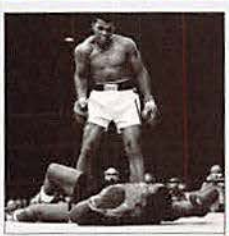
THE BLACK SOX (1919)

The scam: Eight members of the heavily favored Sox accept crumbs to suck, dumping the World Series to the sad sack Cincinnati Reds and dooming Chicago to eternal mediocrity.
The prize: A lifetime ban. Even "Clueless" Joe Jackson, who hit .375 in the series, remains banned in the afterlife.



NCAA HOOPS (1951)

The scam: Top teams, including CCNY (the defending NIT *and* NCAA champs), and Kentucky All-Americans Alex Groza and Ralph Beard, shave points.
The prize: NBA player-owners Groza and Beard were banned for life and forced to sell their teams. Tragically, they wear short shorts in perpetuity.



THE PHANTOM PUNCH (1965)

The scam: Mob lackey Sonny Liston hits the canvas in the first round.
The prize: Suicide? Liston was later found dead in his Vegas home. "My theory," says boxing commentator Bob Sheridan, "is that he was killed by the Mob." (Note to the Mob: Sheridan said it, not us.)



SALT LAKE CITY SKATEGATE (2002)

The scam: Russian and French Olympic judges trade votes, assuring that overrated Russkies Yelena Berezhnaya and Anton Sikharulidze skate away with the gold—over Canada's neck.
The prize: Humiliation for good ol' France, further tarnishing the Olympic flame (if such a thing is possible).

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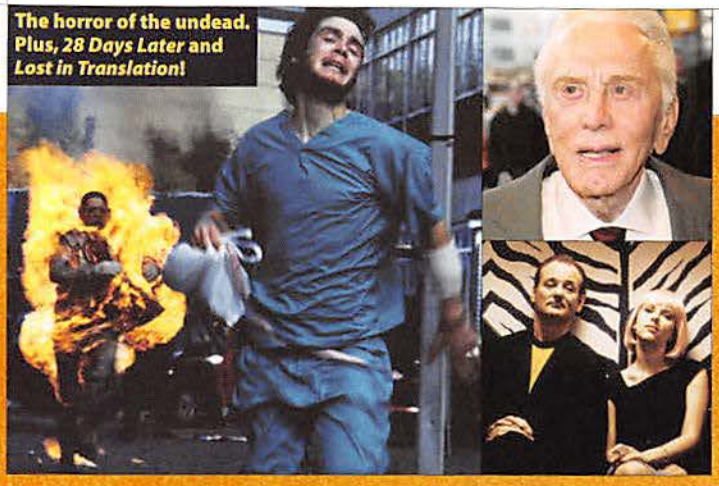
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> SPEECH IMPEDIMENT

OSCAR NIGHTMARE

Hollywood's big night means plenty of undeserved accolades, overlooked movies, and career-destroying embarrassments.

Actress Most Likely to Melt Into a Blubbering Mess:
Julia Roberts. Although winning an award for *Mona Lisa Smile* is (thankfully) an impossibility, we're sure she'll find some reason to break down. Too much Brie backstage. A glimpse of Dame Judi Dench in the ladies' room. *Something.*

Most Misleading Title:
Girl With a Pearl Necklace. Wait...that should be *Earring.* Sorry.

Lamest Category:
It's barely two years old, but Best Animated Feature is already pathetic. With only about five or six feature-length cartoons a year, the competition's as fierce as the NBA Eastern Conference.

Replacement for Lamest Category:
Best Horror Movie. Fright flicks never get their due, and in a year that featured *28 Days Later, Cabin Fever,* and a new *Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* now would be the time to honor the tradition of psycho killers and big-lunged heroines.

Most Likely to Make an Embarrassing Michael Moore–Like Political Display:
Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon. Runners-up: Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.

Best Actress:
Paris Hilton finally got a lead role in a flick, and she gave it all she had. Let's just hope she doesn't answer her cell phone during her acceptance speech.

Most Obvious Reaction Shot:
Any mention of a Nicole Kidman Best Actress nomination—cut to Tom Cruise. Any mention of a Tom Cruise Best Actor nomination—cut to Nicole Kidman. Repeat as necessary.

Actors Likely to Kick Before They Finish the "Dead People" Montage:
Don Knotts, Wilford Brimley, Ronald Reagan, Kirk Douglas, Corey Haim

Best Actor:
Bill Murray. But *Lost in Translation* is just an excuse for the Academy to make it up to him for the obvious *Caddyshack, Ghostbusters, Stripes, The Royal Tenenbaums, Scrooged, Groundhog Day,* and *Rushmore* snubs.

Odds That Host Billy Crystal Will Make a Lame *Seabiscuit* Joke:
Even money

Odds It'll Feature the Words *Salty Horse Cock:*
1,000,000:1

Musical Tribute We'd Like to See:
A clip montage from *Rain Man, The Other Sister, Radio, What's Eating Gilbert Grape, I Am Sam,* and *Of Mice and Men* set to the Black Eyed Peas' "Let's Get Retarded."

Best Picture:
The Lord of the Rings is our choice for the third year in a row. Face it, no other flick had *The Return of the King*'s jaw-dropping battle scenes, intense story line, and subtle teases of randy hobbit-on-hobbit action. Suck it up, *Mystic River* and *The Last Samurai*—you should have waited to come out in Orc-less 2004.

> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

MARCH 3

■ An obviously bored Stephen King decided to remake an obscure Scandinavian miniseries called *The Kingdom.* His version, *Kingdom Hospital,* premieres at 9 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

MARCH 5

■ *Mission: Impossible—Operation Surma* for the GameCube should tide you over until *M:I-3.*



MARCH 7

■ Wallow in stereotypes (c'mon, like *all* shrinks wear tweed?) and catch the premiere of *The Sopranos'* fifth season tonight at 9 P.M. (EST) on HBO.

MARCH 9

■ Need your Matt Groening fix? (Who doesn't?) Well, today's your lucky day: *Futurama Volume 3* is available for your home viewing pleasure. It's just like *The Simpsons*...only not as funny.

MARCH 11

■ *Cops* debuted today in 1989. We raise a dented can of Pabst Blue Ribbon to 15 more years of arresting shirtless hillbillies!



MARCH 12

■ Val Kilmer stars for obscenity maestro David Mamet in the thriller *Spartan.* We're pretty fucking sure it's intense as fuck.



MARCH 16

■ Let the madness begin! The opening round of the NCAA basketball tourney tips off today at the University of Dayton Arena in Dayton, Ohio. Go, Bryn Mawr!



MARCH 17

■ Today is St. Patrick's Day! As the traditional Gaelic saying goes, "May the green vomit rise to meet you and the Devil buy the next round." Or, um, something like that.

MARCH 18

■ *Ice Nine,* a CIA-set action-adventure game, comes out for the PlayStation 2 today. Play it with your friends...Wait, you didn't go and kill all of *them* too, did you?

MARCH 19

■ *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind,* a brain-erasing comedy-drama starring Jim Carrey, opens today.



MARCH 23

■ Lenny Kravitz takes a break from nailing Nicole Kidman to release *Funk,* his new album.



MARCH 26

■ It's Make Up Your Own Holiday Day! Seriously. So we declare today Topless Day. The first activity: jumping rope!

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
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"Hmm, what an unusual place for your eyes to be."

> MAIN ATTRACTION

STARSKY & HUTCH

Hollywood makes another trip to the classic-TV well.

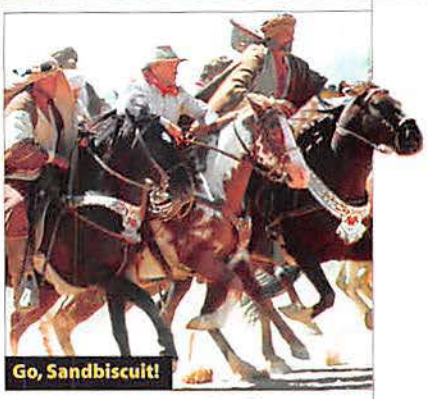
Out: March 5 **Director:** Todd Philips
Stars: Owen Wilson, Ben Stiller, Snoop Dogg, Carmen Electra
The story: Two guys—one blond, one brunet—skirt the line between good and bad, and drive an iconic car. Man, *The Dukes of Hazzard* was cool. This, however, is a movie of that *other* 25-year-old buddy show. The one with the pimp.
The buzz: While we aren't worked up over another tongue-in-cheek TV revival, Stiller and Wilson are as good a pairing as we could have hoped for. And director Philips did, after all, bring us *Old School*.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪





GET THIS!
> The son of original Huggy Bear Antonio Fargas is an Oakland Raiders running back.

> DON'T MISS



Go, Sandbiscuit!

HIDALGO

Viggo on horseback—but no Hobbits this time around.

Out: March 5
Director: Joe Johnston
Stars: Viggo Mortensen, Omar Sharif, horsey
The story: Despite claims that legendary cowboy Frank T. Hopkins pretty much fabricated most of his notable accomplishments and wacky employment history, and that there's no historical record of any long-distance races across the Arabian desert, they've made a movie about it anyway! Viggo follows up *The Lord of the Rings* by playing Hopkins, who "competes in" a "race" across the "desert" and has "wild adventures."
The buzz: OK, there may be more horseshit in the script than in the stables, but *Hidalgo* still looks like a kick-ass cross between *The Cannonball Run* and *Lawrence of Arabia*.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪

HORROR SHOW
> *Jersey Girl* (March 19): Affleck. Lopez. Need we say more?

RATINGS:

GROUCHO ✪✪✪✪✪
HARPO ✪✪✪✪
CHICO ✪✪✪
ZEPPO ✪✪
GUMMO ✪

> ALSO PLAYING



THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Out: March 12 **Director:** Luke Greenfield
Elisha Cuthbert plays a porn star in this romantic comedy. Lines are forming outside theaters as we write.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪



EUROTRIP

Out: Feb. 20 **Director:** Alec Berg
Sure, *Road Trip* was funny, but wouldn't it be funnier if the kids ran into sleazy Italians and absinthe-drinking Czechs? Probably not...
We're guessing: ✪✪



TAKING LIVES

Out: Feb. 20 **Director:** D.J. Caruso
Despite the thuddingly literal title, Angelina Jolie tracks a serial killer who might be Ethan Hawke or Kiefer Sutherland. Looks creepy.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪



BROKEN LIZARD'S CLUB DREAD

Out: Feb. 27 **Director:** Jay Chandrasekhar
The geniuses who brought us *Super Troopers* return with a Caribbean-set slasher movie spoof, starring Bill Paxton! We're definitely in.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪


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"To bizzle or not to bizzle, that is the quizzle."

PIMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

SNOOP HUGGY HUGG

Snoop Dogg's back as über-pimp Huggy Bear in Starsky & Hutch. We got him to talk some shizzle.



24 right, 18 left, 33 right

What was it like stepping into the platform shoes of Huggy Bear?
Everybody knows Huggy from the '70s, but I had to add a twist to him—make him a little sharper, a little more fly. I gave him some more lingo. But it's a good thing.

Did you get pimp lessons from the original Huggy, Antonio Fargas?
No, I didn't even talk to him. Hopefully, he'll be proud of what I did, though.

Who in Hollywood would you want in your stable?
Halle Berry. That motherfucker's beautiful. I'd marry her, she's so motherfucking fine.

Are you pissed that words like *foshizzle* are used by lame magazine writers?
It's a good thing. It's got to spread. If it don't spread, that means you ain't doing nothing good. If it spreads, it shows that everybody's loving it.

Is your MTV show, *Doggy Fizzle Televizzle*, ever going to come back?
That's not going on anymore. MTV doesn't want to give me any more money for a second season. I'd like to do a movie with it, if they'd get behind that.

What's the worst thing you ever saw backstage during one of your tours?
[pause] Ugly bitches.

Aren't the roadies supposed to screen them?
They supposed to. Somehow they get through.

How do you handle that when it happens?
I try to sneak out the back door.

Which new rappers are the real deal?
I like 50 Cent. He hard as fuck. I like them boys from down south. All these south boys been coming with it lately.

Who sucks?
Anyone on Death Row Records.

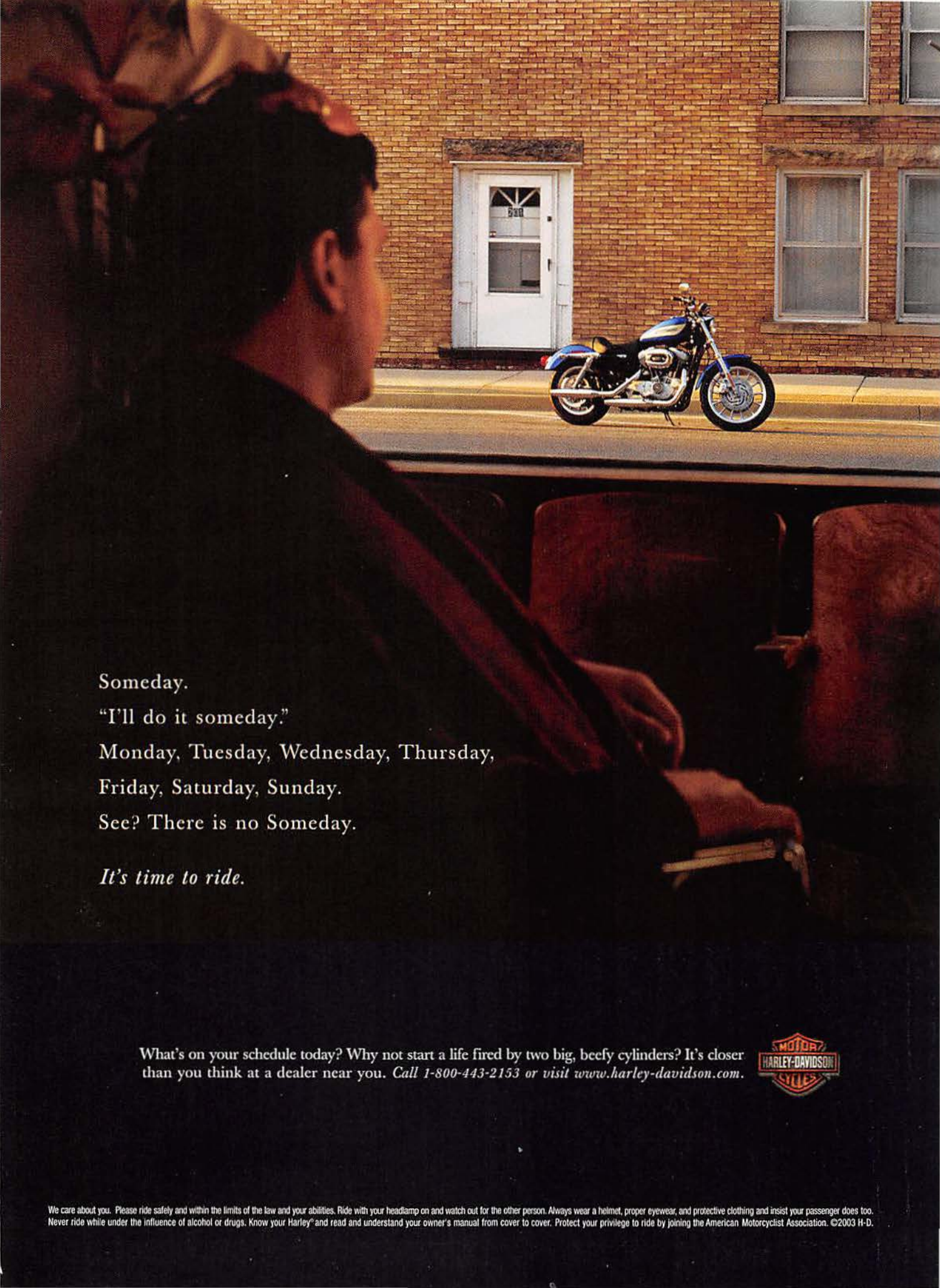
Which celebrity would you most want to bitch-slap?
Bill O'Reilly—that bitch-ass.

Any particular reason?
'Cause he's a bitch.

What's the difference between the rap game and the Hollywood game?
Hollywood is bullshit. Rap is real shit. Everything in rap is real.

You've had hit records, directed videos, starred in your own TV show, acted in big movies—is there anything else you still feel you want to accomplish?
I'd like to get deeper into the acting shit. Get bigger roles, work with bigger directors and bigger actors. I'd like to step out of all these urban roles, too, and maybe get myself an Academy Award or some shit, you dig?

Finally, can you tell us something really shocking about yourself that no one else knows?
I love cats. I have three or four of them. I just like the way they self-maintain.



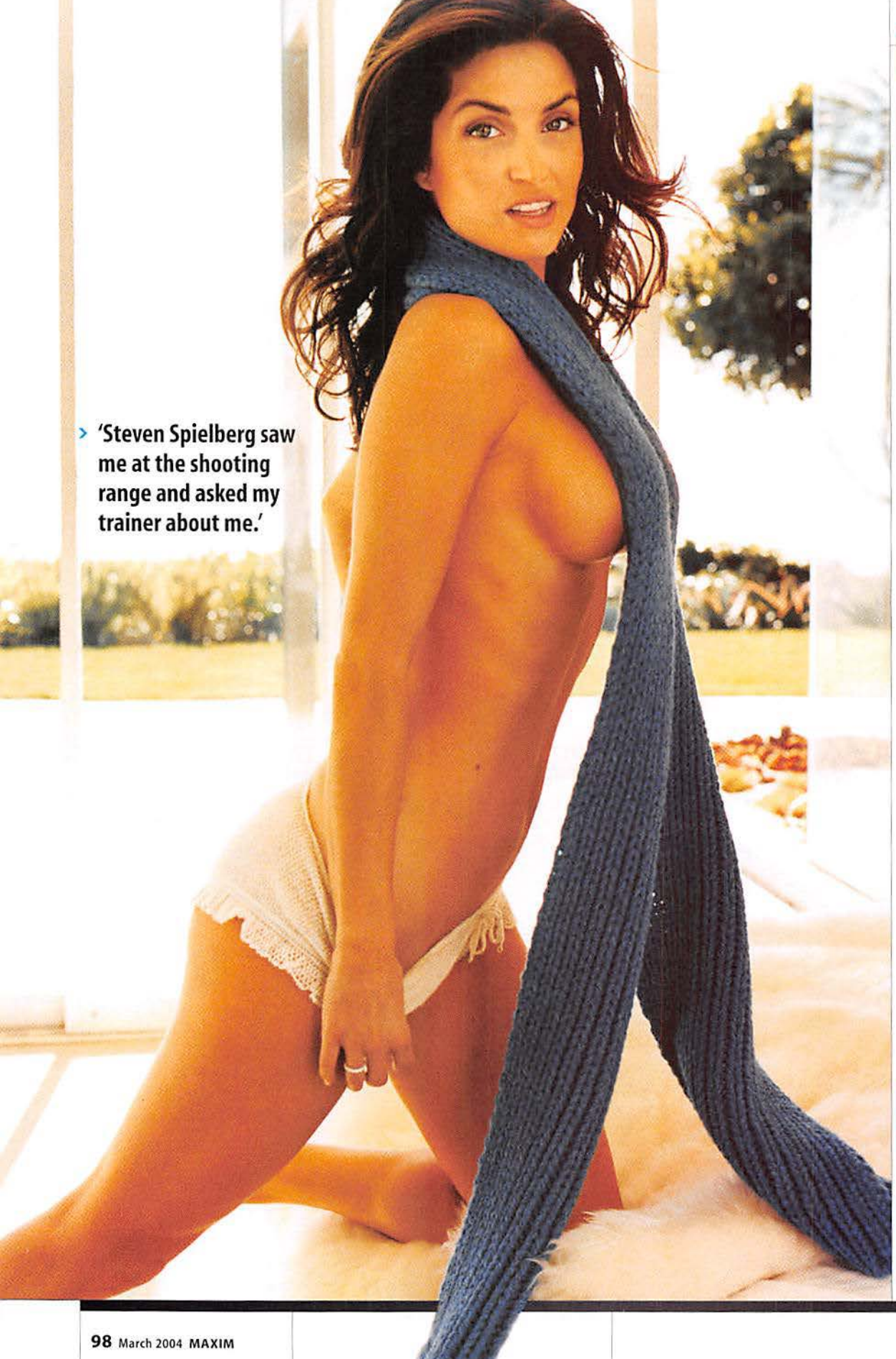
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> 'Steven Spielberg saw me at the shooting range and asked my trainer about me.'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Elena Lyons

Better known as: A party girl—and primo slasher fodder—in *Broken Lizard's Club Dread.*

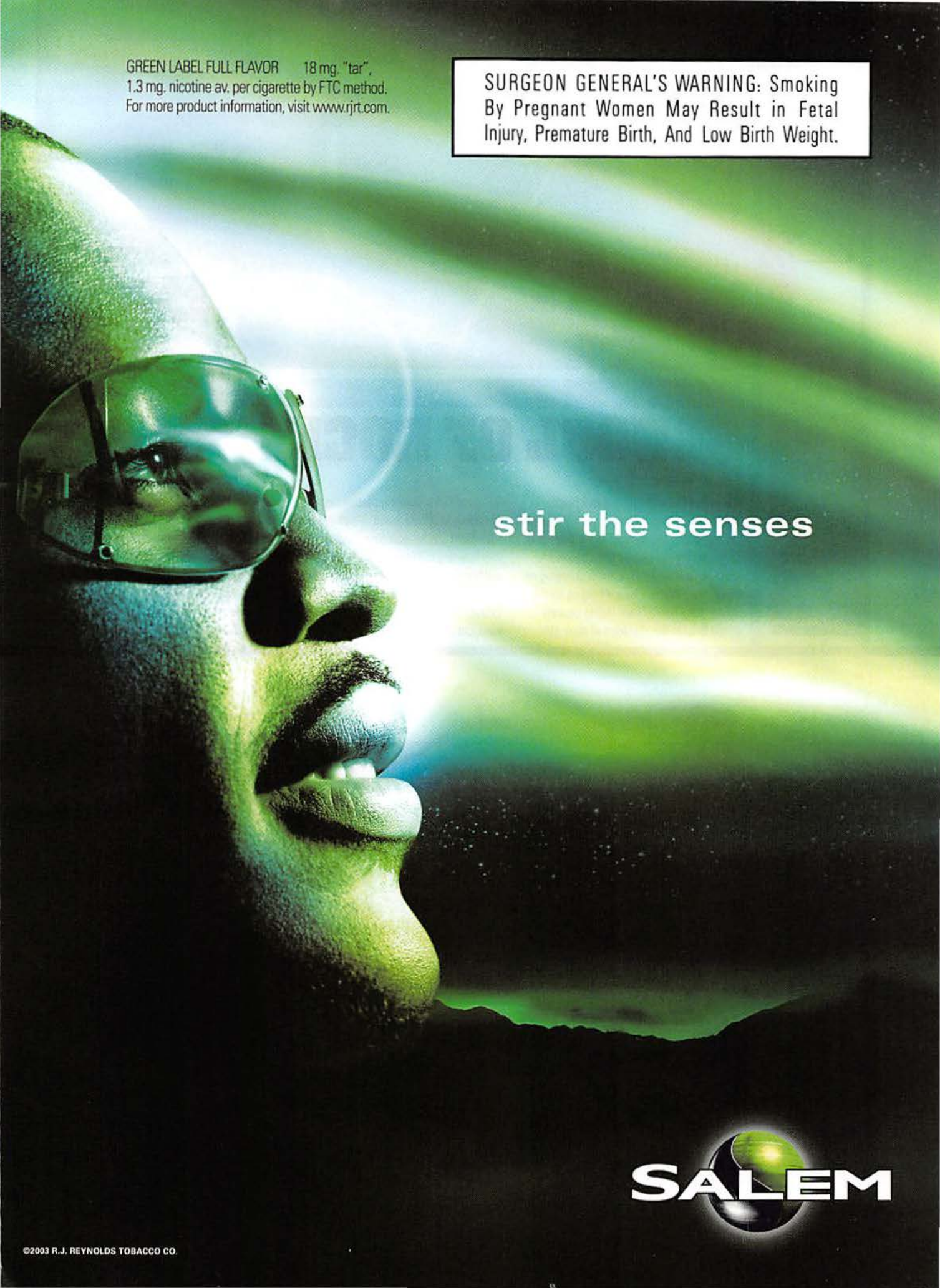
Her story: Born in Madrid but raised down on the bayou, Elena, unlike your mom, learned early on that you can't just booze your life away on Bourbon Street. "The drinking in New Orleans goes overboard," she says. "It all gets tired—I had more ambition." While we don't see the problem with it, we're glad this dark-haired beauty sobered up and moved to L.A. In between roles on *Saved by the Bell: The College Years* and *USA High,* Elena developed her twin hobbies: fixin' cars and shootin' guns. "I shoot sporting clay with a 12 gauge," she says. "I've actually won trophies and things. And I love to rebuild hot rods." Gentlemen, get rid of your old fantasy girl—the new model's here.

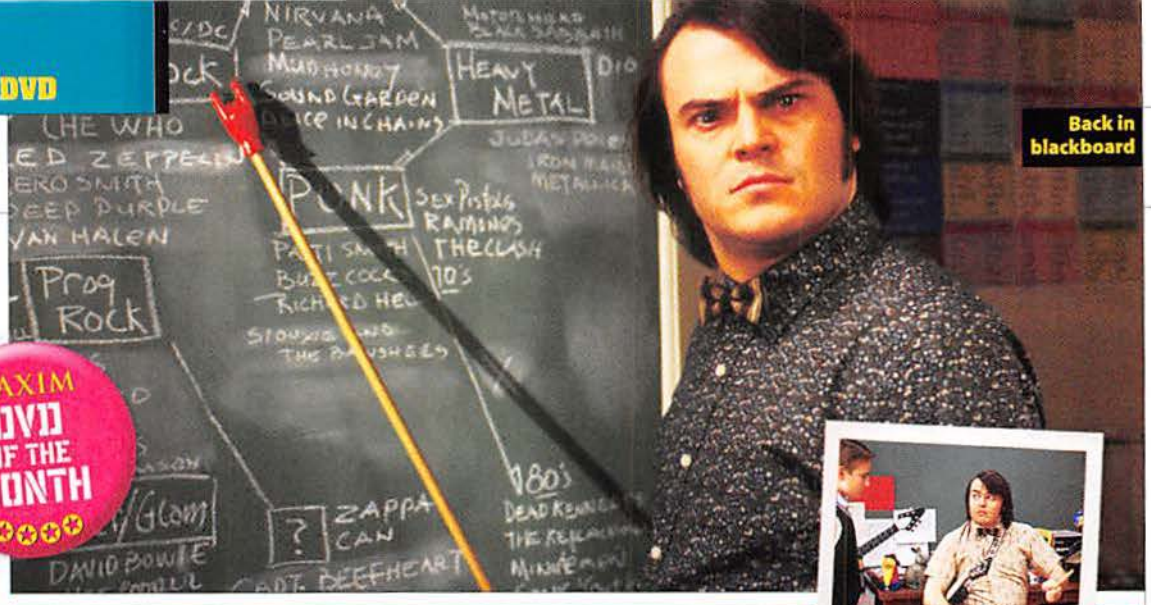


POP-UP:

> Elena has rebuilt 12 hot rods.

Photograph: Steve Shaw; styling: Suzie Hardy; hair: Fredrick Parnell for Solo Artists; makeup: Glen Jackson for Solo Artists/Shu Uemura

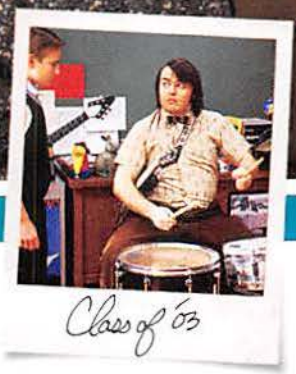

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Back in blackboard



MAXIM DVD OF THE MONTH ★★★★



> MUST OWN

SCHOOL OF ROCK

Release date: March 2

We never thought pitting Jack Black against a classroom of precocious brats could produce one of the funniest rock movies since *Spinal Tap.* (We also never thought a movie could be family-friendly without skimping on the laughs.) But here we are holding up our lighters for *School of Rock.* Riding securely on the Belushi-like shoulders of Black, this feel-good flick's game supporting cast (including Joan Cusack and—*sigh*—Sarah Silverman) and fist-pumping message (Kids, stop listening to Britney and get the Led out!) will bring you back to a time when playing air guitar seemed like a viable career option.

Extra! Proving that director Richard Linklater was right to cast kids with real music chops, a bonus clip of Black and the band performing live on *Regis and Kelly* is included. This is also notable for being the first time any of us have ever watched *Regis and Kelly.*

Trivia: Screenwriter and costar Mike White also wrote the black comedy *Chuck & Buck.*

Movie: ★★★★☆

Special features: ★★★☆☆



GET THIS!

> **Jack Black's first movie was the 1992 political satire *Bob Roberts.***

HI-OCTANE FAMILY DRAMA

"Astonishing TV."
— NY Post

"An out-of-the-box hit."
— Boston Globe

"Brawl in the family."
— TV Guide

> WORTH WATCHING

MATCHSTICK MEN

Release date: February 24

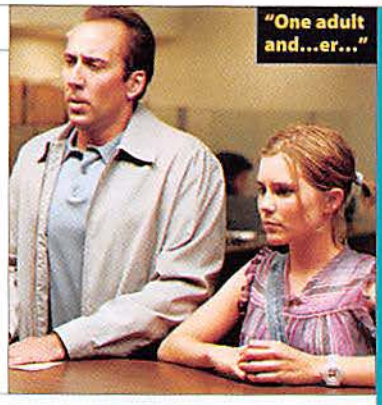
After decimating theaters with *Gladiator* and *Black Hawk Down*, can director Ridley Scott be blamed for making a small, character-driven movie? A father-daughter relationship flick disguised as a slick con movie, *Matchstick Men* has style to spare (not to mention scene stealing from the underrated Sam Rockwell), even when it sometimes gets buried under Nic Cage's grating attempts to twitch, bark, and overact himself to death. Still, the twist is a beaut.

Extra! The usual behind-the-scenes stuff.

Trivia: Rockwell's character, Frank Mercer, is rumored to have been named for Frank Sinatra and Johnny Mercer.

Movie: ✪✪✪✪

Special features: ✪✪✪



> ALSO OUT



RUNAWAY JURY (Feb. 17)
This taut courtroom drama's great for home viewing, and you can't beat a commentary track that pairs heavyweights like Gene Hackman and Dustin Hoffman.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪



PIECES OF APRIL (Feb. 24)
Dawson's Creek hottie Katie Holmes plays a "bad girl" trying to reconcile with her folks on Thanksgiving. It's an indie flick, meaning it's talky and crappy-looking.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪



FUTURAMA VOLUME THREE (March 9)
That *other* Matt Groening show is still trying to pull a *Family Guy* and find the life on DVD it couldn't find on network TV. Be warned—this space spoof ain't exactly *The Simpsons*.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

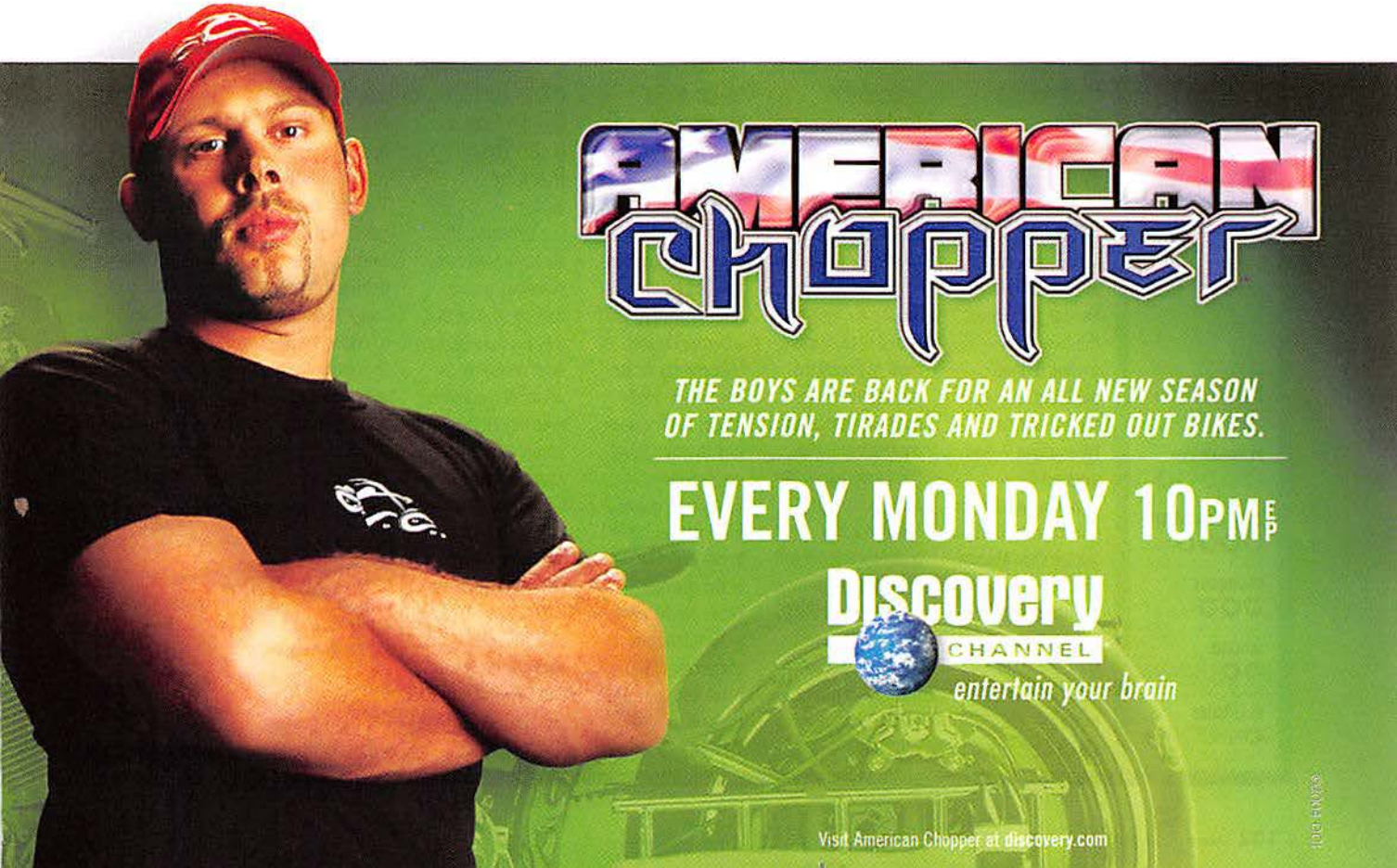


SPY KIDS 3-D: GAME OVER (Feb. 24)
Once Upon a Time in Mexico's Robert Rodriguez delivers the third installment of his kiddie Bond series. Yes, the movie's in 3-D...one D more than you deserve.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪



GET THIS!

> *Superfly* (1972) is the only film to be outgrossed by its own soundtrack.





> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

COURTNEY LOVE

America's Sweetheart (Virgin)



Let's face it: Things have not been looking good for Ms. Love of late, and we're not even talking about her OD adventure. After the too-slick-for-our-tastes *Celebrity Skin*, she supposedly holed up with Pink/X-tina schmaltz writer Linda Perry and began collaborating with Elton John's buddy Bernie Taupin. All evidence said her career would fade away. But whaddaya know? This new disc might be the punkest thing Kurtney's ever done. Raging screamers like "Hello" kick all sorts of ass, while echoing slow-burners like "Sunset Strip" (which, swear to God, sounds like a raunchy, glam-trash version of "Born to Run") manage to be tuneful while keeping her snarl intact. Sure, Courtney still scares the hell out of us, but when she growls, "Did you miss me?" in the jackhammer rocker "Mono," we've just gotta say, "Yes, ma'am."—*Dan Catalano*
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE



The Donnas
Spend the Night
(Atlantic, 2002)



The Gits
Frenching the Bully
(Broken Rekids, 2003)



GET THIS!
> Starting out Courtney Love played in early versions of Faith No More and Babes in Toyland.

RATINGS:

PLANE CRASH	✪✪✪✪✪
CHOKE ON VOMIT	✪✪✪✪
OVERDOSE	✪✪✪
SUICIDE	✪✪
ALLERGIES	✪

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE



CYPRESS HILL
Till Death Do Us Part (Columbia)
Writing hip-hop and metal tunes about smoking weed apparently wasn't enough for Cypress Hill. Now they're writing reggae, punk, and mariachi-tinged cantina tunes about—you guessed it—smoking weed. With guest artists like Bob Marley's son Damian and Rancid's Tim Armstrong, their latest is insane in the membrane for sure, but few do it as well.—*D.C.*
✪✪✪



PROBOT
Probot
(Southern Lord)
When Foo Fighter Dave Grohl said he was doing a heavy metal side project, he wasn't fucking around. He meant *heavy*. Grohl handles most of the instrumental thrashing, but he invites along a roll call of metal lifers from bands like Motörhead and Sepultura. Not recommended if you are pregnant or have a preexisting heart condition. The rest of you? Break out those devil horns!
—*David Peisner*
✪✪✪



THE VON BONDIES
Pawn Shoppe Heart (Sire)
A few months ago, White Stripe Jack White punched Von Bondies frontman Jason Stollsteimer at a Detroit theater. (Apparently, White doesn't like challenges to his garage-rock throne.) Now we know why. The VBs' rough, guitar-fueled major label debut explodes out of the speakers. White might want to beat the crap out of the rest of the band, just to be on the safe side.—*D.P.*
✪✪✪✪



CEE-LO
Cee-Lo Green Is the Soul Machine
(Arista)
Cee-Lo's solo debut album was an interplanetary gospel-funk mind-fuck that way too many folks slept on. Guess what? His second is even better. The former Goodie Mob member tethers himself a little closer to Earth this time, but cornball-free flows and intoxicating beats are layered on as thick and heavy as his waistline. Set your alarm for this one.—*D.P.*
✪✪✪✪



LAMBCHOP
Aw Cmon/No You Cmon (Merge)
Nashville may be known for predictable country fluff, but it's also home to Lambchop. The long-running group casts its musical net so wide, it's impossible to describe what it catches. These two records meander leisurely between cinematic pop instrumentals, twisted country trucker anthems, soulful barroom rockers, and engaging stoner jams all shot through with singer Kurt Wagner's guttural croak. You'll never make much sense of these twin records (released simultaneously), but you'll definitely have fun trying.—*D.P.*
✪✪✪✪

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Hood
Cold House
(Aesthetics, 2001)

Centro-Matic
Love You Just the Same
(Misra, 2003)

Cattivo
Cattivo and His Orchestra
(Ecco, 2002)

The Kids of Widney High Act Your Age
(Moon Man, 2004)

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> PRIVATE MIX

GREG DULLI'S BURN THIS!

The main Twilight Singer picks down and dirty tracks.



1. "Shake 'Em on Down" R.L. Burnside
"I saw him play this at his joint in Mississippi. Obey him."

2. "Too Tough to Die" Martina Topley-Bird
"My favorite song on my favorite album of 2003. It sounds like the best fuck of your life."

3. "Roses" OutKast
[sings] "I know you like to thank that yo' shit don't stank, but lean a little bit closer..."

4. "Growing on Me" The Darkness
"The happiest song about genital warts ever."

5. "One Way Out" The Allman Brothers Band
"The live version is the definition of sublime."

6. "Crazy in Love" Beyoncé with Jay-Z
"I love her. I want her. I need her. (Nice flow, Jay-Z... please don't stab me.)"

7. "Young'n" Fabolous
"If you don't love this song, you suck."

8. "Methamphetamine Blues" Mark Lanegan
"Wherein our hero delivers his greatest vocal performance ever. (Thanks for burying my backups, Goss.)"

9. "Up the Ladder to the Roof" The Supremes
"Excuse me, Miss Ross, but Jean Terrell just *smoked yo' ass!*"

10. "I Walk on Gilded Splinters" Dr. John *or* Johnny Jenkins
"One of the greatest songs ever written. Two different takes. Let's keep them both. Ain't nobody gonna bitch."

11. "This Woman's Work" Kate Bush
"The key to any mix is to mellow down easy. Our girl takes us to the bedroom..."

12. "God Only Knows" The Beach Boys
"There are but a handful of perfect songs. Exhibit A..."



GET THIS!

> The group Afro-Cuban All Stars featured the largest age range in a band: Ages 15 to 81.

> POP QUIZ



BANDS APART

Match each popular group with its vastly inferior spin-off.

1. Led Zeppelin	A. Zwan
2. Van Halen	B. Widowmaker
3. Genesis	C. Slash's Snakepit
4. Twisted Sister	D. The Honeydrippers
5. Guns N' Roses	E. Wings
6. The Beatles	F. Methods of Mayhem
7. Duran Duran	G. DLR Band
8. Smashing Pumpkins	H. Talk Show
9. Mötley Crüe	I. The Power Station
10. Stone Temple Pilots	J. Mike & the Mechanics

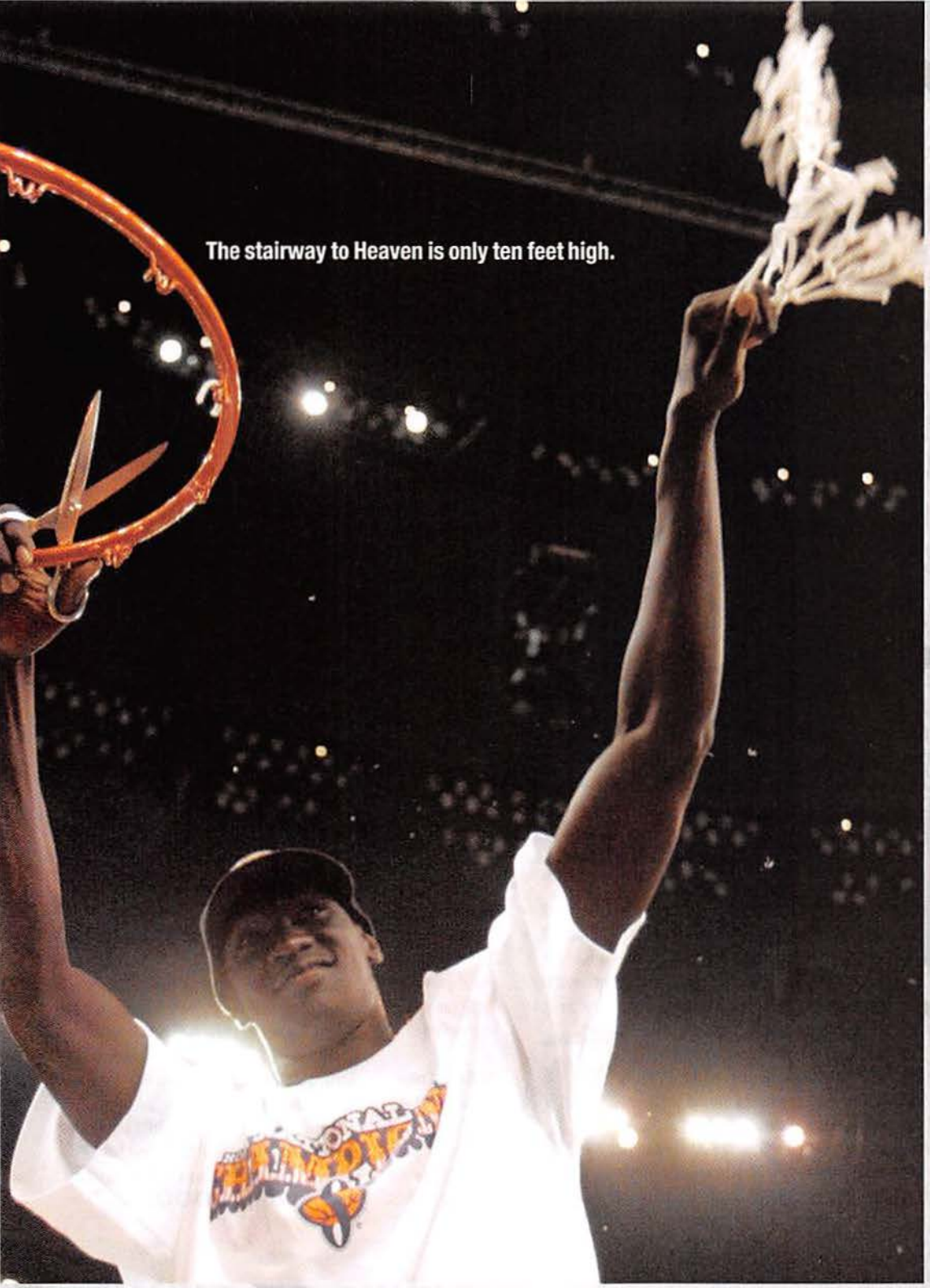
1._ 2._ 3._ 4._ 5._ 6.E 7._ 8._ 9._ 10._

Answers: 1-D, 2-G, 3-J, 4-B, 5-C, 6-E, 7-I, 8-A, 9-F, 10-H

MAXIM'S VIDEO OF THE MONTH



SARAI
"Ladies" (Epic)
What looks like Britney Spears but sounds like Lil' Kim? No, this isn't completely a joke. Sarai's a blonde, ponytailed rapper who lays it down about, like, boys, bling bling, and whatever. You gotta see this.















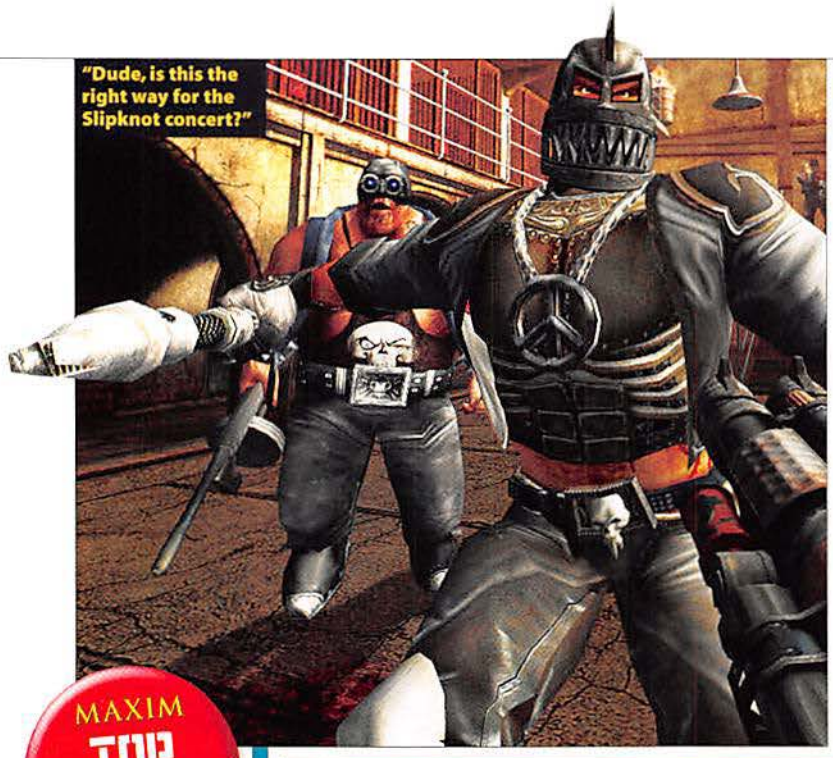


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MAXIM TOP PLAY! ★★★★★

> GAME ON!

PAINKILLER

Dreamcatcher [● ●]

Bad news: You're dead. Worse news: You're not in heaven or hell—you're stuck in some nether world where the forces of good and evil are engaged in an all-out war. But there's good news for fans of the gross-out graphics and frantic action of *Resident Evil* and *House of the Dead*: This shooter vaults past those corkers like a hungry zombie at a free brains buffet. With speed and smarts to match its outrageous visuals, *Painkiller* boasts fiendishly clever monsters that attack in groups and learn from your defenses. No corpses shambling around like they have a load in their pants, these are monsters of the *28 Days Later* variety: quick and scary. Like Rush Limbaugh, you'll find yourself addicted to *Painkiller*.—*John Walsh*



***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

CHEATS!

■ ***The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King*** [●]
Pause the game, hold down L1, L2, R1, and R2, then press X, square, X, and up to access all the actor interviews.

■ ***Tony Hawk's Underground*** [●]
On the "Hotter Than Hell" level, collect all the letters that spell "KISS." Then collect them *again* to start an in-game Kiss concert.

■ ***Crimson Skies: High Road to Revenge*** [●]
At any point hit Y, X, B, Y, black and you'll gain access to all the planes in the game.

■ **GameCube Console** [●]
Hold down Z when turning on the machine to hear new start-up sounds.



DRIVER 3

Atari [● ●]
Gritty action? Yep. Cool celebrity voices? You bet. (Take a bow, Michael Madsen and Ving Rhames.) The headiest bouquet of carbon monoxide and gun smoke this side of New Jersey? Oh, yeah. *Driver 3* gives *Grand Theft Auto* a run for its cash. Wreck cars and wield grenade launchers in the meticulously detailed streets of Istanbul, Miami, and the French Riviera. A wild ride.—*Alex Porter*
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆



ALL-STAR BASEBALL 2005

Acclaim [● ●]
Smell that? The vague scent of fertilizer and hot dogs means that baseball season will be here before you know it. To help the thawing process, *All-Star Baseball* makes an early run at MVP honors. Easy-to-master controls, new camera angles, customizable teams, legendary players like Babe Ruth and Jackie Robinson—don't wait for Mother Nature's lazy ass; spring starts now.—*Scott Steinberg*
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

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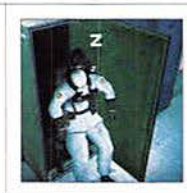
XBOX	●
PS2	●
GAMECUBE	●
PC	●

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



SPLINTER CELL: PANDORA TOMORROW

Ubisoft [● ● ●]
The only gadget you *won't* have in this high-tech adventure is your tap shoes, nancy. (Remember, it's all about stealth.)
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆



METAL GEAR SOLID: THE TWIN SNAKES

Konami [●]
Metal Gear gets a GameCube spit and polish. Familiar ground, but enough sneaky death-dealing to keep your sweaty palms occupied.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★☆☆



BREAKDOWN Namco [●]
The future's hazy and your memory's wiped—but at least you've got an ass-kicking girl sidekick! Use your *fists* (what, no hand cannons?) to fight off superhumans.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★☆☆



UNREAL TOURNAMENT 2004

Atari [●]
The classic first-person shooter receives another upgrade. What does this mean? Slicker graphics, more weapons, and—most importantly—more of those bloody kills you know and love.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆


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MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH

> TOME RAIDERS

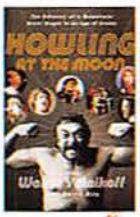


CLINTON & ME: A REAL LIFE POLITICAL COMEDY

by Mark Katz (Miramax Books, $22)

Whether you like Slick Willie or hate him, Mark Katz' tale of life as a White House joke writer is the last thing you'd expect from a political memoir: a hell of a lot of fun. The book details Katz' career, from his start in 1988 writing jokes for the tragically unfunny Michael Dukakis, up through his speeches for Bill Clinton and Al Gore. Even throwaway asides generate laughs, like a list of some words he couldn't use during the Lewinsky scandal: "my staff; bring Iraq to its knees; head of state; deployment of seamen; ambassador to Denmark Dick Swett." But the real highlight is the regular-guy wonder Katz brings to his dream job, whether he's watching skin flicks with the president in the White House or having George Stephanopoulos lie through his teeth to help Katz bed a pretty girl. *Clinton & Me* is unique: a behind-the-scenes look at politics that makes you laugh your ass off.—*Charles Coxe*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★



HOWLING AT THE MOON: THE ODYSSEY OF A MONSTROUS MUSIC MOGUL IN AN AGE OF EXCESS

By Walter Yetnikoff, with David Ritz (Broadway Books, $24.95)

Although Michael Jackson called the man his "Good Daddy," Walter Yetnikoff in his heyday was more like a music-biz Tony Montana: a coke-nosed maniac who never broke his balls for anyone. In this autobiography, the former president and CEO of CBS Records traces his life's arc, from his troubled Brooklyn childhood to his wild run as a skirt-chasing fat cat who schmoozed with the likes of Mick Jagger and Bruce Springsteen to the excessive drug use that would lead to his personal ruin. OK, so maybe "rock bottom" still meant being a multimillionaire, but that doesn't make his eventual redemption any less dramatic. Like its author, *Howling at the Moon* is an overblown, name-dropping mess, but nonetheless extremely entertaining.—*Ben Goldstein*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

> MUSIC LOVER



OFF THE RECORD

We got Walter Yetnikoff to howl about the state of today's music biz and the dullness of crotch-grabbing.

Was there anything too scandalous to include in your book?
I held back some things for karmic reasons. Some of this information is so volatile that it could cause problems, and I wasn't in the mood to cause death and destruction.

Too bad. Who's your least-favorite person in the music business?
I don't have a high regard for a lot of music executives. We need to get rid of some of the overpaid senior executives or cut down their salaries dramatically. These guys want to be paid like they're artists. There are guys who travel as if they're the shah of Iran.

What's better: sex or money? You've had so much of both...
I don't know how you'd choose; you need both to live. Well, you don't need sex to live, but you get grouchy if you don't have it. But if I had to choose, I'd choose sex.

Is it true that Michael Jackson stole his crotch-grabbing move from you?
Ha! I don't think so. But that stuff got boring. Fine, grab your crotch, but I can do that, too.

Do you believe there's something to the recent allegations against him?
No. I believe he feels more comfortable with kids, and that adults make him nervous. If you knew him, you'd understand. He's a baby.

Since you've led such a wild life, do you have any advice for our readers?
There's nothing wrong with young people sowing wild oats. But it has to be done with more moderation than I had.—*B.G.*

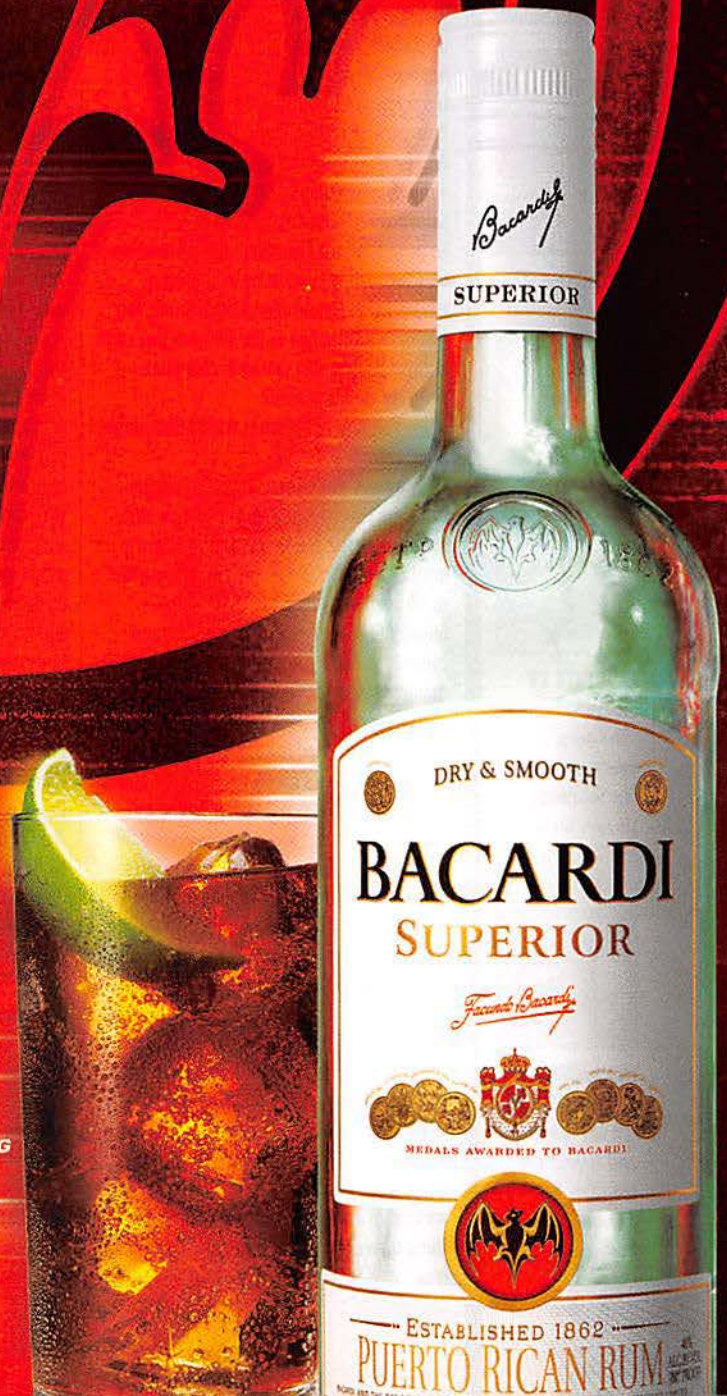


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> **In 1989 alone, Yetnikoff's CBS Records raked in a net profit of $450 million.**

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COLIN QUINN

The *Tough Crowd* referee speaks up about being a sober Irishman, taking Magic Johnson's sloppy seconds, and how comedy's for losers. That's his story, and he's sticking to it.

QUICK PICKS



FAVORITE COMICS
"Richard Pryor and George Carlin. Also Lenny Bruce and Rodney Dangerfield."



FAVORITE TV SHOWS
"The ones everyone likes. *The Sopranos. Six Feet Under.* But *The Wire* is my favorite."



FUNNIEST ETHNIC GROUP
"I'd say blacks and Jews, never the Irish. But it's all become a bit homogenized now."

When did you start doing comedy?
What happened was, I was bartending, drifting around, and I had to quit drinking. My life was just getting really bad. When I quit I was so miserable. I mean, my best friend just died from drinking. I thought, *I don't care what happens to me now,* so I tried comedy. I was too scared to do it before that.

You quit drinking? But you're *Irish.*
And I was 24 when I did it, which is definitely a tough time in anybody's life to quit.

So what did you do on the road?
I'd go to bars, but I wouldn't drink. Stand-up was such a great way to be in that crazy environment, where everybody's drunk. You just have to get used to the fact that you can't partake but you can still be in that place.

Got any crazy stories?
Name the area of craziness and I'll find some good ones.

How about our favorite topic: women.
One time I met a girl at an after-hours club, took her back to the house, and booted my brother out at six in the morning. He wanted to kill me. Then *she* wanted to kill me—literally. She went in a kitchen drawer and came at me with a knife. She was psychotic. I grabbed her, threw her down, and held her arms . . . and then we both fell asleep for three hours. She just tried to kill me, and yet I'm sleeping with her. I mean, that's not good behavior. Another time I was with this girl, and next morning I woke up and my whole body was covered with scratches and bites. Turns out I fell asleep, wrapped my arms around her, and wouldn't let go. She said she had to bite her way out like an animal. And I went with a girl once who said, "Man, you're only the second celebrity I've done this with." I go, "Who was the other one?" She said, "Magic." This was before the HIV news. When that story broke, I did a spit-take.

Classic! You came up at MTV with Adam Sandler. Did you sense he was destined to be a huge star?
It's kind of a Monday morning quarterback thing to say, but the first time I saw Adam—it was at a Boston comedy club, and he was 17—I said, "This guy's a star." And he was *terrible.* His comedy was awful. But he just had something that made me laugh.

How do you feel about a country as diverse as America being so afraid to joke about its diversity?
One of my first lines from *Tough Crowd* was, "People want you to celebrate diversity—as long as you don't point out anyone's different." That's impossible. "Well, you can celebrate the positive qualities." I'm a comedian, motherfucker. We celebrate the negative qualities in all of us.

Why are the good comics always, um, unattractive, self-destructive men?
If you're a winner, you're not a great comedian. To me, the biggest mistake is when comedians think they belong at those trendy parties with all those fucking beautiful people. You're a fucking loser. You don't fucking fit in. Stop it. We're fucking comedians, man.

You joked with Sarah Silverman on your show about the two of you having had a relationship. Is that true, and does it tear up Jimmy Kimmel inside?
She was an innocent, recent arrival from New Hampshire. She was 18. She likes to point out I was 30, but I was actually 29. We had an affair that lasted on and off for a few years. I like to think of us as Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. I'm sure she thinks of us more as Ted Bundy and one of the girls from the Chi Omega sorority in Florida.

Are there people you look at and think, *They're everything wrong with comedy?*
I dislike anybody who deliberately tries to pander. Joe Rogan, of all people, said—and I agree 100 percent—"There are two types of comedian: the type who writes jokes he thinks are funny and the type who writes jokes he thinks will make the audience laugh. Obviously, we want to be the type who writes jokes he personally thinks are funny, and if the audience laughs, that's great."

You wrote *Celtic Pride,* which ended up as a shitty movie with Dan Aykroyd and Damon Wayans. What happened?
There wasn't one word or plot point that I'd written. My plot was all about gambling. Of course, with a big-budget movie, the first thing they said was, "The NBA won't sponsor us if we have gambling, so lose the gambling." Gambling was the whole movie! And it's so funny when Hollywood people say, "We do TV shows this way. We do movies this way." Well, you have, like, a three out of 100 average, so you should shut your mouth.

Is it true you turned down the role of Scott Evil in *Austin Powers*?
Yeah. Mike Myers knew it was going to be big, too. He goes, "Colin, I'm not going to beg you, but I wrote this part based on the role you played on *The Larry Sanders Show.*" I said, "Mike, I get it. But I wrote my own screenplay." Which, obviously, none of us have heard of. My nephews are devastated I didn't do it.

You've had some great people on your show—any dream guests?
George Carlin was on. That was a dream for me. I brought my whole family, 60 people in the audience. They laughed at nothing I said. I brought them all to see Carlin, then I do a few jokes, and they're looking at me like, "Bring on Carlin!" He's our family idol, being Irish.

Have there been any post-taping brawls on *Tough Crowd*?
As far as there being an actual fight, not yet, but I wouldn't put it past the place. Real comedians know how to take it and dish it out, I think. But, still, I could see any one of us fighting with the audience. There's a lot of truth being said out there, and some people can't handle it.

Finally, what's your favorite ethnic joke?
I don't really like ethnic jokes as far as *joke* jokes—I like more specific real things that people observe about different ethnic groups. My friend John Sialiano (a.k.a. Goumba Johnny) has one. He got into a car accident with a Puerto Rican guy, and he said, "Not only do you hit his car, but then you're guilty of smashing, like, 20 saints."

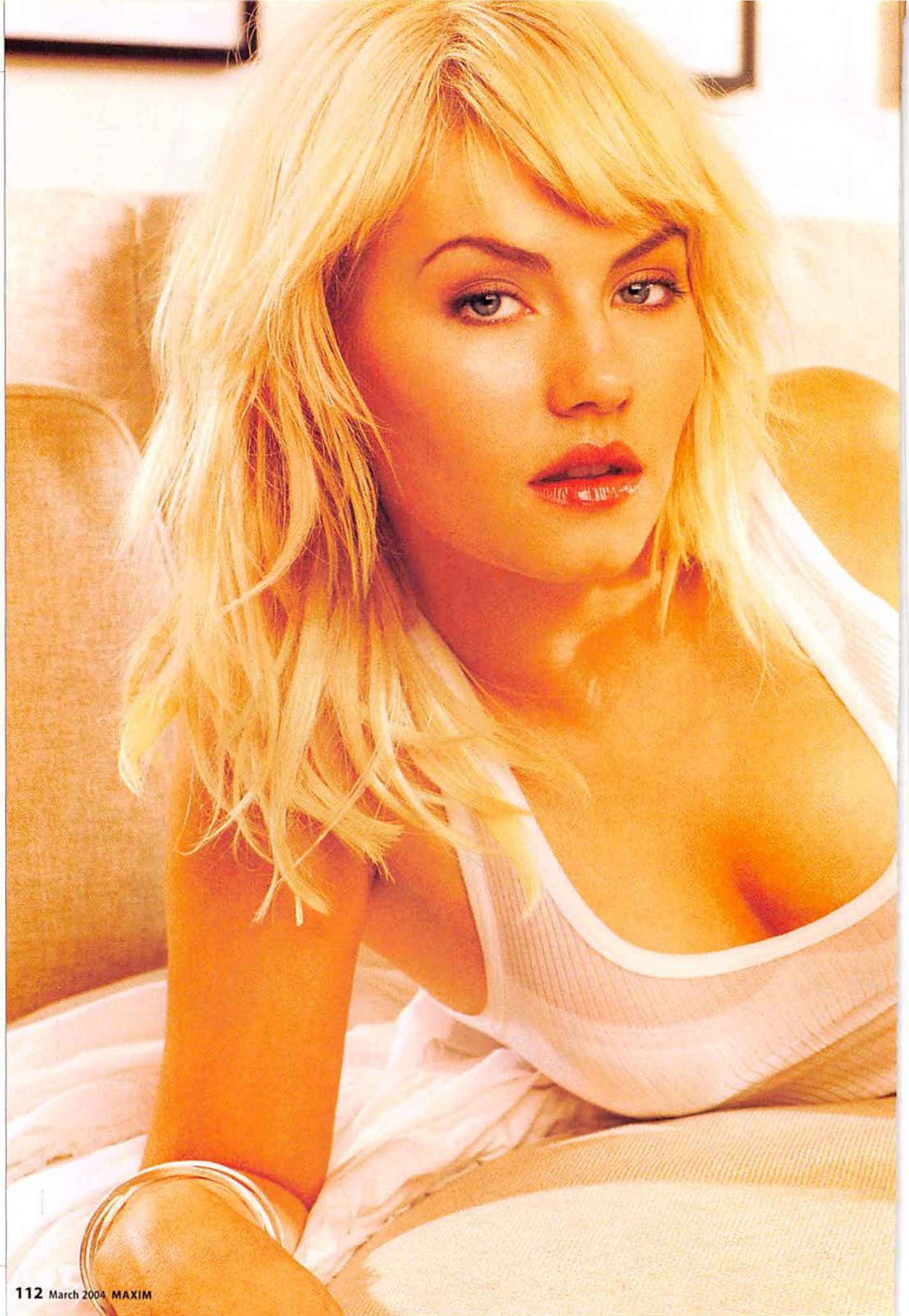
Interview by Sean Cunningham. *Tough Crowd* is on Comedy Central weeknights at 11:30 (EST).

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE

Props and wardrobe: Liz Engelhardt; grooming: Flics Flowers for Bernstein & Andriulli

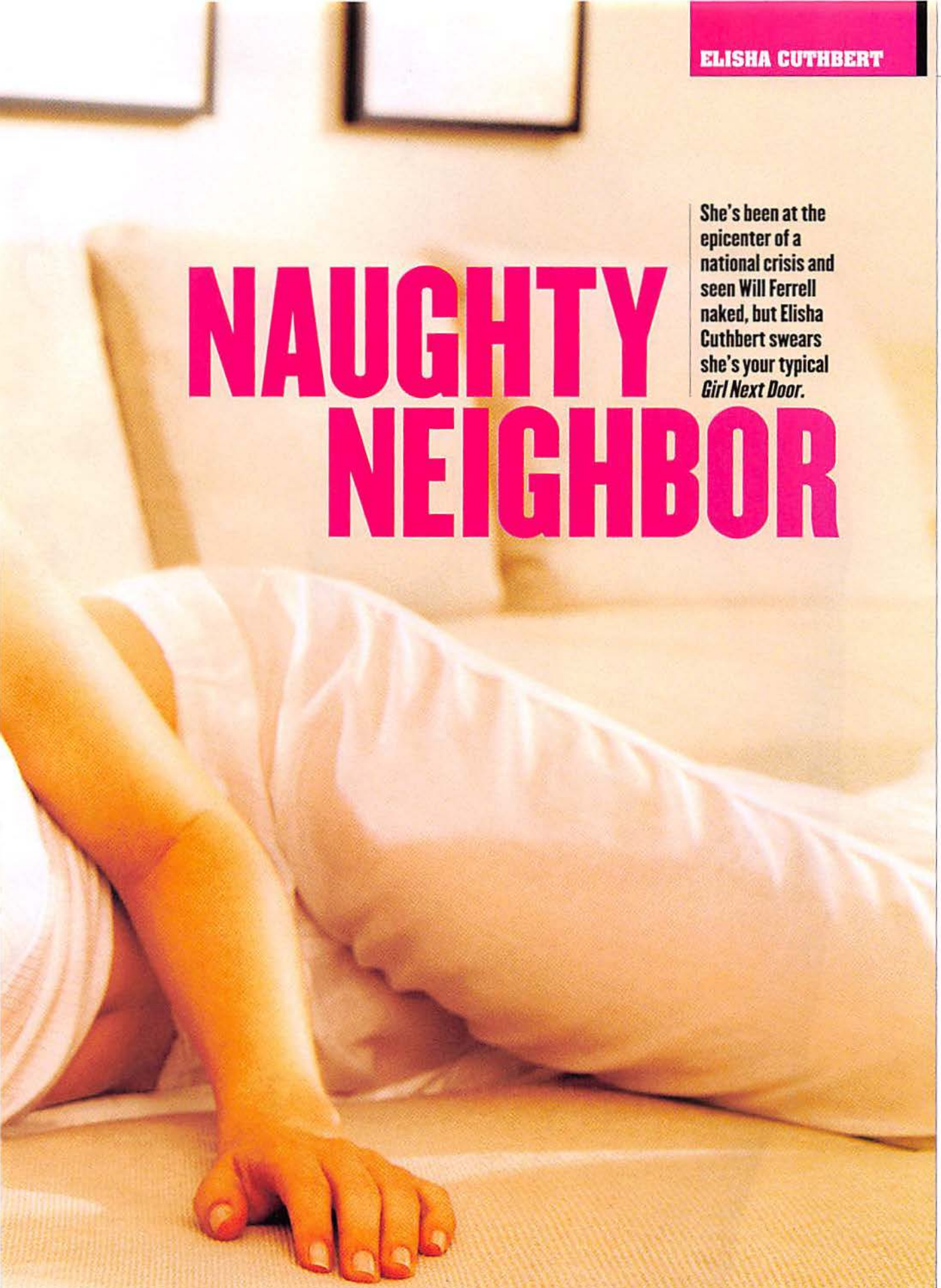


› 'She just tried to kill me, and yet I'm sleeping with her. I mean, that's not good behavior.'

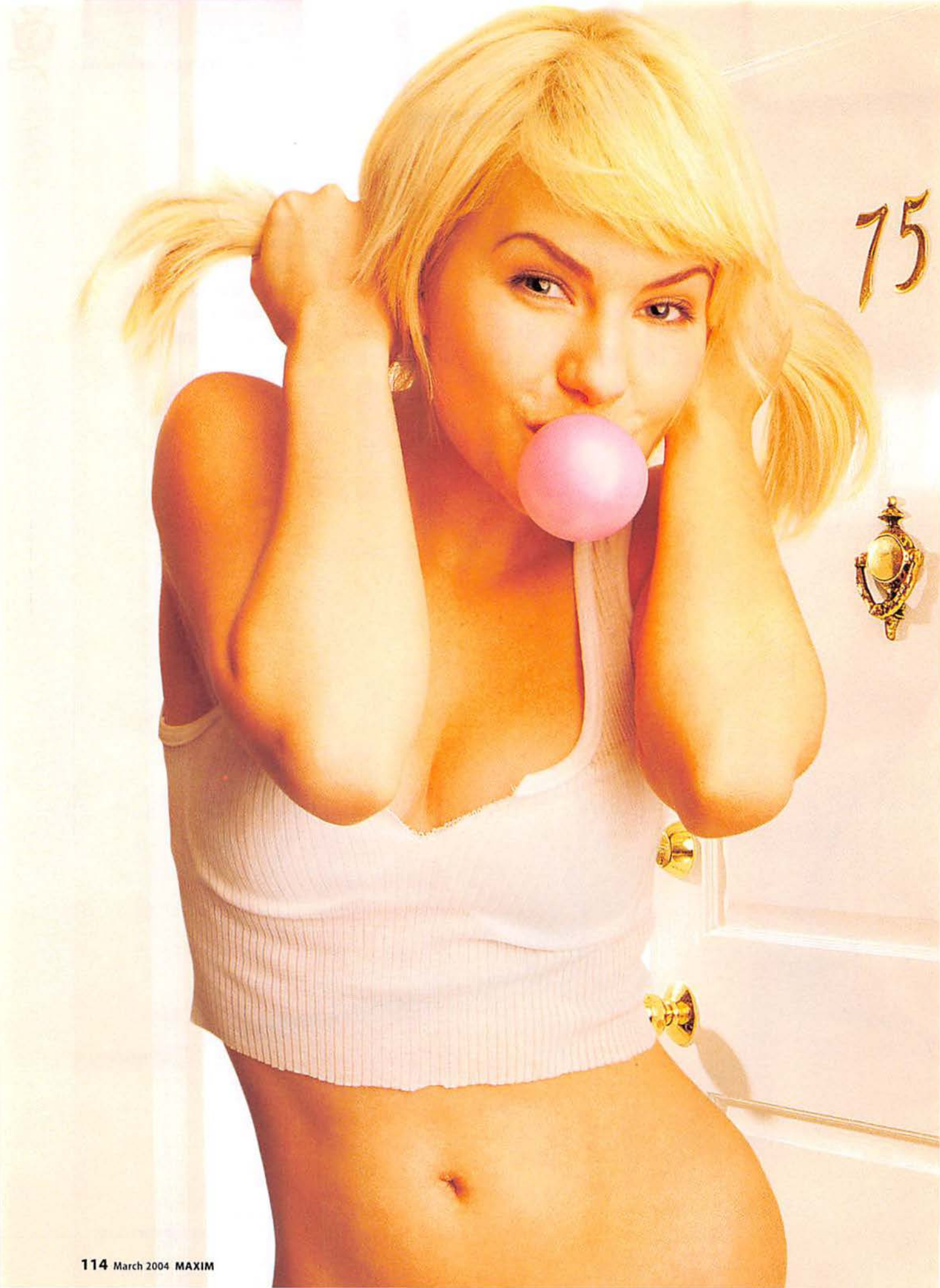


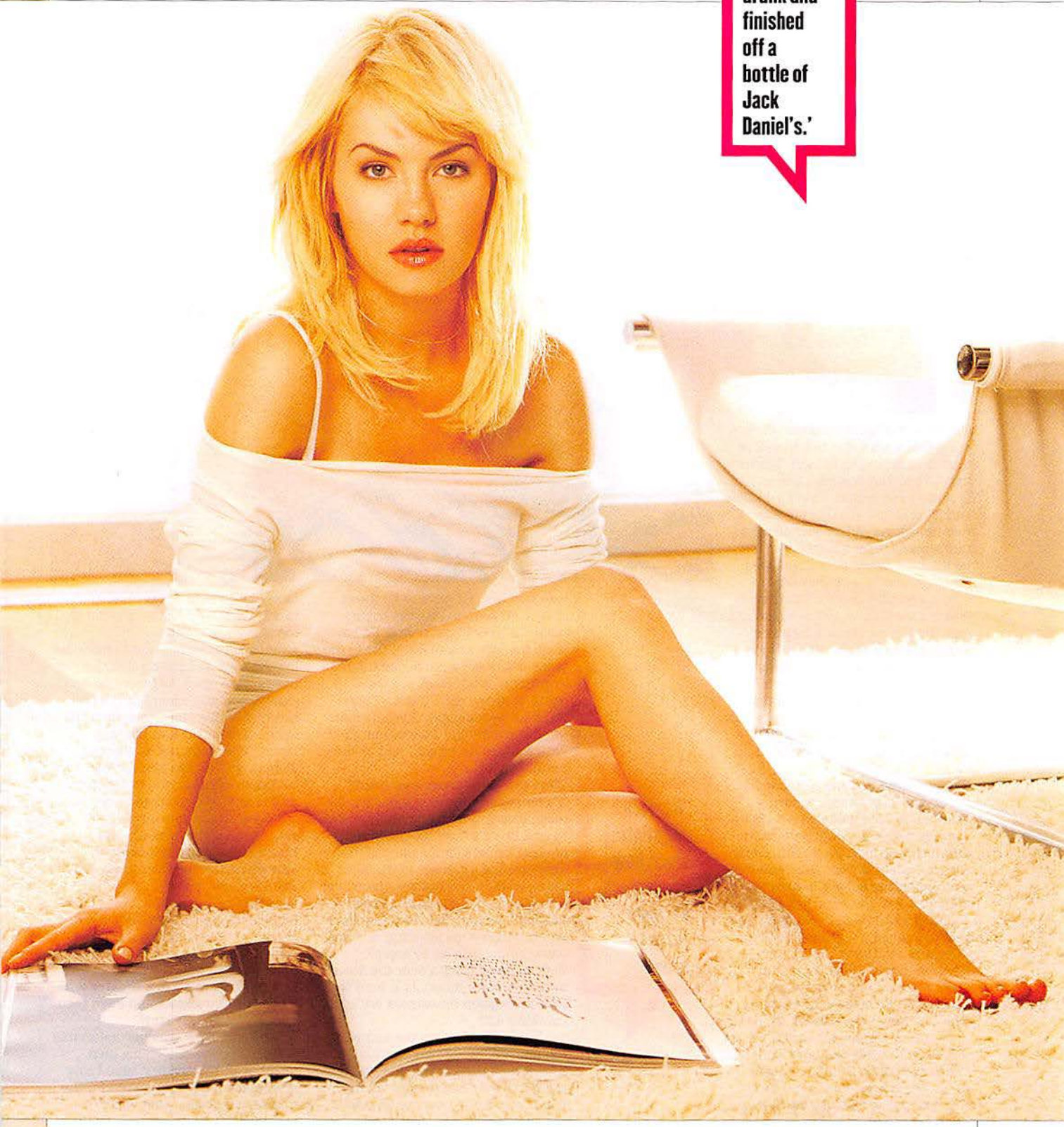
NAUGHTY NEIGHBOR

She's been at the epicenter of a national crisis and seen Will Ferrell naked, but Elisha Cuthbert swears she's your typical *Girl Next Door.*

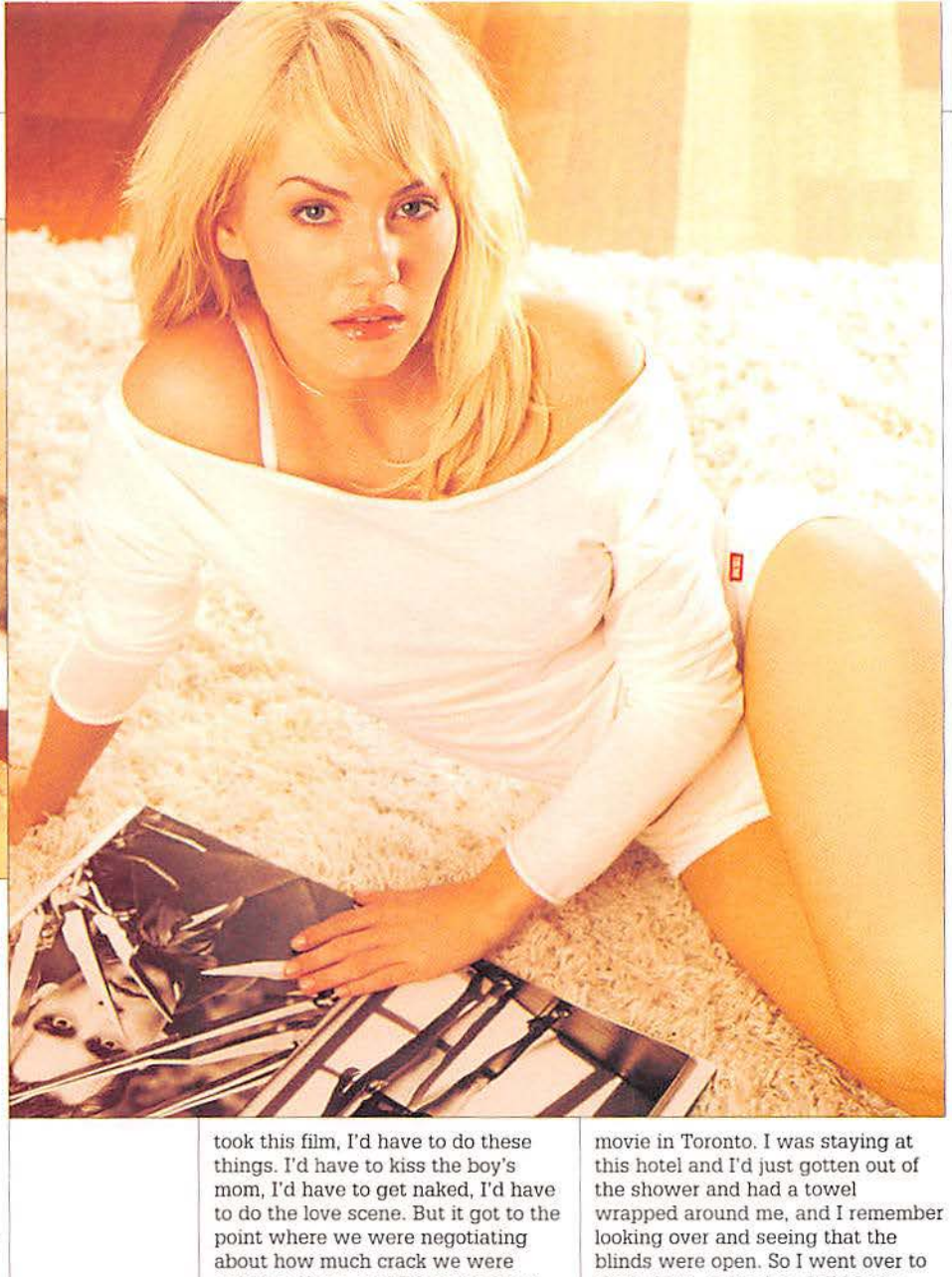


BY PAUL SEMEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES


75


'I got really drunk and finished off a bottle of Jack Daniel's.'





On the list of male fantasies, discovering that a porn star has moved in next door ranks pretty high. Learning that *24*'s Elisha Cuthbert has moved in ranks even higher. That's why *The Girl Next Door*—starring our now two-time cover girl as one lucky bastard's porn starlet neighbor—could be the best movie *ever*. She hopes so, since this is her big chance to take a lead role after small but memorable appearances in *Love Actually* and *Old School*, about which she says, "It was a really funny movie. I just wish they told me my underwear was up my butt." (Thank you, whoever was asleep at the wheel that day.) We strolled over to Elisha's crib to borrow a cup of sugar and talk porn—sometimes, life's too good.

The last time you were on our cover, you said having a porn channel on your cable was a sign of success, since it meant you could afford the extra $15 a month. Given the roll you're on, can we come over and watch the Spice Channel?
Y'know, I feel like I've evolved and changed since then, in a whopping year and a half. I feel like I've become a woman. And even though things have been going well, I still don't have a porn channel on my cable.
You had to do some racy stuff in *The Girl Next Door*. Was it, er, hard?
Yeah. I was warned about the project before I got it. My manager said, "Read the script. I think it's really great, but it's got some porn in it." And I was like, "Excuse me? What do you mean, porn?" But when I read it, I was literally laughing out loud. Then I realized that it was my character doing these things, and if I took this film, I'd have to do these things. I'd have to kiss the boy's mom, I'd have to get naked, I'd have to do the love scene. But it got to the point where we were negotiating about how much crack we were going to show, and I'd get a phone call from my manager: "What about quarter crack?" But I was comfortable with the scenes where I had to show partial nudity.

'We were negotiating about how much crack we were going to show.'

Were the love scenes awkward?
It's funny, for the sex scene I actually made love to a box. It was supposed to look like it's from the guy's point of view, but obviously you can't have a person and a camera in the same place, so they just put a cushion over a box, and I had to act like I was making love to it. So every sequence where you see me moaning or doing something, I was all by myself.
Bet the grips fought over the box once you were done...Is it hard to fake an orgasm on-camera without cracking up?
Yeah, especially given the nature of the film. We're not filming *Cold Mountain*. I think it was the weirdest thing I've ever had to shoot in my life. It was really weird to try and take it seriously.
Like in the movie, have you ever caught a Peeping Tom?
One time, when I was filming a movie in Toronto. I was staying at this hotel and I'd just gotten out of the shower and had a towel wrapped around me, and I remember looking over and seeing that the blinds were open. So I went over to close them, and when I did I saw this guy with a video camera in the next building. Now, at the time, Denzel Washington was shooting *John Q*, and Angela Bassett and a lot of people were staying in the hotel, so it wasn't just directed at me. But the hotel couldn't do anything to stop the guy. It was really bad.
It always seems like people in movies undress really slowly. Do you? Tell us...slowly...
For some reason, in the movie I just felt like taking my time. But it was a character choice, as opposed to something I would really do, so, no, I don't undress that slowly.
Is it difficult to sit in a theater with a bunch of strangers and have them watch you do this stuff?
It was, initially. It was uncomfortable when I saw the film on my own, which was also the first time I saw it with an audience. I stayed for the undressing scene—that was fine—but during the love scene I got up and went to the bathroom, even though I didn't have to go. It was very awkward. ▶

Stylist: Karen Chanin; set design: Jeff Andrews; makeup: Angelina for cloutieragency.com using Paula Dorf cosmetics; hair: David Gardner for Solo Artists



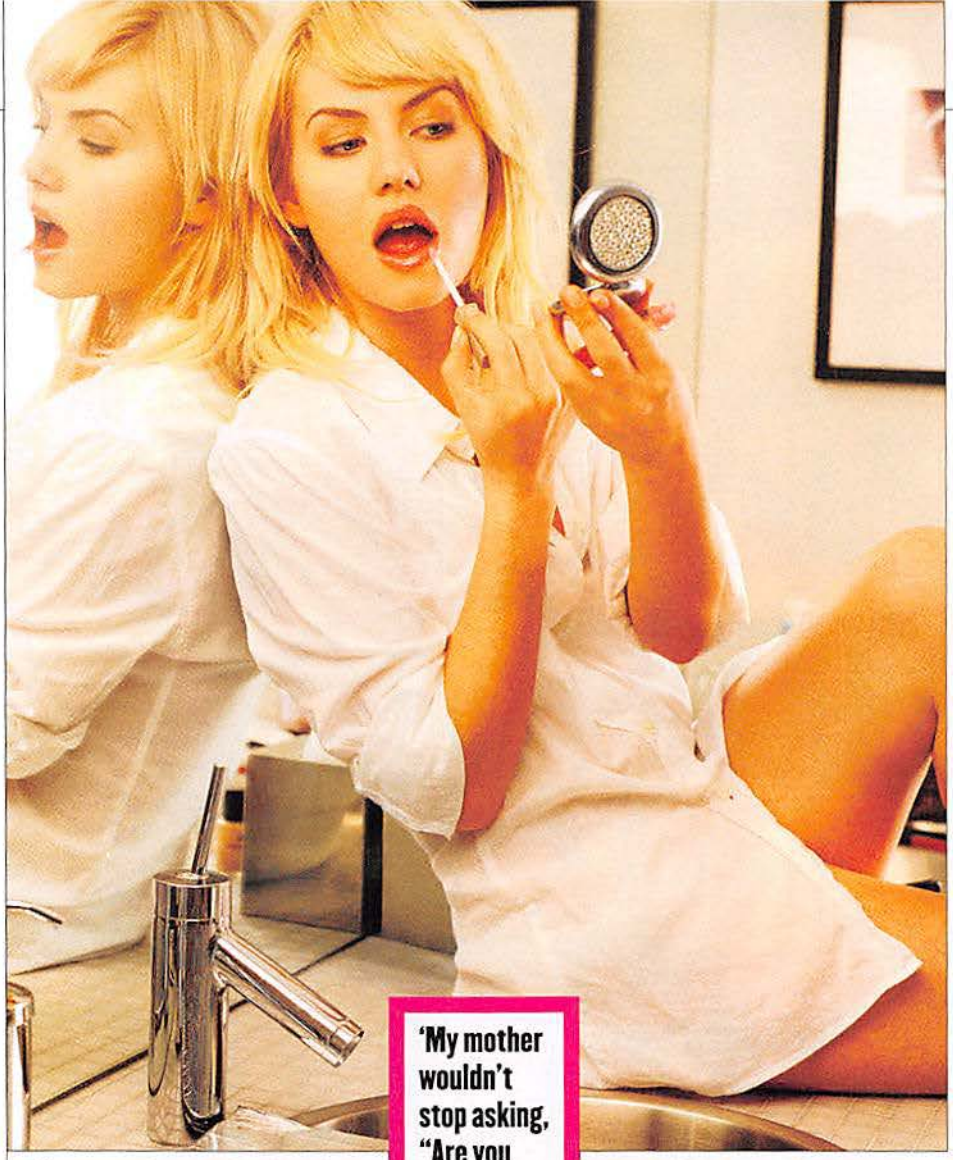
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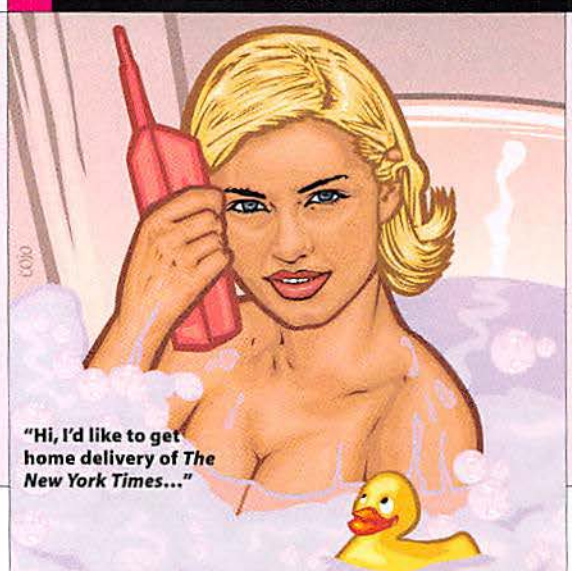


'My mother wouldn't stop asking, "Are you a lesbian on the show?"'

Did you watch any adult films for, you know, research purposes?
No, I didn't. I read these bios on the girls we had gotten from Vivid Video and Wicked Pictures, and I watched some documentaries on girls who've been in the business. We also looked through *Hustler* for wardrobe ideas.
So what do you do when you're not studying porn?
Hang out with friends. I like to paint. My garage is a painting studio. I'm very mellow. I think if I hadn't become an actress I would've lived the simple life. You know, get married and sit on my porch.
You recently celebrated the big 2-1. What did you do?
I got a surprise birthday party, and I had a cake that was shaped as a driver's license. It looked just like me. And then I partied until 2:30 in the morning. I got really drunk and finished off a bottle of Jack Daniel's. A friend of ours said he'd give us a hundred dollars if we polished off the bottle, but we were like, "We're going to finish it anyway."
Get any trashy lingerie as a birthday present, by any chance?
No, but I've gotten some in the gift bags at *Maxim* parties. This year there was this pink underwear with black lace that said MAXIM SPACE COWGIRL on the ass. They were really cute. So *Maxim* has bought me some naughty things. Thank you!
You're so welcome. Do you have any other movies coming up?
No. I'm shooting *24*, and I had to turn down a few things because of scheduling issues. There are a few projects coming up during the show's hiatus, but I'm very superstitious. I don't like to talk about anything until I'm actually on the set.
What's interesting is that before the current season of *24* started, it came out that your character had a big secret...
...And everyone thought it was that I was a lesbian.
Right. What kind of impact did the rumors have?
Well, my mother wouldn't stop calling me. "Are you a lesbian on the show?" "No, Mom. I have a boyfriend." Two days later: "Are you a lesbian on the show? Are you not telling me?" She actually thought I was keeping something from her.
So do you ever get hit with any really bad *24*-related pickup lines?
I get a lot of, "Hey, Kim," and "What's up, Kim?" And I actually respond to my character's name, which is really scary. And I've gotten busted, too, where someone will say Kim and I'll turn around, but they're not talking to me. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Subscribers see more photos of Elisha at maximonline.com.

★ SPEND A REAL 24 HOURS WITH ELISHA CUTHBERT—IF YOU DARE



"Hi, I'd like to get home delivery of *The New York Times*..."

8 A.M.–9 A.M.
"I usually stay up at night watching movies, so I sleep late."

↓

9 A.M.–10 A.M.
Elisha is, um, still sleeping. But we bet her dreams are action-packed.

↓

10 A.M.–11 A.M.
Yep, still in la-la land. We're going to make some coffee. Want some?

11 A.M.–noon
Jeez...is she still alive in there? Why the hell did *we* get up so damn early?

↓

Noon–1 P.M.
"I usually get up around one o'clock. And the first thing I do is eat."

↓

1 P.M.–1:30 P.M.
"I shower."
Great! So we'll just follow—OK, no need to slam the door...

1:30 P.M.–3 P.M.
"I go grocery shopping. Then I'll come back and...put away the groceries!"

↓

3 P.M.–4 P.M.
"I call some friends and make plans to go out for the evening."

↓

4 P.M.–8 P.M.
Elisha gets ready to go out. Trust us, this is like 45 minutes in girly time.

8 P.M.–10 P.M.
"This is when I have dinner. Me and my friends hang out, chat. Boring stuff."

↓

10 P.M.–2 A.M.
"I either go to a club, stay home and read scripts all night, or watch movies."

↓

So Kim Bauer, er, Elisha ends another day. The world rests knowing...her fridge is stocked.

Illustration by coloart.com

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda EX model shown. ©2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
*NHTSA NCAP frontal crash test: October 2000; side crash test: November 2000.



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HONDA

CHIMP DADDY

REAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE 2004!

SEX ✦ GROOMING ✦ BANANAS ✦ MORE GROOM

CHUNKY MONKEY?
Slim your lazy prehensile tail

MAXIM

MARCH 2004

FOR MONKEYS

Meet the sexiest babes from the dank and decrepit zoos of the third world!

CHIMP CHICK ACTION

"You'll need a lot more peanuts for that, Jacko."

BONZO FOR BIKINIS!

Barbra Chimpstreisand bares her big red surprise, p.46...and 47!

CHEST-THUMPING SEX!

Be her alpha male tonight!

LOOK LIKE A MONKEY (SMELL LIKE ONE, TOO!)

Our swing-into-spring style guide p.34

OOH-OOH AH-AH—YES! WE HAVE BANANAS!

Peeled, tasted, and regurgitated

TIRED OF CRACKING YOUR OWN COCONUTS?

teal and raise a man-child today!

PLUS! Back razors, a Donkey vs. King Kong–Off, and how to throw your shit like a champ!

THE BIG PICTURE

EEP! EEP!

Vine-swinging is for chumps, chimp! Try your freakishly long hand at *these* stunts.



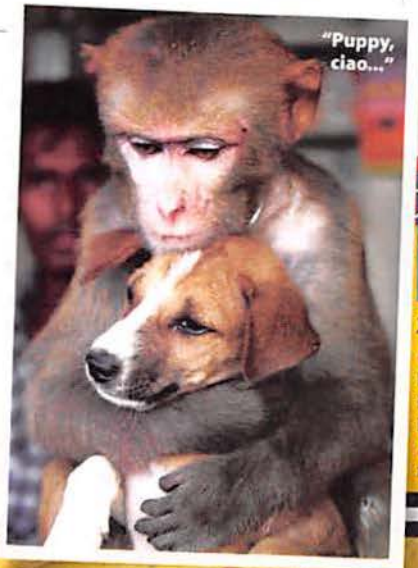
Monkey see, monkey ski-doo! With the 50-meter Feces Toss now officially blackballed for the '04 and '08 games (thanks, Olympic officials—you'd better stay out of *our* rest room doorway!), simian athletes are casting their hairy eyes on other sports, from gymnastics (standing backflips!) to bicycling (banana seats!) to the shot put (uh, feces tossing again—sorry). All fun leads to May's World Monkey Wild Child Competition, known informally as the Monkey X-Games, and even more informally as a Buncha Screechy Monkeys Wiping Out. According to insiders, the five-day festival in Berlin couldn't be funner if it tried. "It beats dodging rolling barrels," opines noted ape-lete and rapper D. Kong.

SPECIES DELIVERY

OOH AH-AH!

Hide-the-banana, doggy-style!

Animal lust is just the kind of phrase that might, in bold letters at the beginning of a paragraph, draw in a gullible reader. But this time it's real! Legislators in Idaho made history this month by making their state the first to recognize interspecies marriage. Shortly after the "Johnson/Mr. Sniffles Act" was passed, monkey Sarah Collins (right, top) and her beaglemate Franky (right, in the bitch seat) became the first interspecies couple to legally exchange vows . . . and, later, drool. Can a Michael Jackson–Bubbles ceremony be far behind? Now if only someone would make it legal to marry peanut butter and creamy milk chocolate . . .





JOKES

Q: How many humans does it take to screw in a light bulb?
A: That isn't funny. No cookie!

BAR OF THE MONTH

CHEEEEEP!

At OranguBar, playing piano is for pansies . . . *chim*-panzees!

When we think piano bars, one scene comes to mind: a high-stepping cabaret-type joint where deviants thrash around to crowd-pleasing show tunes and a men's room interlude can be had for the price of . . . but we digress. At Reno, Nevada's OranguBar, you are the organ grinder, with a human slave tickling the ivories for yer karaoke pleasure. $4 banana daiqs and all the coconuts you can whip at the bartender's head? Eeep!



Photograph, Mark Mann (cover monkey); styling, Denise Grieco for Halley Resources

HOW TO

SCORE AN UPGRADE

Fly like those at the top of the evolutionary ladder!

AT THE GATE

Arrive well-groomed and clean-shaven—particularly the back of the hands. Then request a 'bump up, luv?' in a polite British accent. (Stewie #1 to Stewie #2: "Oh, I just gave it to him. . . he seemed so nice!") No dice? Lean in to the ticket agent and explain that you're the star luggage tester from those old Samsonite ads; your stupid bonobo agent must have screwed up the booking. Score privacy points by hinting at trouble with rampant fans (so they'll want to sequester you) and trouble at home (chicks dig emotions).

ON THE PLANE

Still chillin' in coach? Just before takeoff, put on your cutest look and ask the cosmetic-caked hag of a flight attendant if there's "a larger seat available" ("first class" sounds so greedy. . .) because your back is bothering you. Translation: "Can you smell the lawsuit, sweetheart?" If this fails, step it up half a notch and go apeshit on their hairless asses. Swing around the cabin, kick at the cockpit door, and throw luggage everywhere, screaming, "I'm the monkey from the Samsonite ads! I'm rich, beeyotch!" And if you find anything in your pants to fling, it couldn't hurt.



Sharp-dressed mandrill



JOKES

Q: Why'd the orangutan groom the bride?
A: He wanted to throw lice.



Oof...right in the bananabasket

HOW TO

TAKE A PUNCH

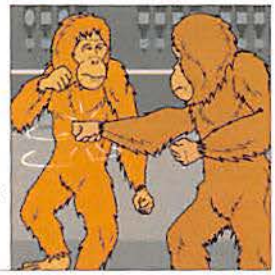
As if living with Jacko hasn't already taught you.

STEP 1: SAVE FACE



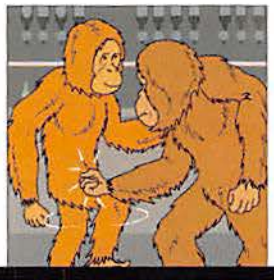
As with wedgies and herpes, 'tis better to give a haymaker than receive one. But when a ride on the Knuckle Express is unavoidable, turn with the blow so it glances off, minimizing the impact. Another one's coming, so try ducking, bellowing, or distracting your opponent by throwing a roll of toilet paper at him: We primates are often fascinated by new stimuli, and this alone could. . . Hey, look! There are pictures next to this copy! Look at the pretty pictures!

STEP 2: WORK THE BODY



Bad guy's throwing a tenderizing body shot? Rub BBQ sauce on your chest. . . or learn to take it like a monkey. A body shot can be deadly—protect your innards by constricting your muscles like you're trapping a wily kitten. If possible, turn and take the blow on your side: Cracked ribs are better than ruptured intestines any day. And, hey, don't be afraid to get your trainer involved. . . nothing settles a feisty opponent's bananas like a taste of the lash.

STEP 3: WATCH PRIMATE PARTS



You've got to protect your coconut cluster at all costs: There are worse things than a low-flying fist in the monkey junk, but all of them involve prison showers. Your best bet when staring down a five-fingered organ grinder is to grab a heavy frying pan ($125 at williamssonoma.com) and quickly slip it into the fist's trajectory. He breaks his wrist; you swing the pan up and brain him. Now go kill his children and start humping his mate—you've earned it!

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> DON'T MISS



GORILLA NEXT DOOR

Simian cinema ain't smelled this good since Any Gibbon Sunday.

Out: April 7

Stars: William H. Monkey, Barbara Mandrill, Christina Ape-elgate, Maggie Gibbonhaal, and introducing Sir Apechimp Monkeyjoke

The story: A new gorilla on the block (Mandrill) has a head lice problem...and can't stop howling and scooting around on top of her moving boxes long enough to unpack. William H. plays the spider monkey that sat down beside her...and nitpicked her troubles away! This film's bold and provocative new approach to cinema verité will have you climbing the seat backs to fling popcorn and screech at the screen.

Tasty big red female butt exposed? Yes...at 18:04 and again at 1:03:45. Ooh-ooh!

We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✩

GORILLAS IN THE MIST 2
> *This time the "mist" turns out to be banana-leaf bong smoke.*



JOKES

Q: What's grosser than gross?
A: Preening a hot female and finding out it's your mom.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHIMP?

Real name: Babs Chimpstreisand

Better known as: Star of this summer's über-hit *Spidey-Monkey 2*.

Her story: It's a story to make Fay Wray look like she had nothing but opposable thumbs going on. Discovered passed out in the cookie aisle of a supermarket in her hometown of Paris, Texas, Babs possesses a rare talent trifecta: She can sing, she can act, and she can make a serious mess out of an unmanned ice cream truck. In *Spidey-Monkey 2*, though, she was more restrained... literally. "A production assistant knocked me off my tiny bicycle and tore my clown suit," says Babs. "I'd chewed off his nose and half of one cheek before they could pull me off." *Spidey-Monkey 2* hits theaters May 1.



NEXT MONTH IN MAXIM

Were they just monkeying around? Or plotting the unthinkable?

In February 2002, 12 chimps were forcibly removed from their protected rainforest habitat by heavily armed cinnamon capuchins. The charge? Indecent exposure, as usual. Simple enough...but when the chimps claimed harassment, a search of their property uncovered something none of the caps were prepared to find—more than 3,800 tiny piles of dung, each about the size of a hand. For what dark purpose was all this feces gathered? *Maxim* clambers around in the treetops of truth to unpeel the speckled brown and yellow secret.



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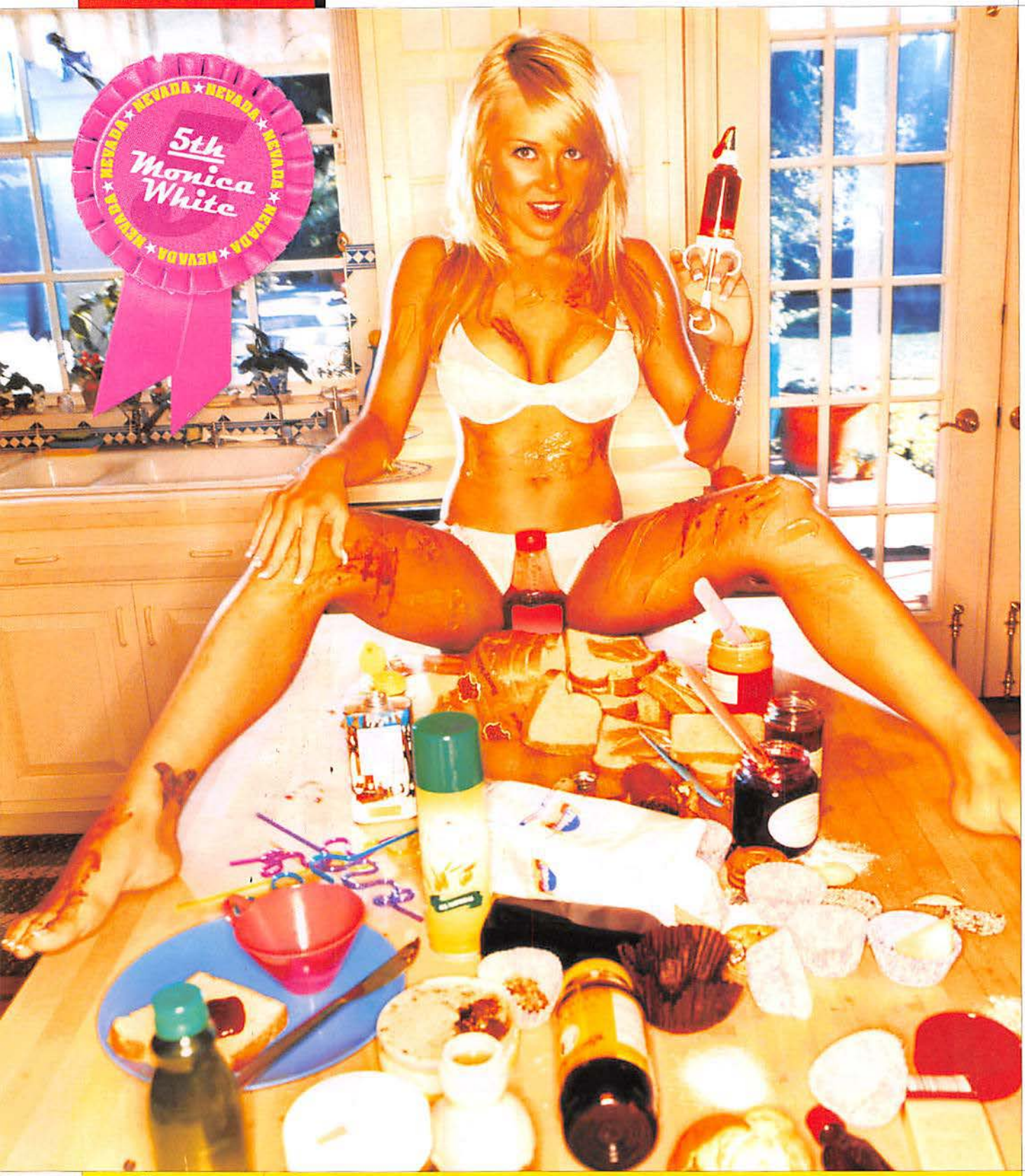
Beautiful barbaric sandals.





AND THE WINNER IS...

The Maxim masses have spoken! Feast your eyes on the five finest girls-next-door in all the land!



MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

★ MONICA WHITE: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Picture perfect: This former ballerina is the kind of girl you can bring home to Mom...but better keep far away from Dad. "I get paid to throw parties!" says Monica, who, in addition to being a successful real estate agent, helps run one of the best bachelor party services in Sin City. "Sometimes I even hang out at my parties. I love getting lap dances, and guys love to watch...so everybody wins."
Monica's dream date: "A huge steak dinner, dancing, and lots of drinks to loosen everything up. Then we'd go skinny-dipping." ▶

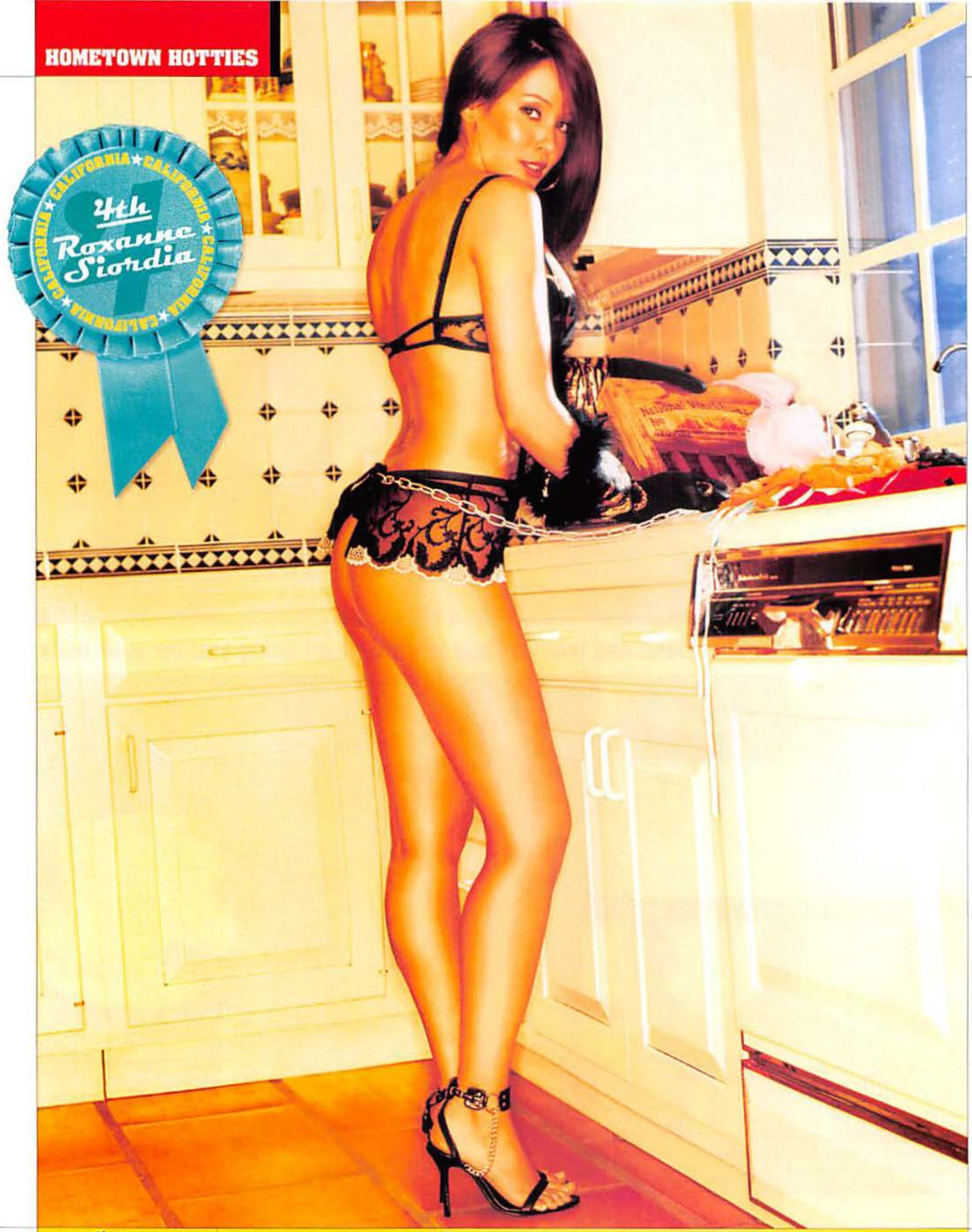
Styling, Emma Carlsen; prop styling, Monica Olman; hair, Steven Hoeppner for artistsbytimothypriano.com at Next; makeup, Eddie Santos for

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY CAMDEN



*A study conducted on the primary ingredient in ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT® (calcium/potassium salt of 60% HCA extract from *Garcinia cambogia*) showed that subjects lost an average of 10 pounds in 8 weeks by combining it with a 2000-calorie-per-day diet and 30 minutes of walking, 5 days per week. Read entire label before use and carefully follow the labeled directions for use.

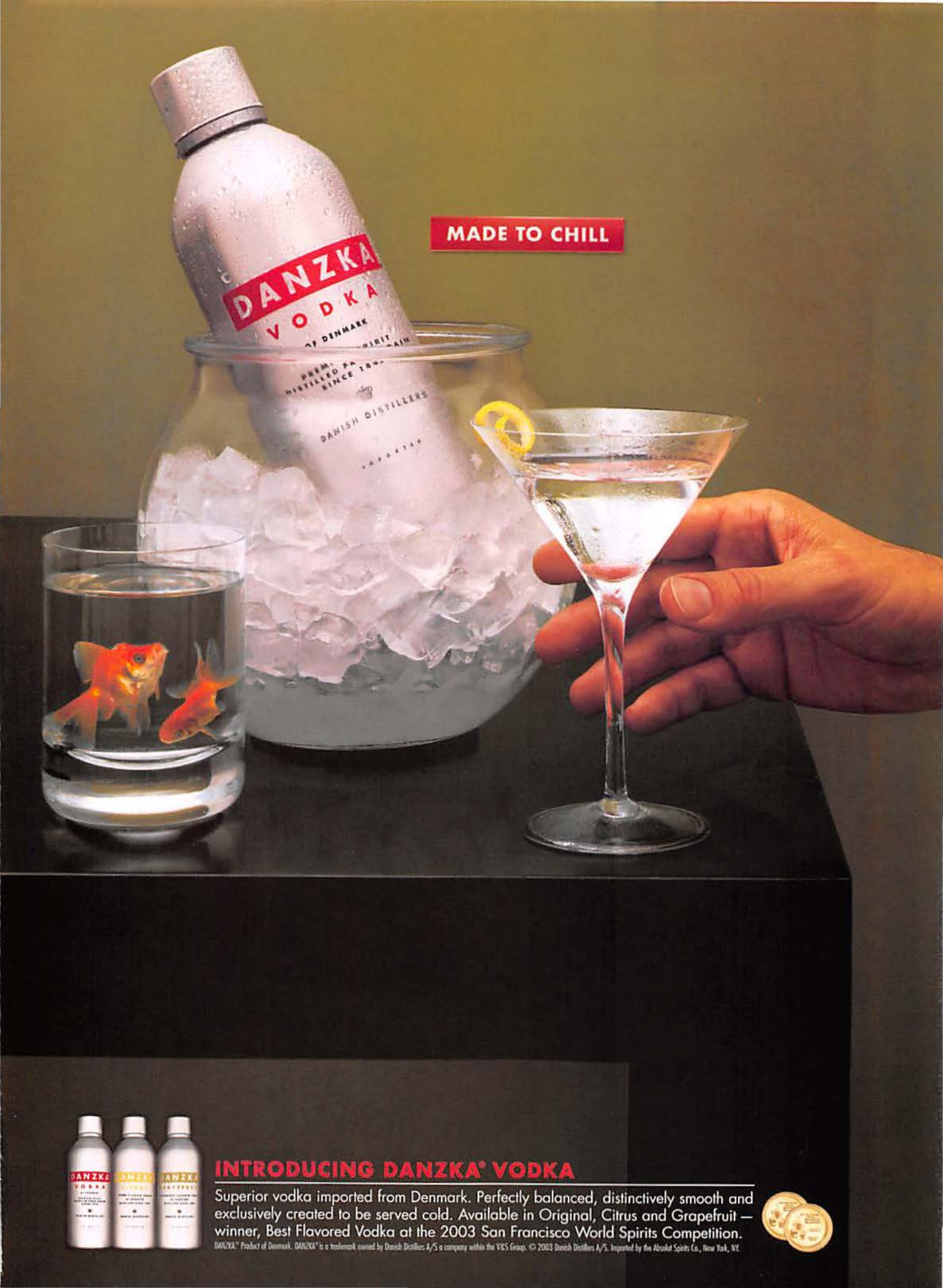
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MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

★ ROXANNE SIORDIA: OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Picture perfect: There are guys four towns over from Roxanne hoping to spy this "badass piece-a-ass" on her motorcycle. "If you see a biker with a flowered helmet, cut-off shorts, and a bikini top, that's probably me," says Roxanne. "And now I'm getting into trick riding."
Body shots: As you can see, Roxanne is good around the house and appreciates the finer things in life. "I've always had really great abs," she says. "But I don't work on them. They're just kind of natural." Weird, our boss says the same thing about his third nipple. ▶



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NEW JERSEY
3rd
Vail
Bloom



MAXIM'S Hometown Hotties

★ VAIL BLOOM: PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Picture perfect: This 21-year-old coed is a smart, sexy, only-her-boyfriend-knows-how-kinky-she-really-is kinda girl. "At school I dress pretty conservatively because everyone at Princeton is very buttoned-up," Vail says. "But I definitely have a wild side."

Dirty dancing: "At school I'm in a dance company called DiSiac—as in aphrodisiac—and it's intensely sexual," Vail says. "There's a lot of role-playing and girls groping each other onstage. You have to be very open-minded to watch us." Mmmm. . . role-playing! ▶



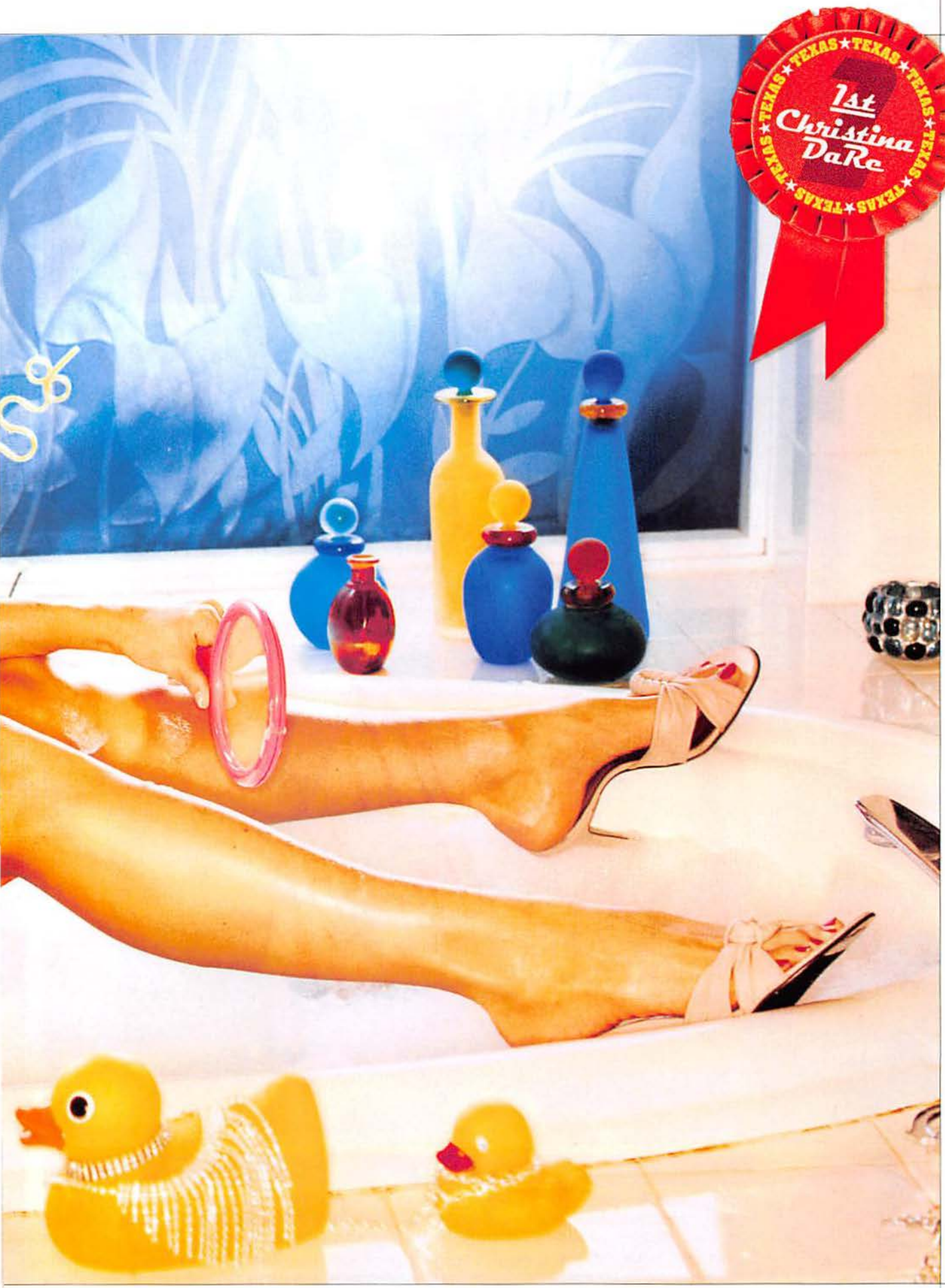
MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

★ DIANA RAZINN: GRANADA HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Picture perfect: "Why am I a Hottie?" Diana asks. "Because I've got a lot of stuff no one's seen yet and I'm ready to show it. I'll do anything for *Maxim*." Not in love yet? Listen to this: "My dream party would be the biggest orgy in the world, with strawberries, whipped cream, champagne, hot fudge, caramel syrup, and toys. And I would direct the movie of it." And we'd watch it until carpal tunnel set in...
Sex machine: "I'm proud of my body," Diana says. "And I love going to clubs where people are shaking their butts to Brazilian music." ▶

CALIFORNIA
2nd
Diana
Razinn
Ratina




TEXAS
1st
Christina
DaRe



MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

★ CHRISTINA DARE: DALLAS, TEXAS

Picture perfect: We have a winner! At an incredibly curvy 5'4" and weighing in at just over a buck, she's already thinking big about Hollywood stardom. "I may only have a one-in-a-million chance," says Christina, who counts *Dumb and Dumber* among her favorite movies, "but that means I have a chance." Hmm . . . this bodacious body on the really, really big screen? We like it. We like-it-a-lot!

Sex on tap: Believe it or not, Christina actually thinks beer breath is a turn-on. And with that we say, "Congratulations, Christina!"

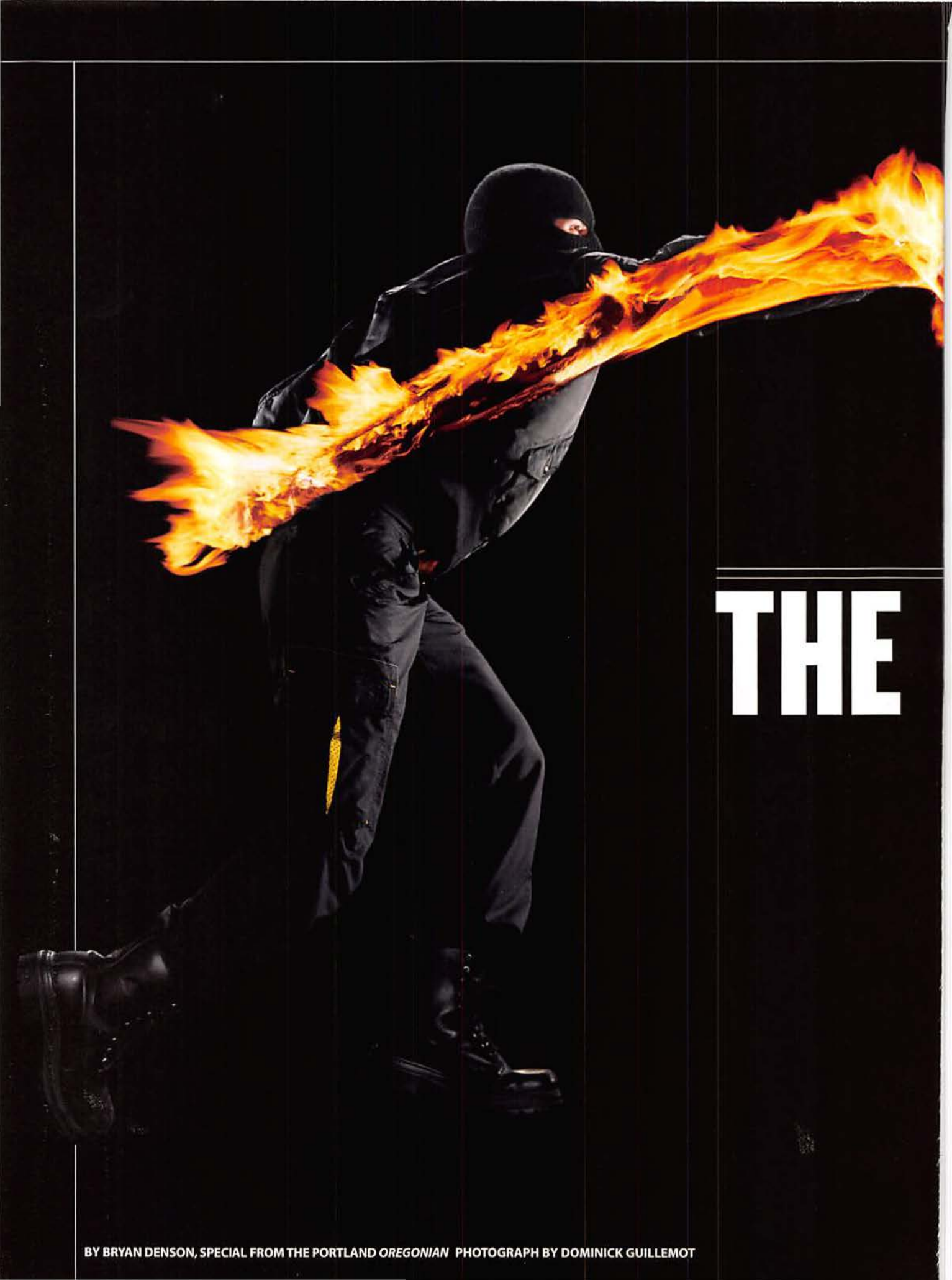


IT'S HOMETOWN HOTTIES TIME ALL OVER AGAIN!

Just when you think you're outta Hottie Heaven, we pull you right back in! *Maxim* Online is now taking photo submissions for ***Maxim's* Hometown Hotties 2004.** (Entrants must be at least 21 years old.) We'll take submissions through March 12, so get your gal to upload her loveliness now! Check out our Web site for details.

HOTTIES 2004 ENTER NOW!

Enter at maximonline.com.



THE

BY BRYAN DENSON, SPECIAL FROM THE PORTLAND *OREGONIAN* PHOTOGRAPH BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT



Molotov cocktails: the preferred drink of ELF

SUMMER OF FIRE

The FBI can't stop them, and their appetite for destruction is growing. Meet ELF, our biggest domestic terror threat.

San Diego was dark at three in the morning on August 1, 2003. But as Tom Clark pulled out of the station, the sky above the city was bursting with an eerie predawn light. A call had come in directing the SDFD battalion chief's unit to the posh Golden Triangle neighborhood, but as his trucks hit the street, Clark didn't need an address; he just aimed for the giant glow.

As he got closer, Clark saw the source of the light: Flames were shooting 200 feet in the air from a massive condominium complex. The 206-unit project, a thicket of under-construction wood framing that towered five stories over a cinder-block foundation, flared like a huge Roman candle. A third of the building was already engulfed in flames. As the trucks closed within a few hundred yards, fist-size chunks of burning embers began raining down ahead of them. *My God,* Clark thought. *This whole neighborhood's going up!*

Clark tried to deploy his men to fight the inferno, but even a block away the heat was unbearable. The men couldn't look directly at the fire and had to turn their backs and pull up their collars. Furniture on apartment patios 100 feet away was melting into the terraces, and trees on the street where Clark stood were already starting to smoke. "There was nothing we could do to fight this fire," he later said. "The radiant heat was so great, we couldn't get firefighters anywhere near it."

Clark ordered his men to fall back to protect the surrounding apartments. They immediately started hosing down rooftops and trying to stop embers from spreading to a nearby canyon while police ran door to door, herding hundreds of pajama-clad residents away. Fifteen minutes after Clark's team arrived, a 100-foot-tall crane toppled into the fire, sending up an explosion of sparks.

If the battle against ELF is another front in the war on terror, we're losing miserably.

As the sun peeked over I-805, firefighters saw a 12-foot banner that read, IF YOU BUILD IT, WE WILL BURN IT. If there was any doubt about who was responsible for the inferno, it was signed: THE ELFS ARE MAD.

Burning Rubber

The arson was a coup for the Earth Liberation Front (ELF), a militant underground environmental group that first surfaced in the United States eight years ago by setting fire to a U.S. Forest Service truck in Oregon. A spin-off of the comparatively passive environmental group Earth First!, its stated mission is "to inflict economic damage on those profiting from the destruction and exploitation of the environment." Before last summer, ELF was best ▶











San Diego's Golden Triangle arson: The biggest act of eco-sabotage in U.S. history is unsolved, despite a multi-agency investigation. Lower right: Masked demonstrators, some claiming to be ELF supporters, rally in Portland, Oregon.

known for a 1998 arson at a ski resort in Vail, Colorado that caused $12 million in damage. At $50 million, the San Diego fire is far and away the most destructive act of ecoterrorism in U.S. history. But thanks to the increasingly bloody occupation of Iraq and the California recall election, the national media largely ignored San Diego. It was another attack three weeks later that finally made headlines nationwide.

Early in the morning on August 22, firefighters in the Los Angeles suburb of West Covina arrived at one of the largest SUV dealerships in the country to a scene that looked more like footage from Iraq: Hummers were burning all over the lot like an ambushed convoy. When the firefighters hit a cluster of brand-new $50,000 Hummer H2s with high-pressure water, the exotic metals in the steering column exploded. Flaming plastic dripped from bumpers and splashed to the ground like lava; tires blew apart yards from their feet. The firefighters were so intent on knocking down the blaze, they didn't see the two-story parts building next to them spewing smoke.

Two of the building's massive windows blew out in a shower of glass. The firefighters retreated from their position beneath an overhang as they heard timbers cracking. With a whoosh of flying embers, the building's roof crashed to the ground.

When the smoke cleared, it became apparent that someone—perhaps several someones—had tagged the vehicles with red and blue spray paint: SUVS SUCK, FAT LAZY AMERICANS, EARTH RAPER, FUCK HUMMER, and, once again, ELF. It turned out that ELF had hit three other car dealerships nearby that same morning, torching and spray-painting more than 100 SUVs and causing damage upward of $2 million. More significant than the cost of the attacks was the geography: suburbia. In just a few months, ELF had moved from its traditional targets in the woods to major population centers.

"They've hit the common man," explains Teresa Platt, who has studied ELF and its sister organization ALF (Animal Liberation Front) extensively as executive director of Fur Commission USA, an industry group whose members are among ELF's prime targets. "An SUV is the common man. They're hitting soccer moms. Once they start to hit the general populace, the general populace starts to see it as a threat and says, 'This has gone too far.' Well, welcome to the war."

"I think if you're going to make an impact, you do it where people will notice," explains David M. Tubbs, a former chief of the FBI's counterterrorism section. He also thinks the attacks in upscale neighborhoods are meant, in part, to mock police. "These people are daring you to catch them," he says.

If, as FBI officials claim, stopping ELF is indeed one more front in the larger war on terror, then we are losing miserably. With a loose command structure even more impenetrable than Al Qaeda's, ELF has managed to elude authorities at every turn. Although no ELF attack has yet claimed a human life, law enforcement officials say it's only a matter of time before someone is killed.

THE ISSUES



EXTINCTION
According to the World Conservation Union, 12,259 different species are currently threatened or even critically endangered—and those are only the species being tracked.



HABITAT LOSS
Development in the U.S. destroys 20,000 acres of coastal wetlands and estuaries each year, ruining valuable nurseries for many bird and fish species.

CONTINUED ▶

Welcome to Arson Academy

Fill a plastic milk jug with gasoline, stuff in a sponge, light a match, and you too can be a member of ELF. There are no requirements for joining and no apparent leadership to keep the group's books. All it takes to create a cell is a willingness to commit the kind of save-the-wilds sabotage popularized by Edward Abbey's best-selling 1975 novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang*.

"With ELF you don't carry a membership card," explains James Jarboe, former head of domestic terrorism at the FBI. "You don't have a formal roster to sign on. If you and I wanted to get together and do something in the name of ELF, we could go do it. We could torch a place and then just put up on the Web site that this was done on behalf of ELF."

If the group has a training ground, it's the ELF Web site, where you can find everything from ideology to precise guidelines on how to commit what the group calls "direct action." The ELF's preferred weapon is the match, its favorite attack arson. The site has posted manuals on everything from "Setting Fires With Electrical Timers—An Earth Liberation Front Guide" to "Arson Around With Auntie ALF." When ELF members commit sabotage, they can send an anonymous claim of responsibility, via encrypted e-mail, to the same site.

As far as leaders go, the closest thing the decentralized group has to an Osama bin Laden is guys like Craig Rosebraugh—a tall, skinny vegetarian from Portland, Oregon who spent five years sending out press releases on ELF's behalf. In the

Styling (opener), Frank Helmer for Exclusive



Leslie Pickering, an ELF spokesman, addresses reporters covering a scheduled protest on April 5, 2001. That morning federal agents raided the home he shared with then-fellow ELF spokesman Craig Rosebraugh.

late 1990s, he helped organize the Liberation Collective, an umbrella group for various human rights and environmental causes. Three days after ELF's breakthrough 1998 Vail ski resort arson, he received an anonymous note from ELF claiming responsibility: "This action is just a warning. We will be back if this greedy corporation continues to trespass into wild and unroaded areas. For your safety and convenience, we strongly advise skiers to choose other destinations until Vail cancels its inexcusable plans for expansion."

In Rosebraugh's defense, he claims he was torn about arson the first time ELF contacted him. But the attack on Vail was undeniably effective at drawing attention to the Canada lynx, whose habitat included the land where the resort was being built. Arson accomplished what his many protests and arrests for civil disobedience had not. "How long are you willing to wait," Rosebraugh says, "for your idea of justice to come about before you take steps to implement the next higher level of activism?" He dutifully retyped the message and faxed it to news outlets with a laudatory comment of his own: "As long as it doesn't harm human lives, we approve."

Despite Rosebraugh's claims that he didn't know the saboteurs' identities, the Feds spent the next few years rewarding his enthusiasm with regular visits, including two official searches of his house and vehicles, seven different grand jury summonses, and even a subpoena to testify before Congress. But authorities never charged him with an ELF-related crime. He resigned as spokesman in September 2001, citing, among other reasons, a need to finish his master's thesis, "Rethinking Nonviolence: Arguing for the Legitimacy of Armed Struggle."

Then came 9/11 and with it ▶

THE ISSUES



DEFORESTATION

Rain forests may cover two percent of the globe but host about half of all life forms on the planet. According to the Rainforest Action Network, about 214,000 acres are destroyed *every day.* That's an area larger than New York City.

CONTINUED ▶

BURNED IN THE USA: CONFIRMED ELF ATTACKS

Since it first hit the map in 1996, ELF has pulled off crimes in 14 states, causing almost $100 million in damage nationwide.



Statistics courtesy of the Portland Oregonian

XPLANATIONS by XPLANE

America's new revulsion for terrorists. ELF's crimes dropped in half, with no more multimillion-dollar arsons. For a while it looked as if ELF had vanished into the woods.

Then came the summer of fire.

The Fire Spreads

The San Diego and West Covina arsons were spectacular successes for ELF, but they only seemed to whet the group's appetite. September and October brought further attacks: more luxury homes burned in San Diego; a Wal-Mart vandalized in Indiana; an attempted torching of a plant that pumps bottled water in Michigan. Why did ELF pick last summer to go on a rampage? Theories abound: discontent about the war in Iraq, anger over foreign oil dependency and the SUVs that help perpetuate it. But Ron Arnold, who coined the term *ecoterrorism* in 1983 and has written six books on the environmental movement, thinks the attacks—contrary to the FBI's profile of dissociated cells acting alone—were highly coordinated.

"I don't think it's cells at all—the recruiters know each other," says Arnold. "I think the arsons increased last summer because of better organization by the people who are recruiting the perpetrators."

He offers a few examples, including one of Rosebraugh's public supporters, 30-year-old fugitive Tre Arrow. Arrow allegedly organized the June 2001 firebombing of log trucks on the shoulder of Oregon's Mount Hood, just after ELF's Easter torching of three cement mixers down in Portland. Arnold says he finds it too coincidental that Arrow, Rosebraugh, and other movement luminaries pop up just as the authorities learn about the latest ecoterrorist strike.

Case in point: the ELF's big condo fire last August. The arson seemed timed precisely to coincide with a series of lectures called "Revolution Summer, San Diego." Investigators found it suspicious that the keynote speaker that night was Rod Coronado, the elder statesman of American eco-saboteurs. The 37-year-old Yaqui Indian activist spent his formative years monkey-wrenching logging sites, fur stores, and billboards in North America, sinking whaling boats in Iceland, and learning hunt sabotage strategies in the UK. In 1991 he and a few associates launched a four-state arson campaign against the fur industry, scouting targets with night-vision goggles and two-way radios. The spree, claimed by ALF, was nearing its end when Coronado set fire to a research lab at Michigan State University, then tried to ship lab records seized in the $1.2 million arson to friends using an expired FedEx number. He served four years in the federal pen in Tucson, Arizona, where he made chow-hall buddies by trading meat for extra vegetables.

As Coronado prepared to lecture on the evening of August 1, reporters started asking him questions about the apartment fire that morning. But Coronado had an alibi: Records showed he had made cell phone calls that morning in Tucson, where he boarded a flight to San Diego. Besides, he said, the government had him under such tight surveillance that the authorities always knew where he was. Just last June, he claimed, he was adjusting a trailer hitch under his Jeep Cherokee and found a GPS tracking device. Like Rosebraugh, however, Coronado rarely misses an opportunity to speak out, offering reporters insights on ELF's thwarting of urban sprawl.

"I think there's gonna be a lot more of it to come," Coronado now says, "because Americans aren't going to be changing their lifestyles anytime soon. And the cost to the environment is going to grow—and as it does, so will the resistance."

Grasping at Smoke

So far, catching ELF members has proved as difficult as, well, catching elves. No ELF saboteur has ever been nabbed for one of the group's highlight-reel crimes. The Vail arson remains unsolved, along with five big-ticket arsons in the Pacific Northwest that caused $7.4 million in damage and were set with identical firebombs with cheap digital timers. It's not like resources are scarce: Since 9/11 the number of FBI-led joint terrorism task forces—teams of federal, state, and local investigators—has jumped from 35 to 88. Hundreds of federal and local cops now pursue ecoterrorists. Yet thanks to ELF's lack of structure and clandestine tactics, authorities have very little to go on. As former FBI head of domestic terrorism James Jarboe says, "It's sort of like grasping at smoke."

Only five ELF members have ever been convicted—all young men unschooled in the finer points of avoiding cops. One was Jacob Sherman, allegedly Tre Arrow's ▶

THE ISSUES



OIL RUNOFF
The National Academy of Sciences estimates that every year nearly 140 million gallons of oil runoff from the world's boats, streets, and driveways end up in the oceans—that's the equivalent of almost 13 Exxon *Valdez* oil spills—just from consumer-related activities. North American waters contain a whopping 27 million of those gallons, with three quarters from cars and two-stroke engines.



OVERFISHING
A 2003 study shows that populations of such ocean predators as tuna and swordfish have declined by 90 percent, dropping to levels that in some cases make their full recovery questionable even under the best circumstances. It also found that fishing technology has become so efficient, it now takes only 15 years to eliminate 80 percent of any species the global fishing fleet decides to exploit.

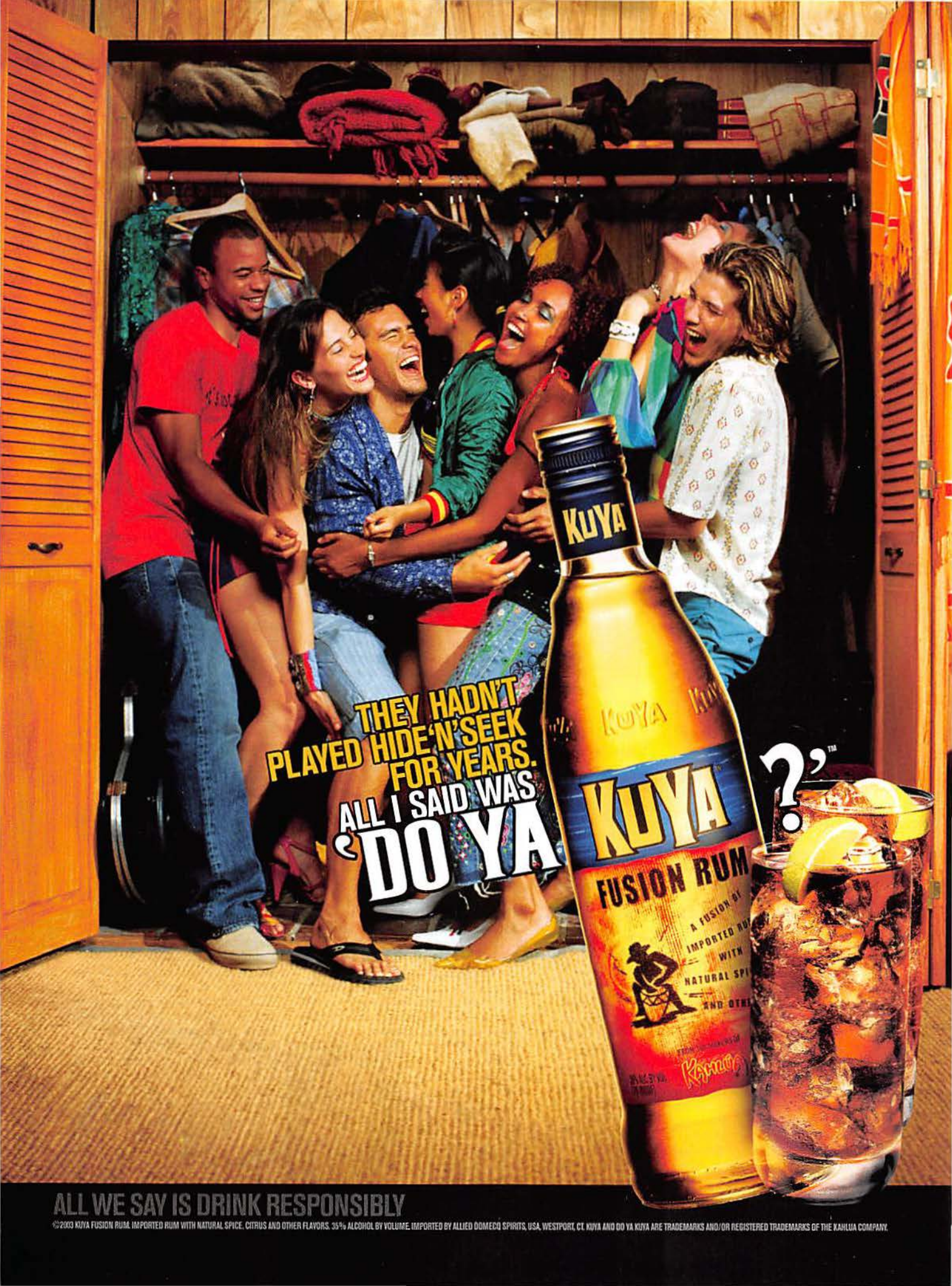
CONTINUED ▶



Day of the Hummer fires: On August 22, 2003, ELF attacked four L.A.-area dealerships, destroying scores of vehicles worth more than $2 million. A prime ELF target, the GM-produced Hummer H2 gets about 12 miles per gallon.





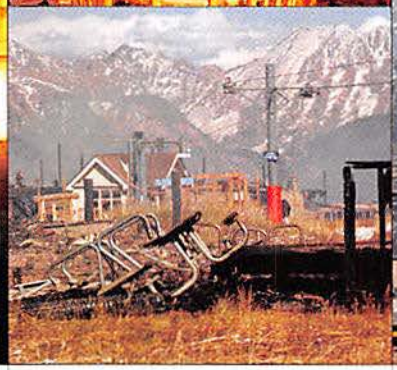


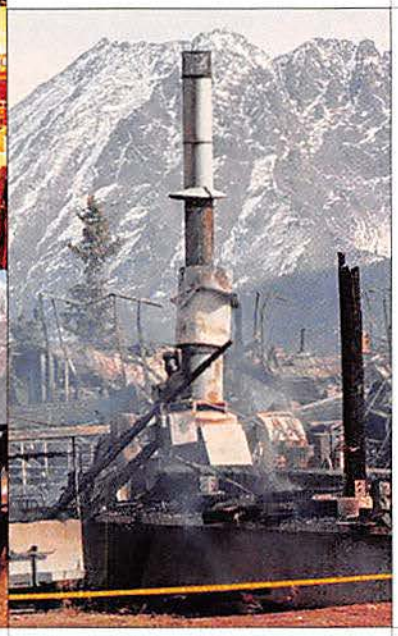
ALL WE SAY IS DRINK RESPONSIBLY

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Flash from the past: Vail's Two Elk restaurant is devoured in flames on the night of October 18, 1998—at the time ELF's biggest action. ELF moved in on a near-moonless night, most likely starting the fire with milk jugs filled with gasoline.

accomplice, who drove home in a Toyota reeking of gasoline after the June 2001 log-truck arson. His eyebrows were singed from a clumsy attempt to light a firebomb. He blabbed to his girlfriend, and she blabbed to her father, a deputy state fire marshal.

Hungry to make an arrest for last summer's Hummer fire, federal authorities leaned hard on Josh Connole, a lanky peace and environmental activist from Pomona, California. The 25-year-old solar panel installer found himself cuffed to the floor of an FBI interrogation room in West Covina. During four days of grilling, Connole claims, agents outlined their evidence: Images from security cameras at some of the SUV dealerships showed two men, one of whom looked like him; paint spatters on the pants he wore the night of his arrest appeared to match the ELF graffiti; and a bloodhound, given a sniff of a lighter found at the site of the Hummer arson, followed the scent straight to Connole's doorstep.

Connole examined their surveillance photos with a magnifying glass, noting that his look-alike appeared to be wearing Nikes—anathema to his antiglobalist beliefs—and did not have noticeable facial hair (Connole has a pronounced goatee). The paint spatters, he told agents, were from touch-up paint used on his job, although he later acknowledged one red speck appeared to be dried spaghetti sauce. He said he had no idea how the bloodhound confused his scent with the lighter.

Meanwhile, federal agents armed with search warrants tore through the home Connole shared with 14 other people at Pomona's Regen V co-op, about as unplugged a place as you'll find in a city of 154,000. Residents generate their own solar electricity, grow organic bananas and tomatoes, and feed the homeless, all part of a master plan to tread softly on the planet. Some residents of the co-op drive electric cars, at least one of which was purchased from the Hummer dealership by the very solar panel installing company Connole works for. Agents hauled off some anarchist literature, a stuffed animal, computers, and an empty bottle of Corona beer.

On the afternoon of September 15, an e-mail reached *The Los Angeles Times* that read, "The police have the wrong man here." The anonymous e-mailer later phoned the newspaper, giving details about the August 22 SUV rampage known only to investigators, such as an odd math theorem that was spray-painted on the back of a Mitsubishi Montero.

The FBI released Connole, who has since filed a claim against the government for the return of his property. A statement on the ELF Web site protests his arrest is part of a "pattern of harassment the FBI has been visiting on activists in Southern California...in a desperate attempt to claim 'success' in their hunt for ELF members."

Given what the FBI believes is on the horizon, that desperation might be understandable.



Josh Connole: an innocent man?

Killing in the Name of Nature

While ELF professes nonviolence, pure dumb luck has played a huge role in its lack of casualties. ELF prefers to call its crimes "economic sabotage," although federal agents faced with the destruction find this preposterous. Three construction workers were reportedly sleeping at the San Diego project and escaped just as that fire spread. Many say it's only a matter of time before ELF sets a fire or detonates a bomb that kills a hapless night watchman or a firefighter trying to put out the next row of burning SUVs.

"It's going to happen," says Jarboe. "They've been extremely lucky it hasn't happened thus far."

It is also plausible that some ELF members will split from the mother group to target people. Stephen Peifer, a federal prosecutor in Oregon, sees chilling parallels between ELF's escalation of violence and that of the Army of God, which carried out a string of arsons and murders against abortion clinics and providers in the 1990s. The two groups are almost identical in their extremism, their centralized Web sites, and their autonomous cell structures. Peifer points out that the escalation of tactics by Shelley Shannon—who went from protesting at abortion clinics to burning them down to shooting a doctor—wasn't radically different from that of eco-saboteur Jeffrey Luers, who knocked on doors for the Sierra Club and sat in trees before torching pickup trucks. Luers drew the stiffest prison sentence yet for an American ecoterrorist: 22 years, eight months.

At least one ELF cell is already willing to cross the line. After ▶

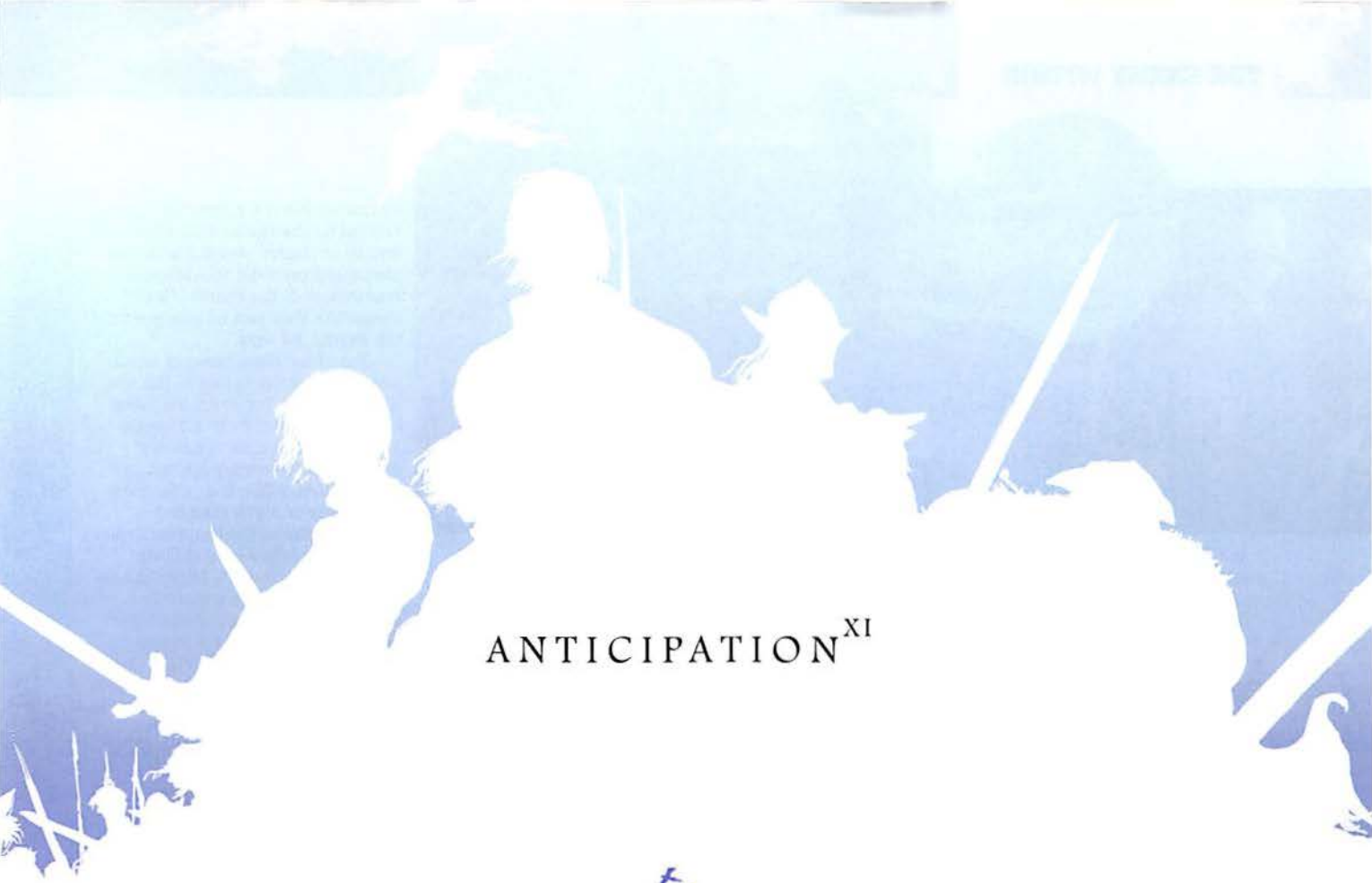
THE ISSUES



GAS GUZZLERS

There are now more than 530 million passenger cars in the world, and Americans—who account for only five percent of the world's population—own a full quarter of them. Many of us now drive sport utility vehicles, which spew 47 percent more air pollution than an average car and consume a third more gas. From 1990 to 2002, U.S. sales of SUVs nearly quadrupled, from seven percent to 25 percent of all car purchases. Amazingly, only five percent of us ever take our SUVs off-road... probably a good thing.

CONTINUED ▶



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FBI asst. special agent Randy Parsons briefs reporters on the SUV attack; the bureau later claimed the man in the video was Josh Connole. Above: A federal horse corral after an ELF strike.

torching a U.S. Forest Service research station in Pennsylvania in 2002, it issued this declaration: "While innocent life will never be harmed in any action we undertake, where it is necessary we will no longer hesitate to pick up the gun to implement justice and provide the needed protection for our planet that decades of legal battles, pleading, protest, and economic sabotage have failed so drastically to achieve."

The Future Burns Bright

Another summer approaches in California, where the canyons will dry to ultraflammable brown midway through the construction season. It's anybody's guess whether ELF will pick up last year's torch. But the group's frustration with play-by-the-rules protest is unlikely to abate.

Supporters of ELF point out that its high-profile crimes get more press for environmental causes than mainstream groups get with their big budgets and fancy PR machines.

THE ISSUES



GLOBAL WARMING

Scientists debate whether global warming is a reflection of natural variability or the product of pollution, but the fact that our planet is heating up is indisputable: The nine warmest years on record have all occurred since 1990.

Who ever would have heard of Colorado's threatened lynx, Coronado asks, if ELF hadn't burned down a mountaintop ski resort?

But organizers of reputable environmental groups say ELF hinders the good work they accomplish in the courts and Congress. "We don't see these people as environmentalists," says Eric Antebi, the Sierra Club's national press secretary. "They're arsonists who ought to be defined by their actions. If you're interested in protecting the environment, the first thing you need to do is, *do no harm*—and these people are all about harm."

That's how firefighter Paul Krueger, who ran a hose into the West Covina lot to fight burning Hummers, sees it. Forget, he says, that the parts building almost flattened him, or that dud Molotov cocktails found at the scene could have incinerated him. What troubles Krueger are the pollutants belched from the burning SUVs and the estimated 200,000 gallons of water wasted on the blaze; mixed with ash and oil, it poured into storm drains, eventually reaching the delicate ecosystems of the Pacific. "It just seems like they had no concern for the Earth," he says.

One of the basic flaws of terrorism, many argue, is that in the end it's ineffective. For every life taken by a suicide bomber or a Timothy McVeigh, thousands of morally outraged citizens rally against the perpetrators, while the victims are more likely to dig in than flee.

The owner of the Hummer dealership, 57-year-old Ziad Alhassen, immigrated to the U.S. from Syria in 1968 with $40 in his pocket and went to work washing dishes. For the past 25 years, he's sold and developed real estate in West Covina while raising a family. He now owns a 13-story bank building and four auto dealerships—the kind of credentials that make him an ideal ecoterrorist target. But based on his reaction to his property being attacked by ELF, he's far from abandoning his American dream.

Alhassen was actually relieved, he explains, because he understood the attack wasn't personal—his business had been targeted by ecoterrorists, not a disgruntled customer. "These people want us to live in caves and ride horses," he says. After the smoke cleared, Alhassen picked up some electrical generators and reopened the Hummer business that same night.

The very next morning, he sold two Hummers. M

AMERICA'S HOMEGROWN TERRORISTS

ELF may be the most active, but these four other domestic terrorist groups are always on the FBI radar.

ARMY OF GOD

This loose-knit collection of Christian extremists has drawn hard-core antiabortionists since it first kidnapped a doctor in 1982. In recent years the AOG has become more organized and dangerous, promoting the bombing of clinics and the killing of doctors as "justifiable homicide." The most infamous member: serial bombing suspect Eric Rudolph, charged with the 1996 Atlanta Olympics bombing that wounded more than 100.

CREATIVITY MOVEMENT

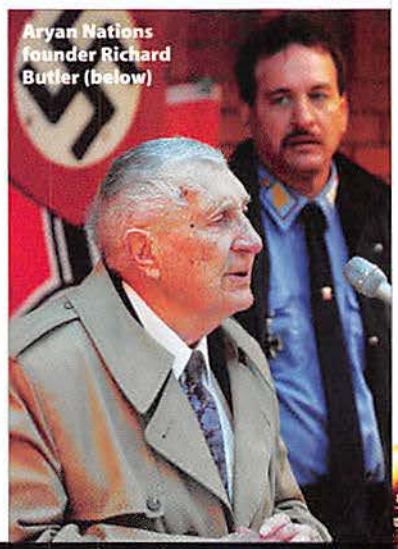
Formerly known as the World Church of the Creator, this white-power group has left a bloody trail of murders, fire bombings, and assaults three decades long. In July 1999, Benjamin Nathaniel Smith went on a three-day Midwest shooting spree, killing two and wounding nine before offing himself. Leader Matthew Hale, 31, is currently set to go on trial in April for having a judge murdered.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE

Yet another white-supremacist group, its late founder, William Pierce, penned the Turner Diaries, the militia bible that inspired Timothy McVeigh. In the 1980s, late member Bob Matthews led a splinter group on three armored car heists, the machine-gunning of a Jewish talk show host, and the murder of a suspected informant before dying in a shootout with the FBI on a Puget Sound island.

ARYAN NATIONS

The FBI views this notorious group as a "continuous terrorist threat," even though founder Richard Butler, now 86 and fragile, lost a $6.3 million suit in 2000 that forced him to turn over the Nations' Idaho compound. Among the up-and-comers: Joseph L. Druce, 38, who allegedly strangled pedophile priest John J. Geoghan in prison and also mailed a powdery substance to 39 lawyers with "Jewish-sounding names." —*Alex D. King Jr.*



Aryan Nations founder Richard Butler (below)



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BY GORDON BASS PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE

STAYIN' ALIVE

GUARANTEED TO SAVE YOUR ASS*



Up shit creek without a paddle, matches, or TV dinners? Here's how to beat Ma Nature at her own game.

LOST IN THE DESERT

Getting your kicks on Route 66, your jalopy overheats deep inside the Mojave. Here's your road map out of this sand trap.

FIRST PRIORITY: SEEK SHELTER

By early afternoon, desert surfaces can top a skin-torching 130 degrees. If your body temperature passes 106, your arms and legs will swell, your kidneys will fail, and septic shock will set in—if the heat doesn't kill you first, your own feces will. So find some shade fast. Don't sit in your car; it'll cook like an oven during the day. Instead, crawl beneath the undercarriage and, if the ground is soft enough, dig a small trench to lie in; it's several degrees cooler just 12 inches below the desert surface. Hey, if nothing else, the ditch can double as a shallow grave!

STEP TWO: START DRINKING

Without water you're buzzard chow within 56 hours. (Quit that blubbering; you're wasting valuable resources!) Your best chance to score precious *agua* is by hacking open and scooping out the wet pulp of a barrel cactus; just wait until sunset so you don't sweat away precious fluids. No cacti nearby but you're being taunted by a dry creek bed? There may still be moisture underground. Dig into its lowest point (preferably at a bend in the creek's run) to hunt for hidden reservoirs of water; let the water seep into the hole and lap away. If that doesn't work, build a solar still to capture moisture from the soil (see diagram). No matter how great your thirst, don't drink the green pixie juice from your car radiator: It's made with ethylene glycol, a toxin that'll ravage your kidneys. And avoid eating if you can; digestion burns water. If you have to, feast on desert grasses; the tender whitish ends of all varieties are edible. The best part? No carbs!

STEP THREE: DRESS UP

Resist the urge to strip down and go streaking. Instead, wear light-colored, loose-fitting long pants and shirts to guard against sunburn and to slow evaporation of your sweat. Desert temperatures plummet at night, so keep extra layers handy; that patchwork quilt you've been sewing will do just fine. Finally, invoke your inner *Star Wars* geek and improvise a Tusken Raider headdress from a swath of cloth; the covering will protect your face and eyes against blowing sand and glare.

STEP FOUR: TREAT A SNAKE BITE

Despite all your training in Catholic school, do *not* try to suck out the venom; it's a waste of effort. Similarly, don't cut out the areas around a bite; you'll end up with a bigger wound to treat. Instead, tie a piece of fabric two inches above the lesion to slow, but not stop, blood flow. Keep the wound below the level of your black, black heart, and limit physical exertion to slow circulation of the venom. Now would be a pretty good time to get help.

Despite all your Catholic school training, do *not* suck out venom.

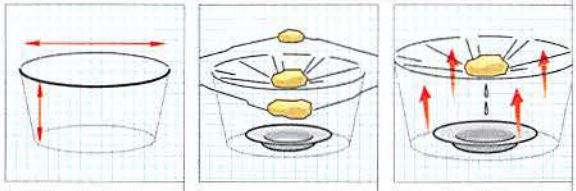


STEP FIVE: GET HELP

Forget any tough-guy delusions of walking out. You won't make it five miles, so stay with your car—a rescue plane will see sunlight reflecting off the metal. Scrape the letters *SOS* into the ground at least 20 feet long, or spell them with rocks. If you have to wander anywhere, draw a big arrow in the sand that shows your direction of travel to rescuers. And next time just go to Busch Gardens, city boy.

BUILD A SOLAR STILL

Slake thirst with a hot, wet hole.



Wait until night, when the air is cooler, and dig a hole that measures about 36 inches wide and 18 inches deep.

Place a cup in the hole and cover the pit with a sheet of plastic. Weigh down the sheet's center with a rock over the cup.

As air in the hole heats up, vapor will condense on the plastic and drip water into the cup—as much as a pint per day.

*Not an actual guarantee.



"No-o-o! I'm terrified of marshmallows!"

LOST IN THE WOODS

Hike up your skirt, set up camp, and find deliverance with these mountain-man-approved survival tactics.

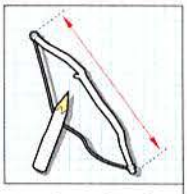
FIRST PRIORITY: BURN, BABY, BURN

Homo erectus made fire with an IQ of 45. Are you as smart as *Homo erectus*? Um, maybe. If you're without matches, lighter, or Duraflame log, your quest for flame begins with small tinder. Scrape shavings from sticks, collect dried grass or leaves, and arrange it all into a loose pile the size of a fist. Now let the sparks fly (see diagram). Once it catches, don't smother your new flame with logs; take the relationship slowly by adding small kindling in a tepee structure, then gradually larger sticks.

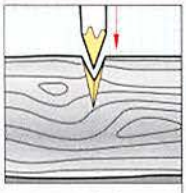
Within days cute maggots will appear and feast on your dying flesh.

MAKE FIRE

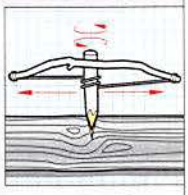
Grab wood, rub vigorously, then, um, blow.



Attach cord to the ends of a two-foot-long stick, creating a bow. Sharpen the end of a second stick; this is your "drill."



Cut a notch in a soft log, just large enough to fix your "bit" into place. Wind the bowstring tight around your drill.



Push and pull on bow to spin the bit in the notch. Friction will create hot ash. When it burns, pack in tinder.

STEP TWO: BUILD SHELTER

The forest is a veritable Home Depot of building materials. Feeling handy? Build a "debris hut," a simple, water-resistant shelter that looks as crappy as its name implies. Lean a log against a rock or a stump so one end is a few feet off the ground. Place a series of smaller branches against either side to create a tent-like abode, spacing larger "beams" a foot or so apart. Top with shrubbery, then kick back and admire your new stabbin' cabin—in New York or San Francisco, it'd fetch $1,200 a month.

STEP THREE: CHOW DOWN

Jonesin' for some hand-massaged meat patties? To catch a burger, your best bet is to dig a three-foot-deep pit along an animal trail and cover it with brush. Once your prey has fallen in, grab a rock and bash in its soft, furry noggin. And unless you have a botany degree, steer clear of mushrooms; with names like death cup and destroying angel, most common ones make for a short, deadly trip.

STEP FOUR: TAPE IT UP

In the filthy wilderness, wounds can result in gangrenous infection. Rinse any gash with water and bandage it—just keep things loose enough to allow any stinking pus to drain out. If infection sets in, expose the wound to flies, then cover it. Within days cute, writhing maggots will appear and feast on the dying tissue; that tingle tells you the process is working! Once the pain becomes excruciating or blood fills the wound, flush away the maggots with sterile water (or your own urine), and bandage it. You are now officially allowed to change your middle name to Badass.

STEP FIVE: GET HELP

Unless you're lucky enough to be lost in a bonsai forest, you're hidden from aerial rescuers. At night, burn three campfires in a triangular pattern—a recognized sign of distress. During the day, add leaves to the flames to create more smoke. Your best chance at rescue is by staying put, but if you must move, search for civilization by following creeks downstream; they tend to flow toward larger bodies of water where towns develop. (Careful—they can also lead to sheer cliffs or Detroit.) At night, climb to high ground and scan for the glow of city lights and flashing strip club signs.



"Wow! How about some lube, doc?"

LOST AT SEA

In retrospect, greasing the helm's wheel was a titanic mistake. Here's how to stay afloat when you're forced to abandon ship.



FIRST PRIORITY: TAKE ON WATER

We're not saying you should disregard the noble "women and children first" rule, but now might be a good time to become a drag queen. Get your ass into a lifeboat, stopping just long enough to grab as many containers of water as possible; without it your life expectancy is less than four days. If there's time, snag a signal mirror, a flashlight, canned foods, and gold bullion (you'll want to be the Mr. Howell of the island). Once you're in your rubber raft, trigger its EpiRB (Emergency Position Radio Beacon), and make sure you're lashed to the side; otherwise, if the raft capsizes and dumps your ass in the drink, you'll be swapping sob stories with Davy Jones.

STEP TWO: STAY WARM

Submerged in the 40-degree North Atlantic, you'll be a corpse in an hour or less; even in tropical 70-degree water, hypothermia can kill in 12 hours. If you're alone in the ocean with a life vest, pull your legs to your chest and wrap your arms around them; this'll slow heat loss by 50 percent. If you're with a group of survivors, form a tight, inward-facing huddle and drape your arms around each other. This will increase heat retention—and as an added bonus, you can grope your fellow survivors and blame it on "sea creatures."

STEP THREE: DRINK UP

Ah, the brutal irony of drifting on billions of gallons of water: You're as likely to die of dehydration at sea as in the desert. A general rule: Don't over-ration water; if you wait until you're parched, you'll dig yourself into a dehydration hole. And whatever you do, don't swig seawater; your body will have to piss out more water than you swallowed to purge the extra salt from your system. Spread out tarps and all available containers to catch rainfall—with enough fresh water, you can endure a month without munchies. If you must eat, order sushi by jury-rigging a fishing line (see diagram), but limit food intake, since protein-rich seafood requires liters of water to digest.

STEP FOUR: REPEL SHARKS

Don't chum the waters with excrement; sharks are attracted by horse apples, so shot-put them as far from the raft as possible. Like most predators, sharks prefer to pick on animals that show signs of weakness; if one nudges your raft, persuade the shark to mosey on by smacking your paddle against the water. Once bitten (twice shy), kick the great white in the gills and eyes. If that fails, bargain with God: "Release me from these jaws of death and I swear I'll stop banging my wife's sister."

STEP FIVE: SIGNAL FOR HELP

If you hear an airplane, sweep the horizon with a signal mirror or, if that's not available, a shiny belt buckle, CD, or credit card (platinum works best—aren't you glad those reward points got you that free cruise?). Aim for a spot directly below the craft, then raise your mirror straight up and down. Nobody cares enough to rescue you? Look for puffy, white cumulus clouds in an otherwise clear sky, since they tend to form above landmasses. And keep watch for seabirds, which usually fly to terra firma during the evening hours. Once you spot land, get paddling like Jacko toward the crowded end of a kiddie pool.

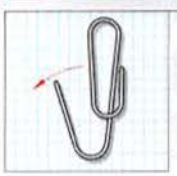
Sharks love a good horse apple—don't chum the waters with excrement.



Loves long walks on the beach, sun, clubbing...

CATCH A FISH

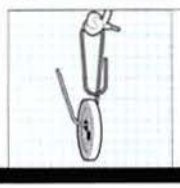
You're floating atop the world's largest sushi bar. Go fish.



Bend a paper clip, pen clip, or your retainer into a J-shape with a small thread loop at one end.



Create a fishing line from shoelaces or thread from your jeans, and tie an end to the hook loop.



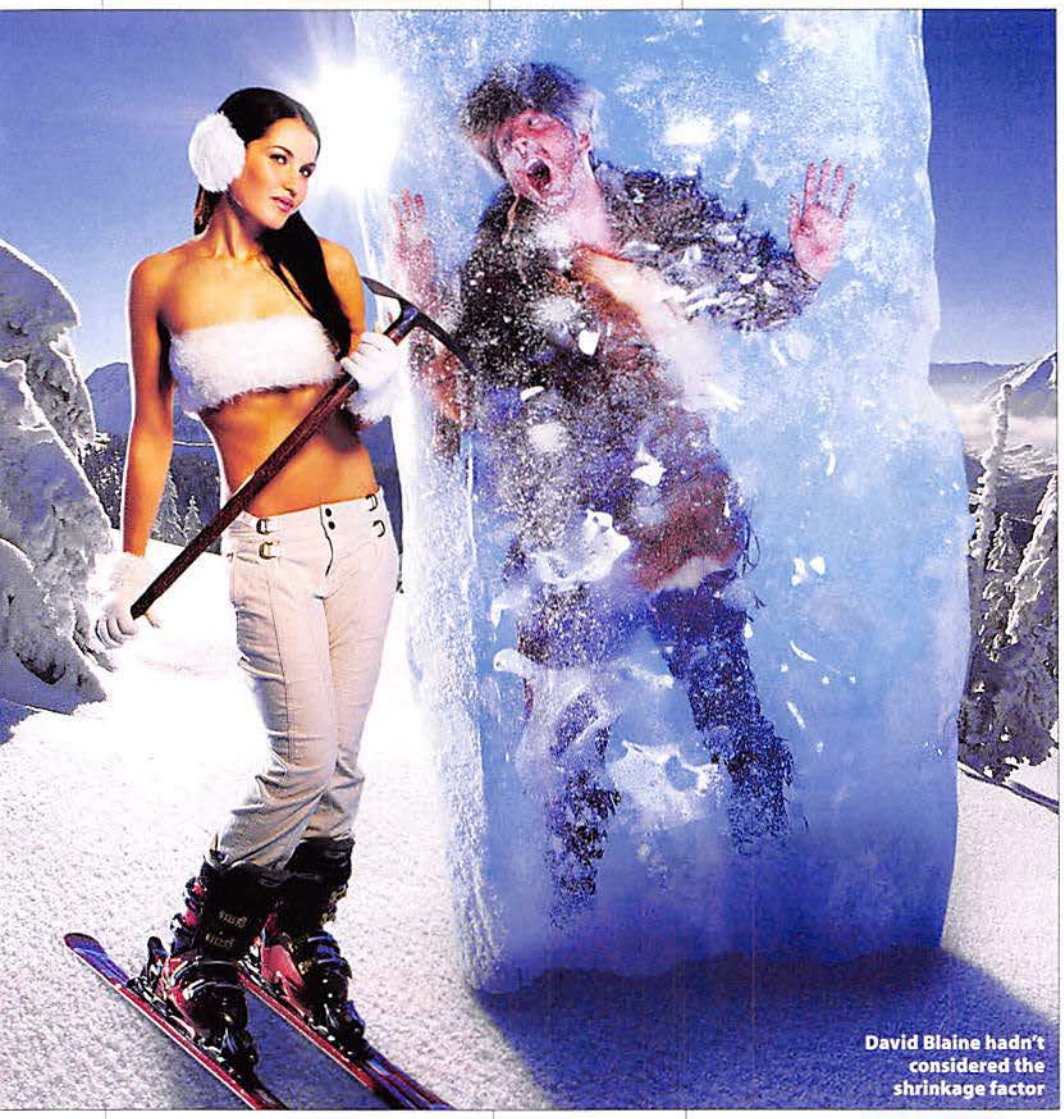
Bait the hook with a shiny button or foil, and drop line. Feeling sick? Chum the ocean with puke!



"Wanna see my ping-pong ball trick?"

LOST IN THE SNOW

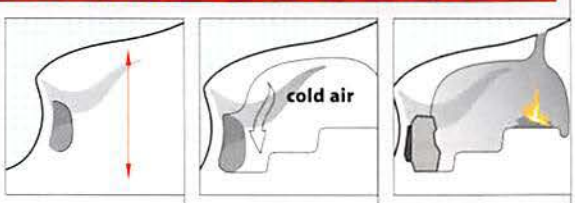
Your ski guide just took a leap off a cliff and into the great hereafter. Say a prayer, then find cold comfort in a winter refuge.



David Blaine hadn't considered the shrinkage factor

BUILD A SNOW CAVE

Home sweet...Jesus, who shut off the heat?



Burrow into a 10-foot-deep drift, keeping the roof arched so melted snow can drip down the sides.

Create three platforms. Build fire on the top; sleep on the middle. The bottom is for trapping cold air.

Dig a trench between the wall and fire to capture drips. Drive a hole in the roof to let out smoke.

FIRST PRIORITY: BUILD SHELTER

Before bitter subzero-degree cold lulls you into permanent hibernation, dig a small tunnel horizontally into the side of a snowdrift and widen it to create a snow cave just big enough to lie down in (see diagram). Pack the walls tight and plug the entrance with a block of snow. If you punch a ventilation hole through the roof, you can even build a small fire safely. Matchless? Even without heat, the temperature inside your impromptu igloo will hover at a balmy zero degrees.

STEP TWO: CHOW DOWN

Sucking on snowballs may seem enticing, but it'll actually sap precious body heat and dice up your pretty gums. Instead, lay a dark-colored poncho or trash bag on a slope facing the sun and create a small trough at the bottom. Sprinkle the surface with snow and stand by as it melts and collects in the makeshift gutter. Hungry? Starving, snow-blind arctic explorers have lived for months on rock tripe, a saucer-shaped lichen that grows on boulders and rock walls. Soak it overnight, then boil it thoroughly to get rid of irritating acids. (For a crunchy breakfast treat, roast rock tripe to a tasty crisp and top with imaginary berries and milk.) Remember, baby seals make tacky coats, but most species are not endangered—stay downwind, crawl up on your belly, and whack away!

STEP THREE: TREAT HYPOTHERMIA

To add injury to injury, your blood may thicken when you're dehydrated, reducing circulation to your chilly extremities...yes, even that one! Save your digits from a frigid fate by chugging water and keeping your clothes dry. Stay vigilant for the warning signs of frostbite: Skin turns flushed, then white, yellow, and finally black at its most advanced stage. To save frozen flesh pops, warm them in 108-degree water, taking care not to cook your hand. At bedtime, change into clean, dry clothes to avoid catching a chill from perspiration. And if you have fellow survivors, get naked, wrap yourselves in a sleeping bag, and forge an uncomfortably snuggly friendship to consolidate body heat.

STEP FOUR: DODGE AN AVALANCHE

Just five seconds after it starts rolling, an avalanche can move at speeds topping 80 miles per hour, so don't even think about trying to outrun it. Instead, hunker down behind the nearest rock outcrop or tree to protect yourself, and try to hold your ground as the snow passes over. If the avalanche sweeps you off your feet, use swimming motions to stay near the top, and try to guide yourself to the tide's edges. When you finally come to a stop, shove your hands in front of your face to create a pocket of air, and don't panic: There's plenty of oxygen trapped in the snow. Unfortunately, as you breathe, the area around your face saturates with poisonous carbon dioxide. Provided you don't start screaming frantically for help or singing show tunes, you should still have an hour or two to live. ▶

Ever see a grown man cry?



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LOST IN NEW JERSEY

Accidentally strayed off the Turnpike? Time to declare a Garden State of emergency.

FIRST PRIORITY: BLEND IN

Grease your hair slicker than a tub of cheese fries and climb behind the wheel of the closest Monte Carlo (don't worry—they're everywhere). Now head straight for the shore club scene. Muscle your way to the bar and pound shots of Sex on the Beach while shouting "Yo!" at the top of your lungs. Wanna score points with the big-haired Joisey girls? Douse yourself in Aqua Velva and jabber on about your automotive technology degree from Brookdale Community College. Compliment her French-manicured nails and you're so frickin' in, baby!

STEP TWO: GRAB GRUB

Maybe you left it in the bowling alley men's room while primping your hair. Or maybe it was lifted by one of the high-mileage hookers working Route 1. Whatever the case, you've lost your wad and you're cashless. How to quell the pangs of hunger? The metal bins behind Jersey's famed White Castle eateries are a nightly treasure trove of barely spoiled Slyders, cold fries, and coagulated vanilla shakes. Not fowl enough? Catch a pigeon! (See diagram.) Now gather around a cracklin' fire barrel and ingratiate yourself to the local homeless community with an offering of freshly roasted squab.

If the shiv is still in you, leave it there or you'll bleed like Russian royalty.


"I cry sometimes when I'm alone."

STEP THREE: TREAT A STAB WOUND

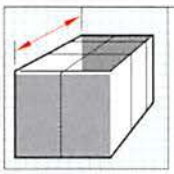
In 2002, blade-crazed Jerseyans reported more than 5,000 assaults and robberies at knife-point. In the event you get pimp-slashed, apply pressure to the wound and then wrap the nasty gash with a sterile dressing. Not packing any? Duck into a gas station ladies' room and swipe a sanitary napkin (it's sterile and designed to soak up blood). Feel stupid with maxipads stuck to your forehead? Ask Apu at the Kwik-E-Mart for a piece of tape, then bind the boo-boo with a strip perpendicular to the cut. This should close the wound until you can stumble into an ER for stitches. If the shiv is still in you, leave it there or you'll bleed like Russian royalty. If pressure doesn't stem the hemorrhaging, use a Zippo to superheat a blade—like the one we just told you not to remove from your chest—and apply its flat edge to cauterize the cut.

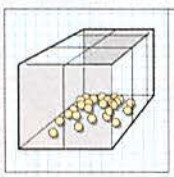
STEP FOUR: SURVIVE A CARJACKING

"Keys, please!" To avoid getting your ass capped during a carjacking, keep your hands in plain view and announce your every move. Remember that few people ever get shot for being *too* polite. Not the surrendering type? Disarm the assailant using a move out of the Krav Maga playbook—the official self-defense system of the Israeli Defense Forces. Shift your weight to your left foot, moving your body out of the line of fire. At the same time, move your left hand across and grab his gun by its muzzle, pushing it down and away from you. Shift your weight forward, preventing the gunman from raising the pistol and making him lose his balance. Now punch the punk in the nose with a solid right. While he's stunned, reach down and twist the Glock from his grip. This entire action should take no more than two seconds. For kicks, finish with a lesson in irony by taking your attacker's gun and bludgeoning him with it. M

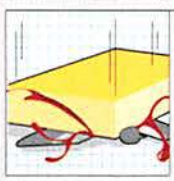
CATCH A PIGEON

It's bye-bye birdie, hello braised pheasant with haggis stuffing.


String several pieces of fishing line across an open cardboard box. Keep strands 10 inches apart.


Lay your trap face up, baiting the inside with seeds, bread-crumbs, or yesterday's lunch.


Wait patiently for your prey to drop in for a snack—he'll get entangled in the line during takeoff!


Grab a crowbar or Yellow Pages and crush your quarry. Roast for 30 minutes and garnish with parsnips.

Wardrobe styling, Anne Wlaysewski for RJ Bennett; prop and set design, Liz Engelhardt; hair and makeup, Bryan Lynde for RJ Bennett/Clinique; [illegible] Hirsch-dotted sunglasses courtesy of Scandinavian Ski Shop, N.YC.

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*Nintendo GameCube game contains fewer songs.

RAW HIDE

Model-actress Nikki Bokal thinks guys need more sex. That's funny—we think guys need more Nikki.





BY PAUL SEMEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT



There are your basic bad genes (curse you, extra toe!), and then there are your good genes. Care to hazard a guess as to which ones former model Diane Bokal passed down to her daughter, Nikki? This curvaceous cutie has not only seared the pages of *Elle, Harper's Bazaar, Vogue,* and other fashion magazines, but she's made memorable appearances in movies like *Enough* and the action flick *Redemption*—all the while fiercely fending off the typical "model turned actress" clichés. "When people think of models," says Nikki, "they tend to think beautiful, buxom...and brainless. So when I open my mouth, people are usually surprised by what I know about politics and architecture and all kinds of stuff." Wow, what a strange coincidence. That's exactly what we wanted to talk about. After, you know, we get through a few other things first. Please bear with us...

Did your mom give you any advice when you started modeling?
"Only take your clothes off if Bruce Weber is shooting." No, I'm just kidding. She said stuff like, "Have fun." "Always eat." "Don't do drugs—they make you old- and tired-looking." Basic stuff. "Let the boys chase you; don't chase the boys."

So you never make the first move?
Oh, if I have my sights on someone, I'll put a little effort into it. I once sent a boy flowers. I sent him an orchid. I figured he'd appreciate it more than a dozen roses.

Did it work?
Yeah...but I don't know if it was the orchid.

That guy should die. Anyway...do pickup lines work on you?
Whenever a guy uses a cliché on me—something like, "Did you see my heart? Because it dropped when you walked in"—it kind of makes me laugh. And since I'm a softie, if someone has the balls to try, they at least deserve a response.

What else do you look for in a guy?
I like guys who are respectful, sweet, charming, and funny. Anyone who makes me laugh gets me hook, line, and sinker. If you can make me laugh, I don't care what you look like.

What else can guys do to impress you?
When he notices my quirks, the little things I do that you only notice if you're really paying attention. Like how my eye twitches when I'm trying to lie...

...or the way you constantly touch your upper lip with your thumb.
Wow, I'm impressed. You made me blush. What are you doing for dinner?

How long does it take you to distinguish a sincere guy from a dog?
I know this sounds cliché, but I never think anyone is interested in me because of my body. Though I've definitely been in situations where I thought a guy wanted to talk poetry when he really just wanted to get me into bed. But then I realized that sometimes that's not such a bad thing. It's funny, I hear women bitch about men, but I don't feel that way. I love men. I think they're sexy, wonderful creatures who just need a little understanding... and a lot of sex. Men say they want more sex than they can actually handle, so once you get past that, they're teddy bears.

So women should *oversex* their men?
Yeah. Why not? I love having lots of sex with my guy. My problem is that when I get with somebody, the sex is usually so good that they ask me to marry them.

Goddamn it! Why is the sex so good?
I'm a Scorpio. Let's leave it at that.

Ever had casting couch encounters?
I've never had a blatant, "If you sleep with me I'll give you blah blah blah," though I have gotten hints. But I'm not the type who goes on a million dates. I'm a lover—I fall in love—so I'm not the kind of girl who'd sleep her way anywhere. Though it is incredible what men will do to get you into bed.

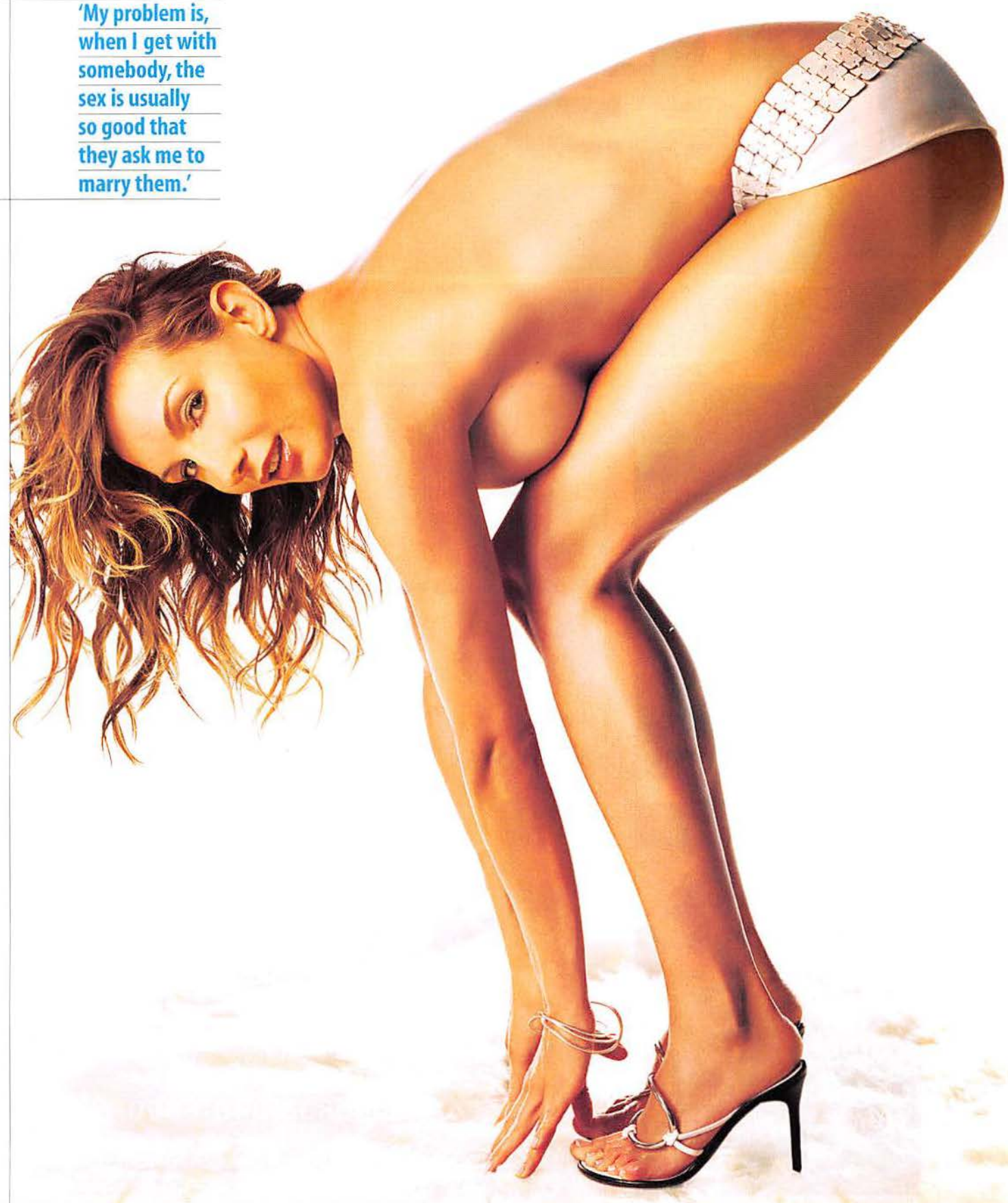
Yeah, we can't imagine what they're thinking. But back to your first comment. Is nudity really a no-no?
Oh, I was just kidding. Though there have been times when I've had to walk the runway knowing my shirt was falling open. You can feel the wind a little bit more. But it's OK, I'm comfortable with my body.

So are we, Nikki. So are we. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive photos of Nikki at **maximonline.com**.

Styling, Anastasia Koutsioukis; makeup, Agostina for cloutieragency.com; hair, Christophe for cloutieragency.com; set design, Jeff Andrews

'My problem is, when I get with somebody, the sex is usually so good that they ask me to marry them.'

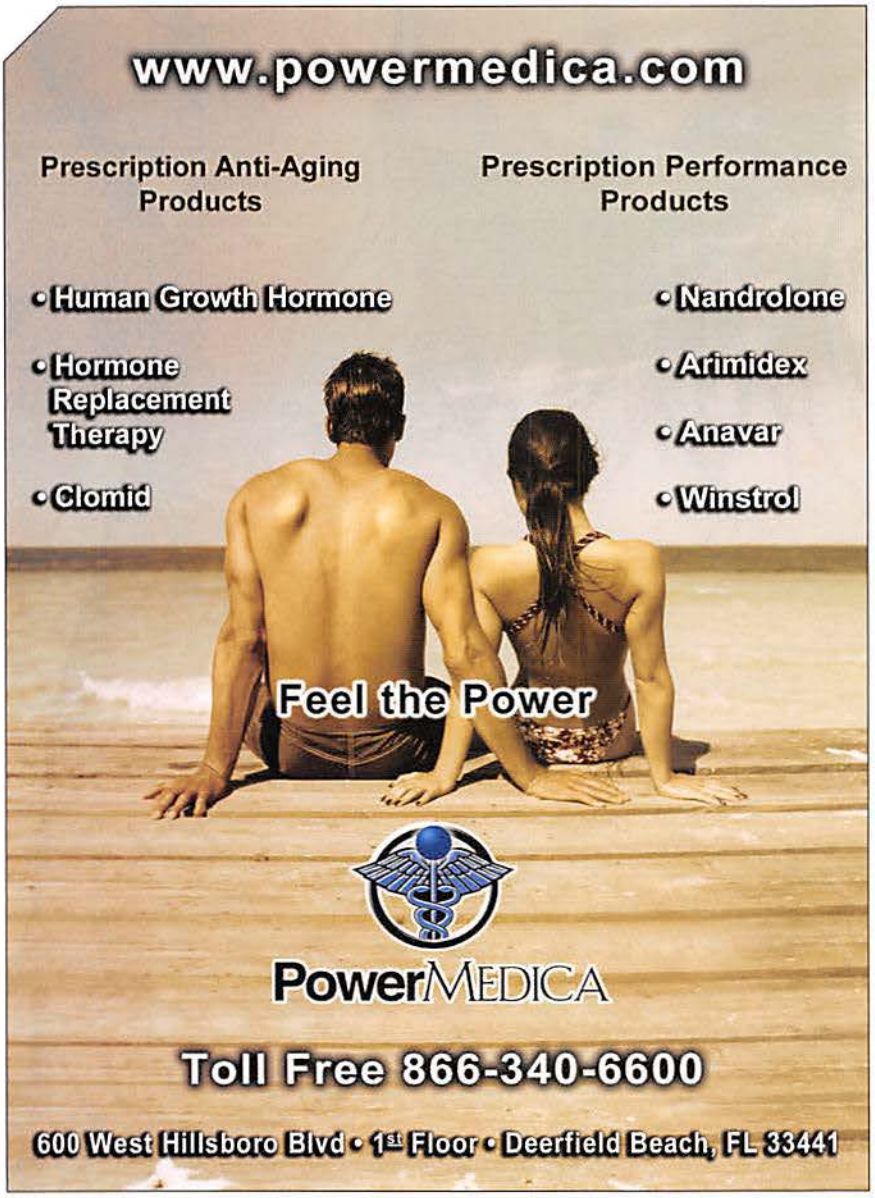


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Box Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit **www.bw.com**





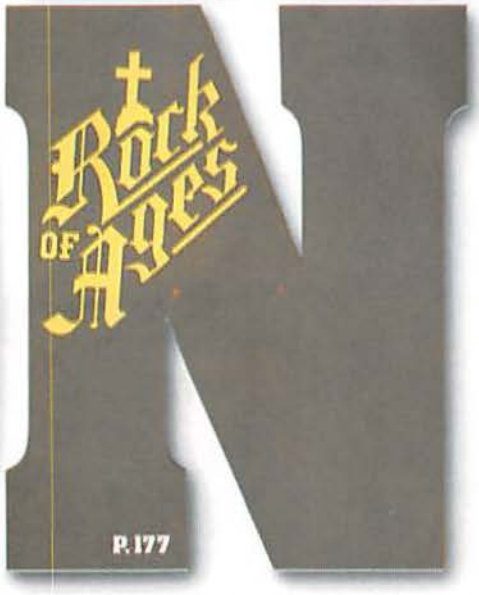
Kick your spring wardrobe into overdrive with a rockin' new T-shirt, a sharp designer jacket, a sensational scent, and much, much more. So start stuffing that closet—summer's almost here.





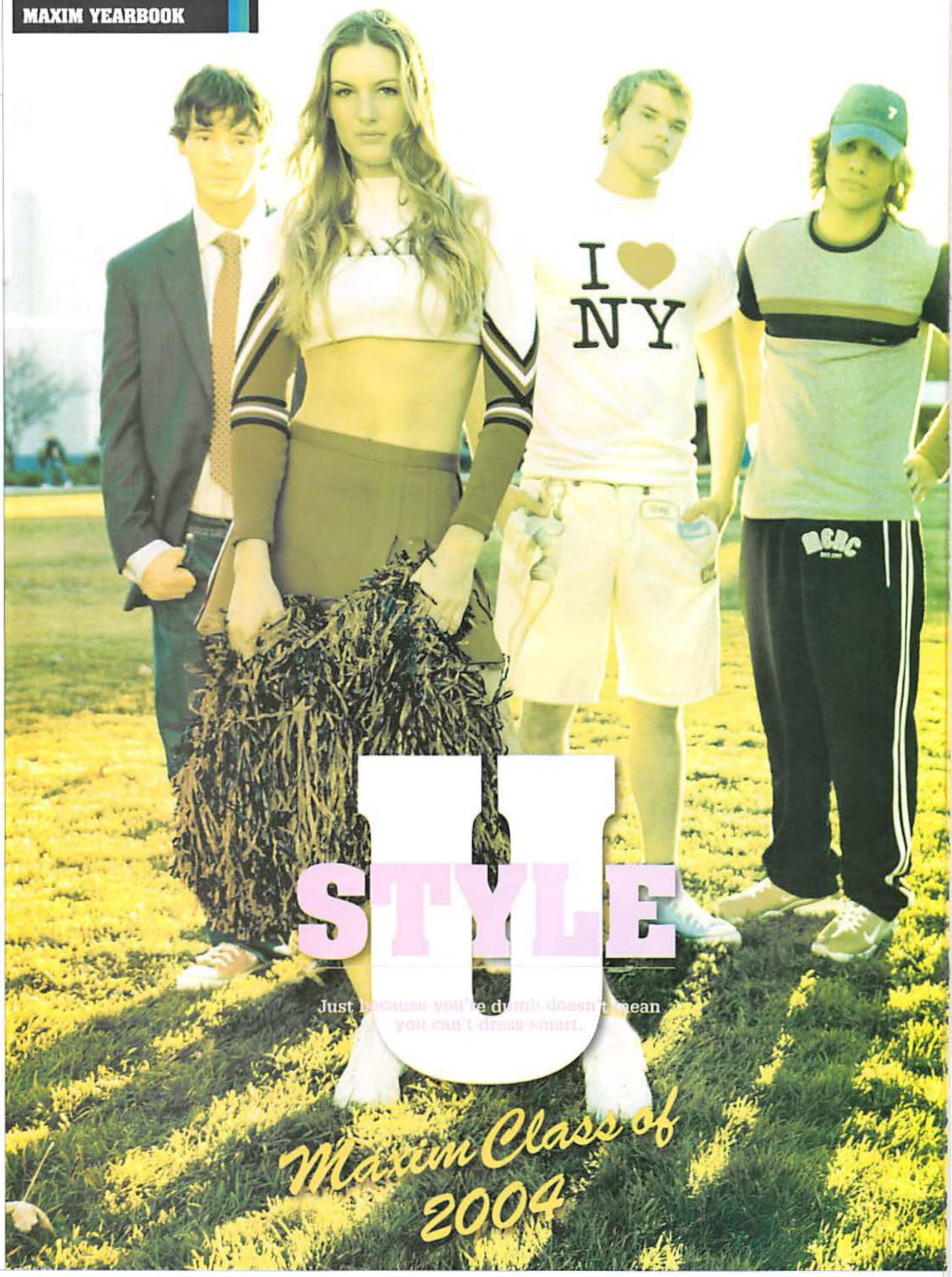








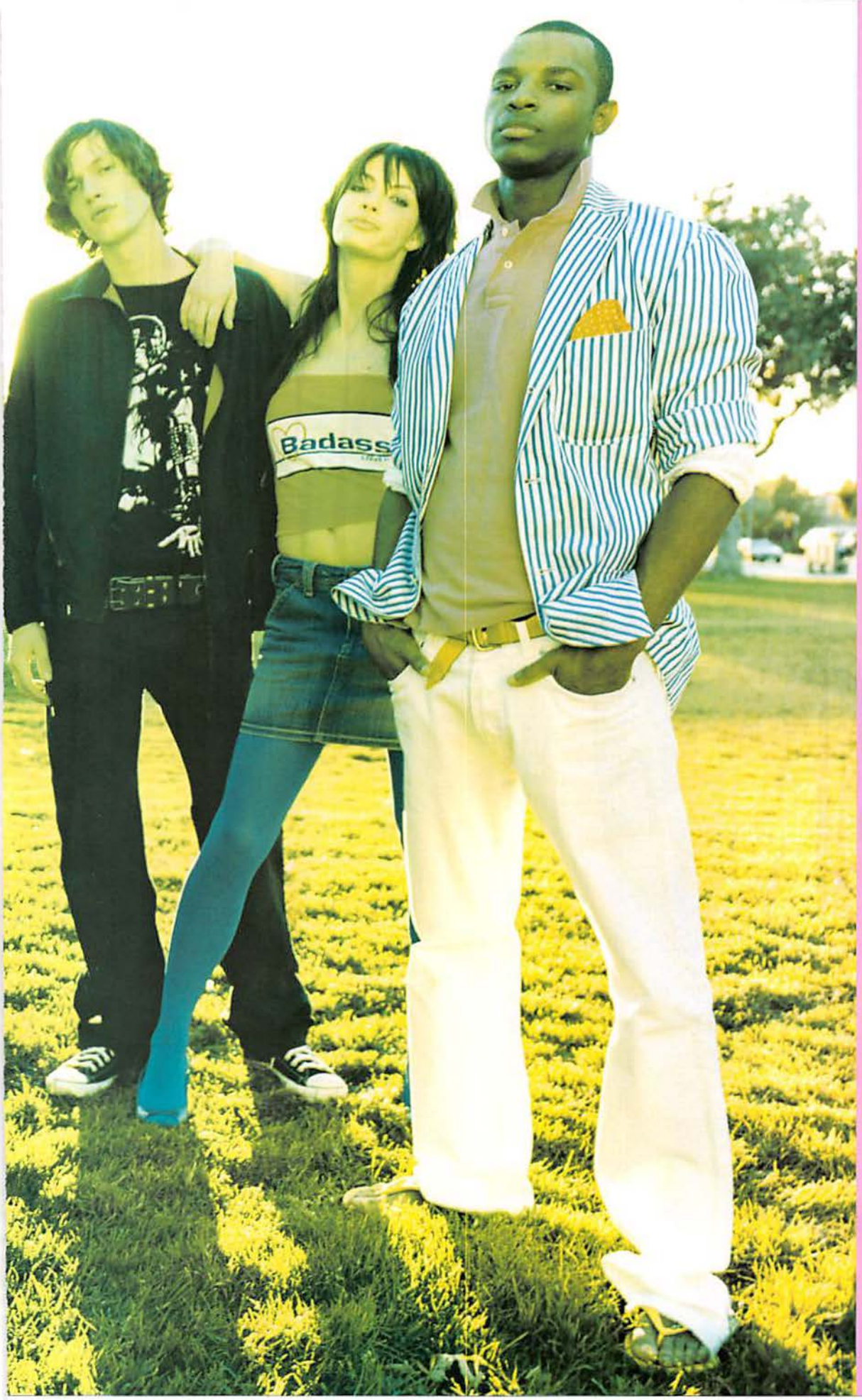
Making tracks, p.175



STYLE U

Just because you're dumb doesn't mean you can't dress smart.

Maxim Class of 2004



(from left)

STANLEY
Multistripe shirt, $225, nickel dot tie, $110, and cuff links, $425, all by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; pinstripe jacket (part of suit), $495, by Bill Blass; Cash jeans, $187, by Rock & Republic; Chuck Taylor All Star Hi sneakers, $40, by Converse.

BRIGITTE
Maxim cheering uniform; sneakers by Adidas.

GREGORY
Shorts, $295, by Weber by Coast; Chuck Taylor All Star Hi sneakers, $40, by Converse; shirt, stylist's own.

TREVOR
T-shirt, $295, by Dolce & Gabbana; track pants, $64, by Merc; hat, $18, by American Eagle Outfitters; MJ armband, $10, by Jordan; Air Max sneakers, $100, by Nike.

FABIEN
Football T-shirt, $85, jacket, $455, pants, $320, and suede belt, $130, all by DieselStyleLab; Chuck Taylor All Star Hi sneakers, $40, by Converse.

KIMBERLY
Shirt by D²Squared; skirt by Yanuk; heels by Sergio Rossi.

STEVEN
Grand Prix custom polo shirt, $53, striped Bradley jacket, $365, Mercer jeans, $75, and pocket square, $40, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren; D-ring belt, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT STYLING BY KIMBERLY KEILY



Tuxedo shirt, $310, tuxedo blazer, $1,000, tuxedo trousers, $250, and long tie, $70, all by Moschino Uomo. On girl: Gown and leather jacket by Moschino Donna.

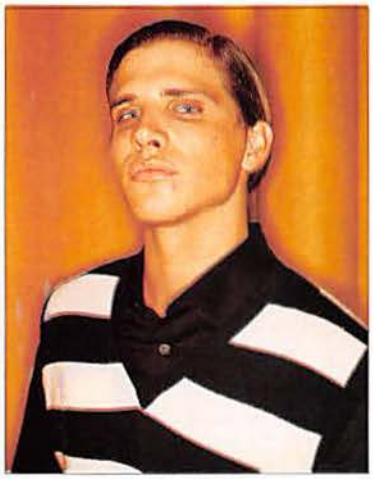
STUDENT BODY



STANLEY
Class Nerd

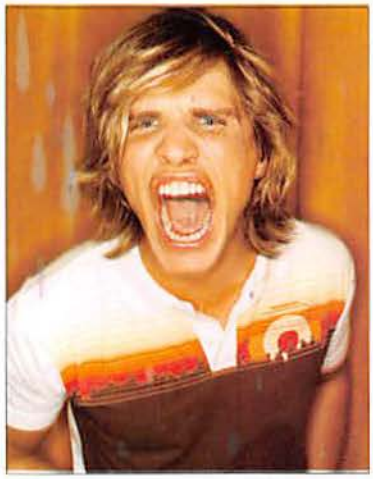


KIMBERLY
Drama Queen

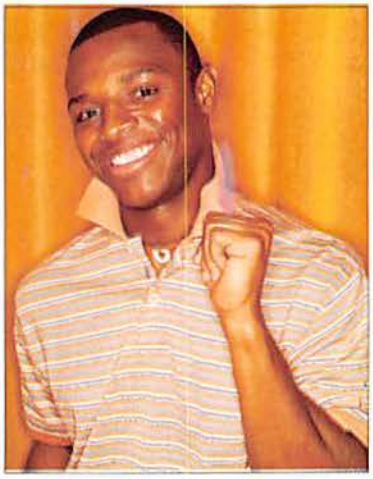


TERRY
Best Dressed

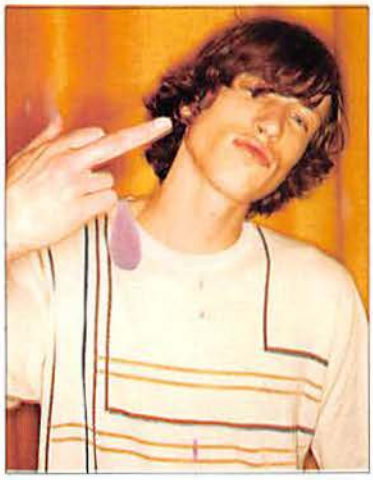
STANLEY: Tequila Mockingbird polo sweater, $49, by Original Penguin
KIMBERLY: Men's soccer-stripe rugby shirt, $50, by Eddie Bauer
TERRY: Dress shirt, $59, and vest, $115, both by Kenneth Cole New York



TREVOR
Loudmouth

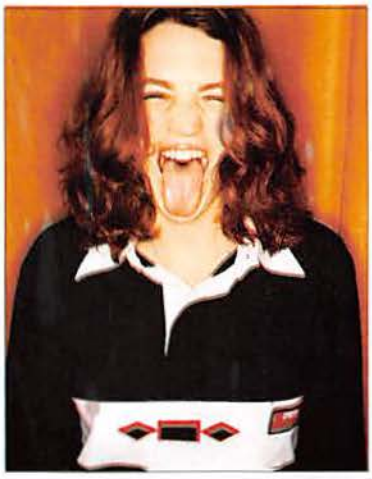


STEVEN
Mr. Social



FABIEN
Class Rebel

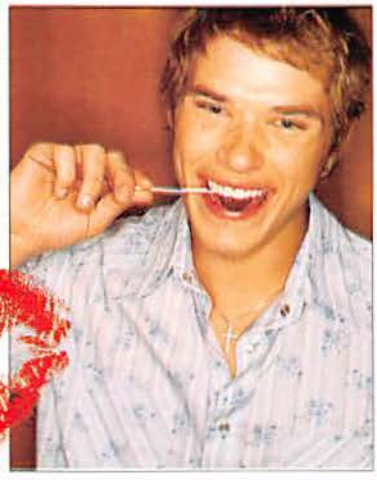
TREVOR: Shadwell polo shirt, $49, by Ben Sherman
STEVEN: Hampton-stripe rugger shirt, $70, by Gant
FABIEN: Graphic chain-stitch crew shirt, $70, by Claiborne



MARIA
Class Clown

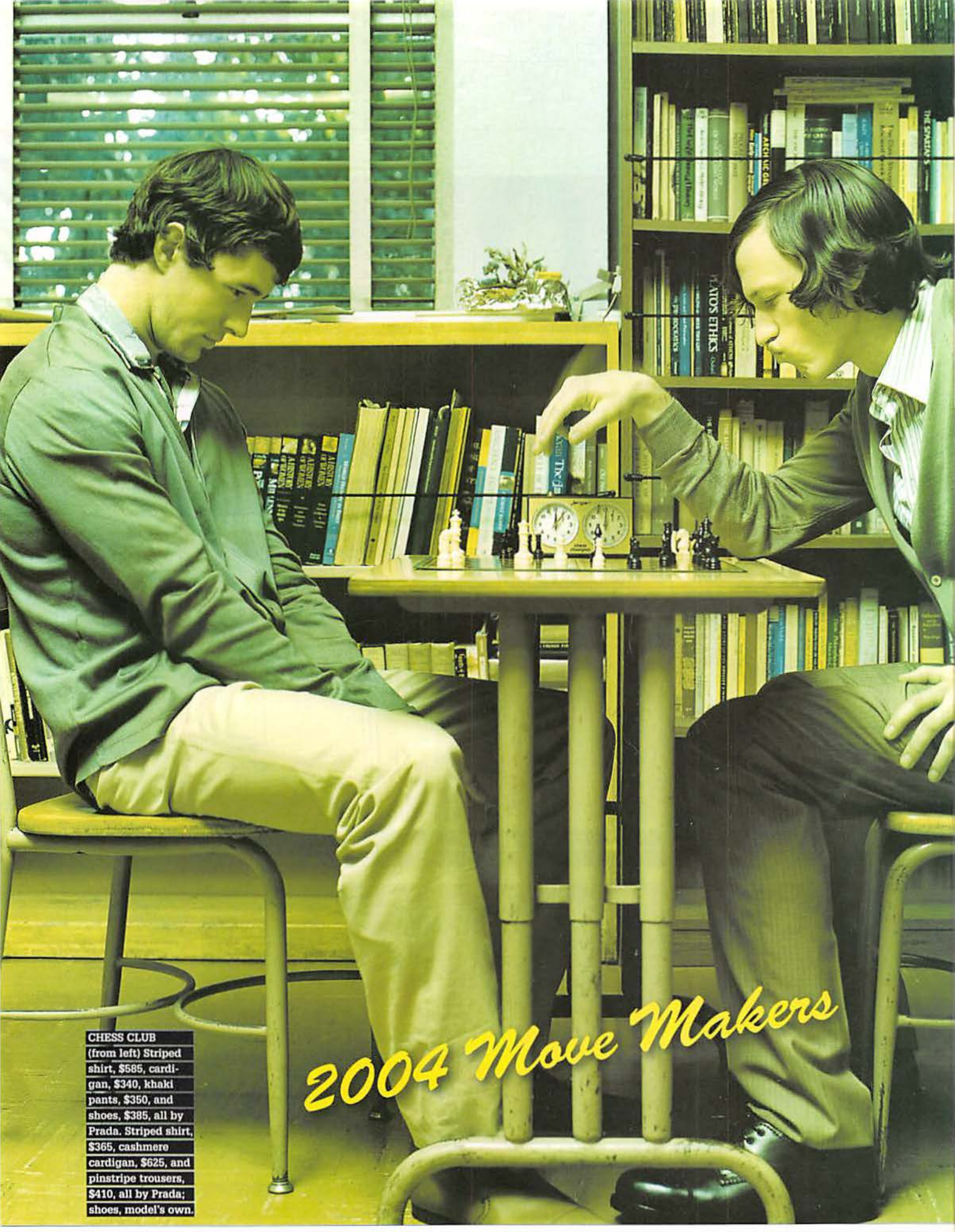


BRIGITTE
Class Flirt



GREGORY
Most Popular

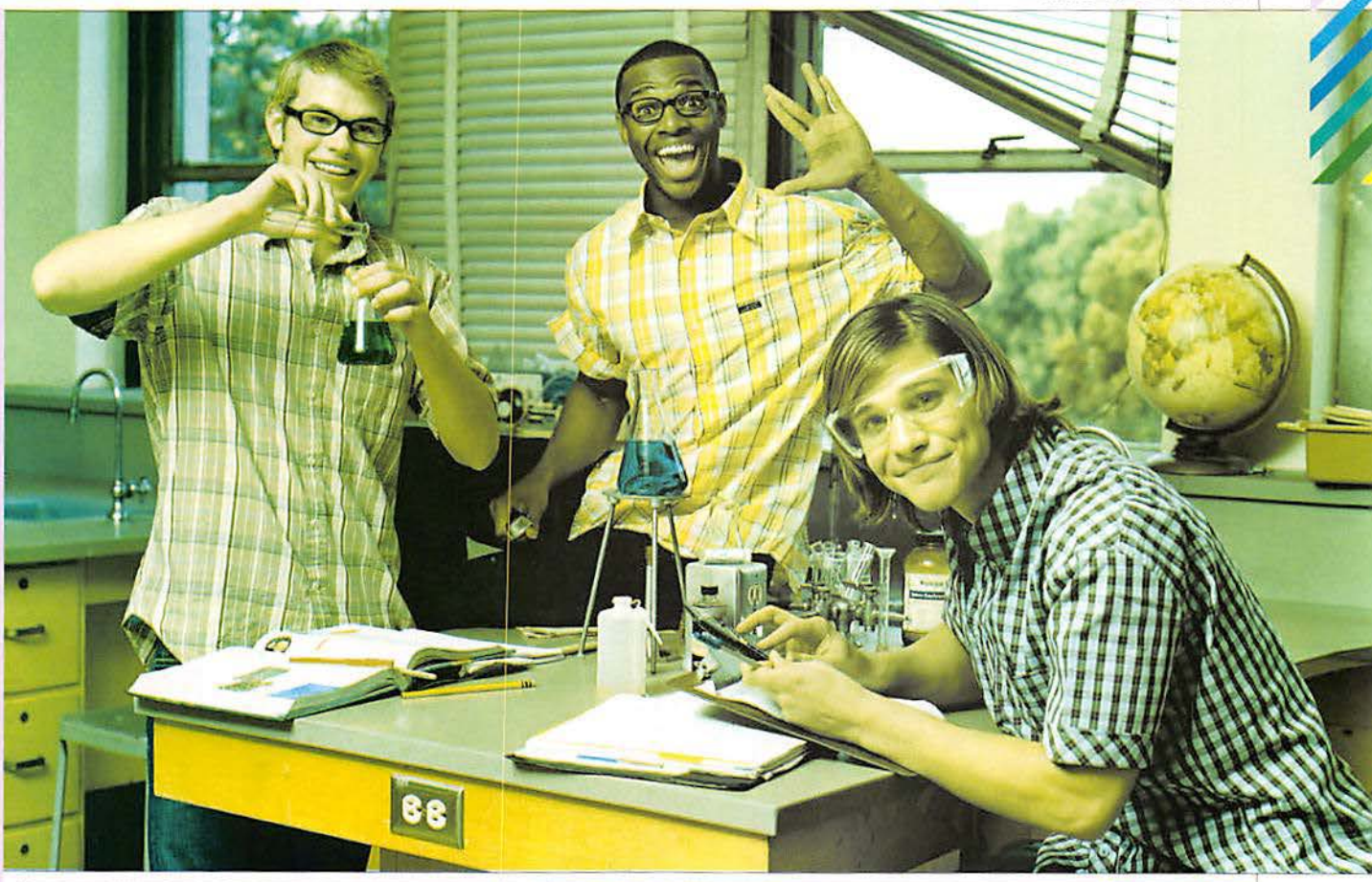
MARIA: Men's rugby shirt, $165, by Gran Sasso
BRIGITTE: Dotty shirt by Pringle of Scotland
GREGORY: Floral western shirt, $69, by Studio Chereskin



2004 Move Makers

CHESS CLUB (from left) Striped shirt, $585, cardigan, $340, khaki pants, $350, and shoes, $385, all by Prada. Striped shirt, $365, cashmere cardigan, $625, and pinstripe trousers, $410, all by Prada; shoes, model's own.

ACADEMIA



SCIENCE CLUB
(from left) Coast shirt, $48, by Guess?; Matt jeans, $78, by Mavi; Lunk glasses, $250, by l.a. Eyeworks. Easy-care plaid shirt, $36, by Chaps Ralph Lauren; Loose Straight 569 jeans, $65, by Levi's; Deelon glasses, $250, by l.a. Eyeworks. Keegan shirt, $59, by Ben Sherman.



MUSIC CLUB
(center) Oxford shirt, $69, by Club Monaco; Frandy argyle sweater, $215, by Pringle of Scotland; Stain Defender pants, $52, and shoes, $55, both by Dockers. On girls: Shirts, argyle sweaters, and skirts, all by J. Crew; cargo shoes by Report.

ATHLETICS

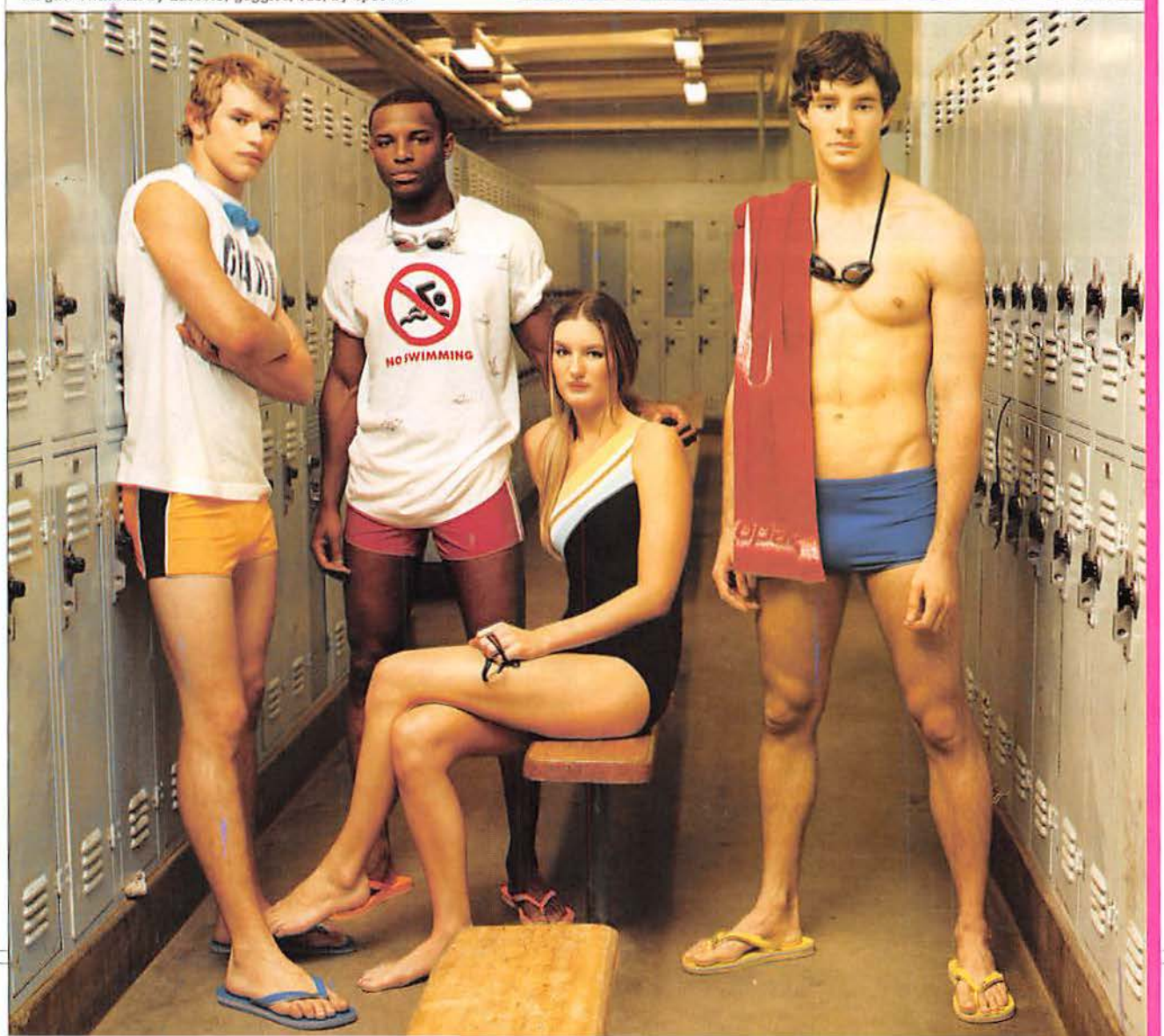


SOCCER TEAM

(from left) ColdGear crew-neck shirt, $47, by Under Armour; soccer shirt, $185, by Versace; Cat Speed shorts, $27, Liga '71 TT sneakers, $85, and socks, $10, all by Puma. ColdGear crew-neck shirt, $47, by Under Armour; shirt, $235, by D&G; Cat Speed shorts, $27, and socks, $15, both by Puma.

SWIM TEAM

(from left) Guard T-shirt, $40, by Gant; competition swim trunks, $40, by Nautica; goggles, $12, by Speedo; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas. No Swimming shirt, $65, by Moschino Mare Uomo; trunks, $38, and goggles, $14, both by Speedo; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas. Swim trunks, $78, by Emporio Armani; goggles, $25, and towel, $25, both by Speedo; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas. On girl: swimsuit by Lacoste; goggles, $25, by Speedo.



Styling ass[ce, Maria Ruocco; prop styling, John Millhouser for Exclusive; hair, makeup, and grooming, Tracey Moyer for cel[ncy.com and Jennifer Pitt for Artists by Timothy Priano. For buying information, see page 198.



2004 State Champs

BASKETBALL

(bottom row, from left): Hardcore Hustlers jersey, $40, and shorts, $50, both by Icewear by Ice T; MJ wristband, $6, by Jordan; Chuck Taylor All Star Hi sneakers, $40, by Converse. Basketball Jersey, $79, and basketball shorts, $75, both by Platinum FUBU Harlem Globetrotters; headband, $18, by NYBASED; Classic Amaze sneakers, $70, by Reebok. Air Jordan basketball top, $46, and Air Jordan basketball shorts, $42, both by Jordan. (top row, from left) Mesh tank, $50, by NYBASED; Block Buster short set, $120, by Ecko Unlimited; MJ wristbands, $6, by Jordan. Reversible jersey mesh tank, $42, by OIII Sports by Carl Banks; Biggie pullover, $56, by Bad Boy Athletics; mesh shorts, $16, by Russell Athletic; MJ headband, $6, by Jordan; Chuck Taylor All Star Hi sneakers, $40, by Converse.

Foorza sneakers, $65, by Reebok



THE WHITE STUFF

You don't have to know how to pop-and-lock, but you'll look like you can in these white athletic-style shoes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

Conquest
sneakers, $60,
by Pro-Keds



Superstar 2G Perf
sneakers, $70,
by Adidas



MC Rap
sneakers, $65,
by Etnies



California '78
sneakers, $45,
by Pony



Street Max Cat
sneakers, $100,
by Nike



Modern Mexico
sneakers, $65,
by Asics



Low-top
sneakers, $275,
by Jil Sander



Track
sneakers, $65,
by Royal Elastics



Kubrick
sneakers, $70,
by Kangol



HEAR ME, SMELL ME

Smell like a leading man with these classic fragrances.



Colonia Assoluta, $65, by Acqua di Parma



Spray bottle, $60, by Dunhill



Spray bottle, $50, by Givenchy Gentleman



Spray bottle, $65, by John Varvatos



Eau de toilette spray, $43, by Tuscany



Vaporisateur, $65, by Vera Wang for Men



Spray bottle cologne, $65, by Vetiver



Refillable spray, $55, by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche



MIND YOUR TEES

Already have a drawer full of T-shirts? Maybe...but you don't have any this cool.

1. Atlantic City T-shirt, **$55,** by Left Field

2. T-shirt, **$45,** by Trovata

3. T-shirt, **$50,** by Buckler

4. Red headphones T-shirt, **$22,** by C. Ronson

5. T-shirt, **$26,** by Lucky Brand

6. Aim High T-shirt, **$40,** by Aem'Kei

7. Laurel T-shirt, **$58,** by Fred Perry

8. Fondneu-Lav T-shirt, **$49,** by Diesel

9. The Sound T-shirt, **$18,** by Levi's

10. Firenze Marathon shirt, **$28,** by Tyler Speed

11. T-shirt, **$25,** by American Eagle Outfitters

12. Rock of Ages T-shirt, **$20,** by G*mart

TIME KEEPERS

Life is short. Watch it pass you by with one of these smart, shiny timepieces.

1. Watch, **$35**, by Armitron

2. Marine Star watch, **$199**, by Bulova

3. Cyber Aqualand NX watch, **$850**, by Citizen

4. Watch, **$65**, by Fossil

5. Tough Solar G-Shock watch, **$99**, by Casio

6. TT1 Professional Divers watch, **$1,675**, by Oris

7. Chronograph watch, **$275**, by Seiko

8. Sea Power watch, **$100**, by Swatch

9. 2000 Aquagraph watch, **$2,650**, by TAG Heuer





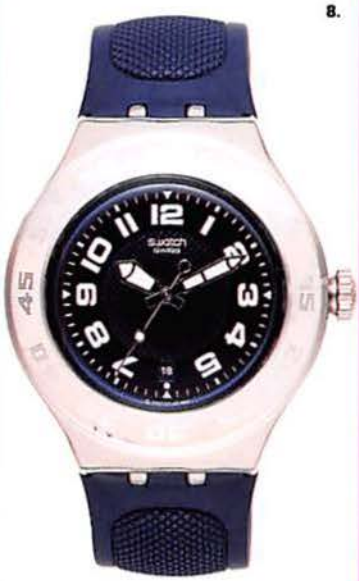














DARK STARS

Shield your eyes from the harsh glare of Mother Nature.



Metal wraparound sunglasses, $200, by Giorgio Armani



Wraparound Sunglasses, $85, by Tommy Hilfiger



Sunglasses, $45, by Polo Jeans Co. by Ralph Lauren



Sunglasses, $160, by Valentino by Safilo Group



Titan Minimal Art sunglasses, $250, by Silhouette



Hugo II board shorts, $46, by Quiksilver



Real Floral Swim trunks, $45, by Tommy Hilfiger



Freeway board shorts, $40, by Op

BOARD MEMBERS

Catch some waves—in the water or from the girls—in these sweet surf shorts.



Solarized board shorts, $50, by Rusty



Multi Wave swim trunks, $60, by Gant



Shootin' the Bird shorts, $50, by Billabong



Board shorts $35, by American Eagle Outfitters



Striped surf shorts, $45, by Nautica

For buying information, see page 198.

SOLE MATES

For those hot-weather days, these slip-ons offer zero socks appeal for maximum coolness.

1. 

1. Sandals, **$420,** by Bottega Veneta

2. 

2. Tibbs sandals, **$100,** by Johnston & Murphy

3. 

3. Leather slides, **$195,** by Bally

4. 

4. Gomma sandals, **$295,** by Tod's

5. 

5. Dune sandals, **$50,** by GBX

6. 

6. Roosevelt sandals, **$130,** by Birkenstock

7. 

7. Sandals, **$115,** by Bacco Bucci

8. 

8. Vicini sandals, **$285,** by Bruno Magli

9. 

9. Jarret sandals, **$90,** by Coach

DESIGNER DOZEN

Whether you're hitting the beach or roping a steer, these top designer brands guarantee you've got your spring style on lockdown.



1 Cotton shirt, $495, and cotton pants, $850, both by Dolce & Gabbana; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.

2 T-shirt, $25, nylon jacket, $80, and cargo shorts, $45, all by Nautica; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.

3 Cashmere sweater, $225, jacket, $495, and white jeans, $60, all by H Hilfiger; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.



5 Banded-collar shirt, $195, hooded zip-front jacket, $395, and white twill jeans, $145, all by Michael Kors; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.

4 Satin baseball jacket, $325, and shorts, $225, both by Valentino Red; sandals, $395, by Valentino.

6 1964 hooded sweatshirt, $230, basic twill jacket, $730, and dyed gabardine pants, $510, all by D²Squared; flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS WAGNER STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS

7 Shirt, $115, fringed jacket, $2,325, and trousers, $260, all by Nicole Fahri; cowboy hat, $150, by Stetson; vintage boots at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C.

8 Western shirt, $495, leather patchwork jacket, $4,195, and cowboy jeans, $435, all by Tom Ford for Gucci; rodeo cowboy boots, $795, and leather belt, $195, both by Gucci.



9 Western shirt, $595, and leather pants, $1,595, both by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; vintage boots and belt at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C.

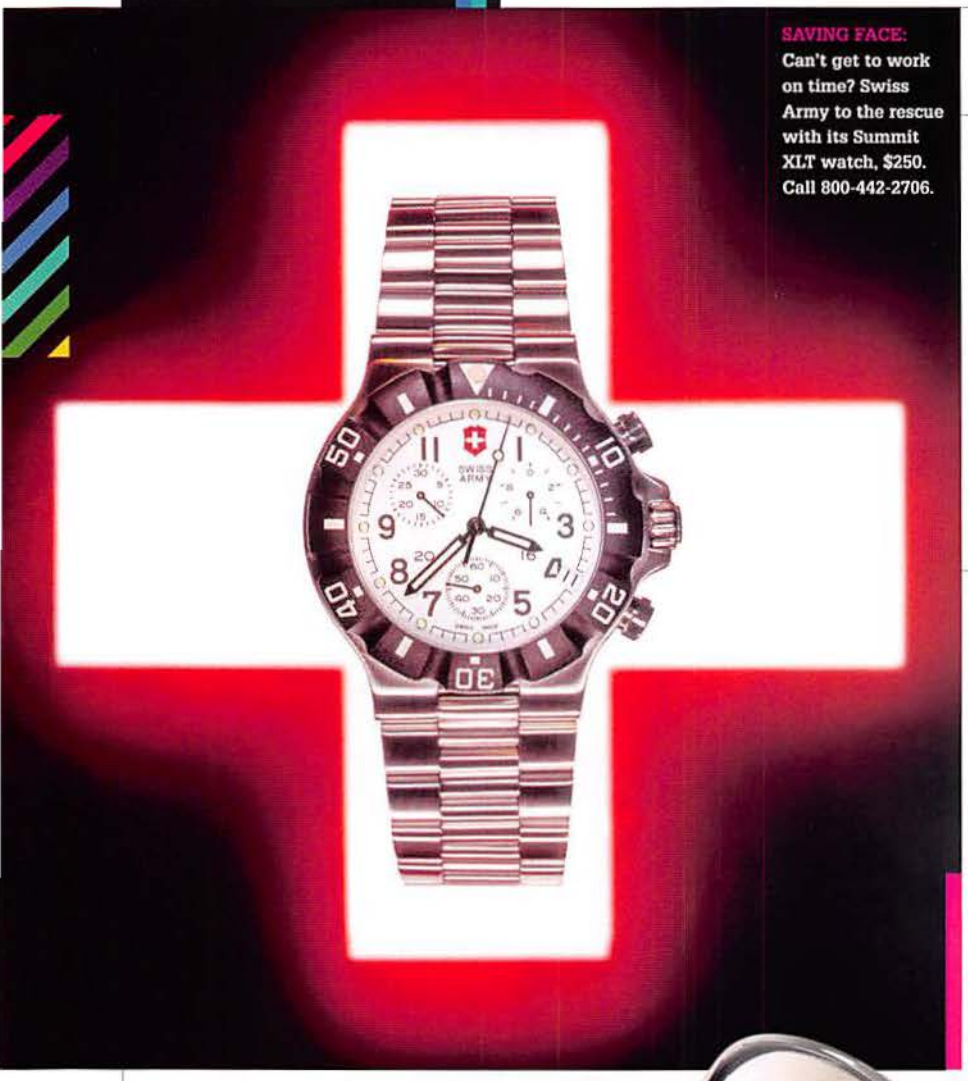
For buying information, see page 198.
Styling assistance, Maria Ruocco; grooming, Carol Ramer for Arthouse; grooming assistance, Dierdre Novella; prop styling, Laura Dotolo for Arthouse. Models: Josama, Daniel, Fernando, Erik Ness, James Stone, re:quest; Nate Esch, IMG, Will Taole, Nasimo, Click.



11 Snap-front shirt, $340, leather fringed pants, $1,665, and belt, $130, all by Calvin Klein Collection; vintage boots at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C.

10 Floral western shirt, $70, and pinstripe pants, $69, both by Perry Ellis; vintage boots at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C.

12 Henley shirt, $155, denim jacket, $695, boot-cut jeans, $185, and boots, $395, all by John Varvatos.



SAVING FACE: Can't get to work on time? Swiss Army to the rescue with its Summit XLT watch, $250. Call 800-442-2706.



SPRING CLEAN: Get less odor and more *eau de* with Liz Claiborne's Curve Crush for Men fragrance. The spicy scent sells for about $48 at department stores.

03.04

News flash! Right now is the time to look your all-around best. Strap on a sporty new watch, slather on some goods that'll make your hair look thicker, or turn back to an American designer who's making great sophisticated clothes.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: H HILFIGER

With a new collection of upscale clothes called H Hilfiger, Tommy grows up. Fine silk, cashmere, and cotton will satisfy your material side. Get it on at Tommy Hilfiger stores, or call 888-TOMMY4U.





READING GLASSES: We can't make this up. The fashion-forward folks at l.a. Eyeworks have created a new line of sunglasses called Fiction. $175 at speciality stores.

LOCK LATHER: L'Oréal's Vive for Men's goods make your hair look thicker. About $4 at drugstores.



RANCH DRESSING: Hit the roundup in a cowboy tee from Whispering Smith London. $24 at Macy's.



Photographs, John Lawton (watch); Shinichi Maruyama (others)

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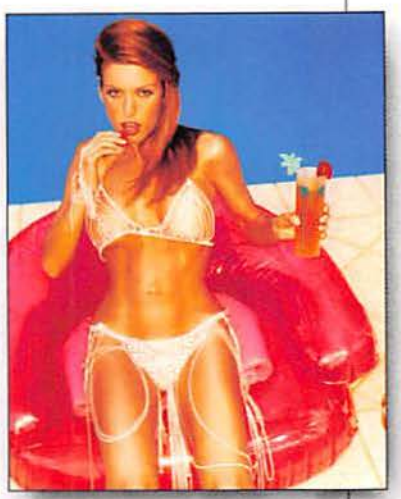
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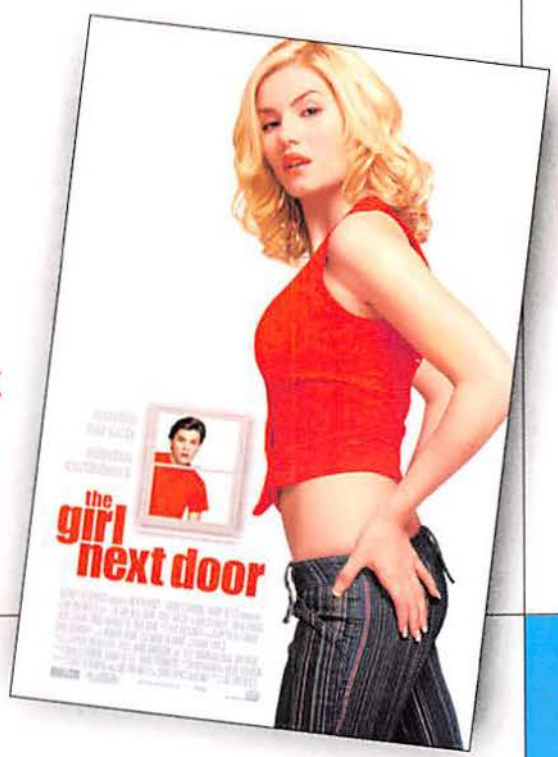
MAXIM's girl next door

The search for America's sexiest neighbor!



With Special Guest
Elisha Cuthbert
Star of the new movie
the girl next door

In Theaters, March 12th



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MAXIM SHAMELESS PLUGS

ROYAL ELASTICS





Shoe company **Royal Elastics** has brought the term "mobile home" to new heights with its touring **Mobile Showroom** and **Lounge**. The vehicle, decked out like part club lounge and part hotel room features the entire sneaker line, couches, flat screens TV's and more. Used for training employees and generating hype at industry trade shows and conventions, the custom tour bus has seen the likes of celebrities from Lil' Kim to Dave Navarro. A hell of a lot more than just sneakers, **Royal Elastics** is sneaker culture at its best. Keep a look out!





MAD MAD HOUSE

SCI FI

PREMIERES March 4 at 9:00/8:00c

A vampire, a witch, a Voodoo priestess, a modern primitive and a naturist move into a house. It's not a joke, they're the "Alts" from **SCI FI Channel**'s all-new reality series **Mad Mad House**. Ten everyday folk have to live in the same house where the "Alts" call the shots, with a cash prize waiting for the one who toughs it out the longest. **NOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER, TOO.** Tune in to the **PREMIERE, March 4 at 9:00/8:00c,** and keep your eyes peeled for questions from the "Alts".

GO TO SCIFI.COM/MADMADHOUSE to answer, and **Mad Mad House** could be in your house, with the "Alts" coming over to your place for the series finale party.

MAXIM PRESENTS The Powder Room

Maxim brings the ultimate après ski party to **The Aspen Comedy Festival** again this March. As comedians from around the country make their way to Aspen, *Maxim* will host **The Powder Room**. Past years have seen such famous laughers as Mike Myers, Oliver Stone, Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Janeane Garafolo and Jamie Kennedy! This year, for the festival's 10th anniversary, a who's who from the world of comedy will be there. So if you'll be in Aspen and if you're really funny, be sure to stop by and spend a Friday night with *Maxim*!





Mike Meyers, Joe Rogan and the lovely *Maxim* models at the 2003 *Maxim* Aspen party.

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– GameSpy

93%
EDITOR'S CHOICE
– PC Gamer

90%
– Gamers.com

94%
– Gamerankings.com

FIVE OUT OF FIVE
– GamePro.com

3 1/2 STARS OUT OF 4
– The Associated Press

4 1/2 STARS OUT OF 5
EDITOR'S CHOICE
– Computer Gaming World

9.3
EDITOR'S CHOICE
– IGN

9.0
EDITOR'S CHOICE
– Gamespot

A+
– UGO

FIVE OUT OF FIVE STARS
– Maxim

90%
– Game Informer

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Blood
Violence

PC CD-ROM SOFTWARE

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Because the Best Things in Life Cost Money

TOP GEAR

"Golly, mousetraps are getting sophisticated."



PEEWEE SHOOTER

Say cheese for the world's lightest camcorder, ya ham.

Capture police beatings. Collect evidence of your boss' blow habit. Record a weekend picnic with your girlfriend that you'll both cherish forever. Whatever you're shooting, Fisher's near-ingestible 5.4 oz. FVD-C1 can preserve it in stunning DVD-quality MPEG-4 video. This tapeless camera-camcorder combo shoots more than 60 minutes of action on a tiny 512 MB SD memory card. And the little bugger is practically schmuckproof, thanks to an easy, thumb-operable design and a bone-simple desktop cradle that'll allow even you to transfer files right to your 'puter. Want one? The FVD-C1 is available exclusively at Sears . . . many of which, incidentally, have bustling changing rooms near the lingerie department. *($900, sears.com)*

Photograph, Shinichi Maruyama for iGroup/RideCreative

PLUG IN AND PLAY

Nothing unleashes our inner geeks like a centerfold of extreme technolust.

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



eGO CYCLE 2 $999

Damian in our art department hates this bike. He calls it a "spaz chariot." That's just mean. He doesn't realize this 120-pound eco-friendly machine can zip along at 23 mph for about 15 miles before petering out. And it charges in four to six hours from any household outlet. But can it outdrag your neighbor's speedy Segway in a street race? This puppy is nearly twice as fast and $3,000 cheaper! Now who's spastic? *(egovehicles.com)*



SHUTTLE PC $800

Yes, with Windows XP Media Center Edition 2004, your computer *can* live at the heart of your entertainment system. But is your machine really up to the challenge of rendering your games and video? This weapons-grade 'puter from Shuttle boasts 512 MB of RAM, an e.Home Wonder TV tuner, and ATI's Radeon 9100 IGP graphics processor—the world's fastest for fragging foes in splatterific detail. Game on! *(shuttle.com)*



GRADO RS-1 HEADPHONES $695

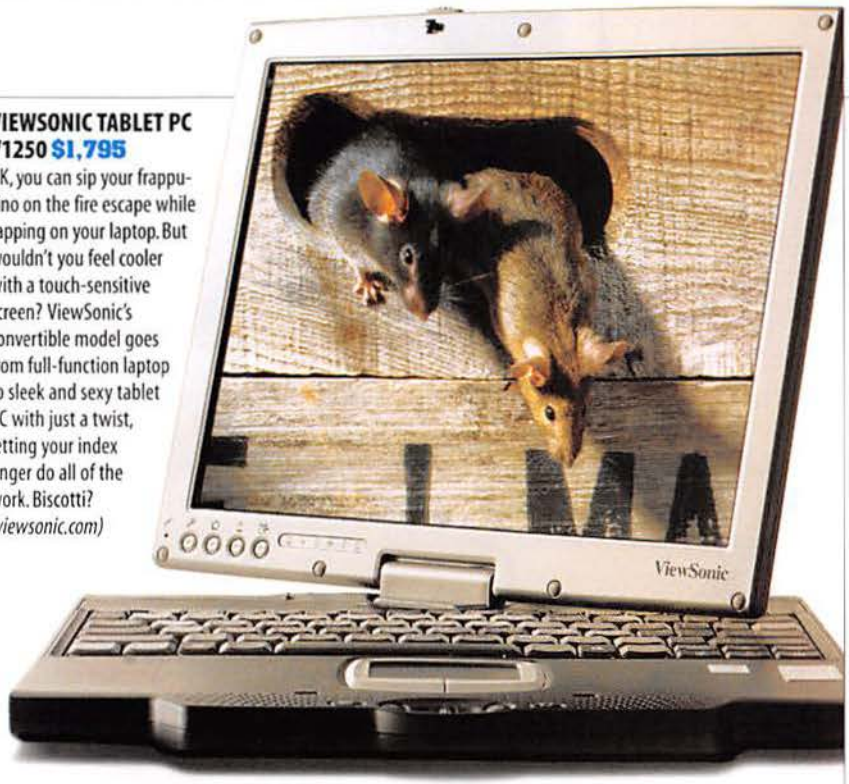
Mahogany is more than just dashboard material for a luxury car or a good name for a black stripper. This expensive hardwood, harvested from tropical groves, also lends a rich, resonant sound to speaker cabinets and, in this case, headphones. Hand-cured to enhance its tonal quality, the wood gives these cans an old-school look that belies the modern technology inside. The open-air configuration allows some ambient noise to slip in, which makes the listening experience deeper depending on room tone. That means some sound gets out too, so don't go rocking to Abba at work. *(gradolabs.com)*





VIEWSONIC TABLET PC V1250 $1,795

OK, you can sip your frappucino on the fire escape while tapping on your laptop. But wouldn't you feel cooler with a touch-sensitive screen? ViewSonic's convertible model goes from full-function laptop to sleek and sexy tablet PC with just a twist, letting your index finger do all of the work. Biscotti? *(viewsonic.com)*





GAMESTER CLASH PADS $35

Win if you can, lose if you must. But cheat at all costs. Thanks to these devious controllers, players can screw with a PS2 opponent's game with the flip of a switch. Take command of your opponent's controller, driving him into a ditch or lowering his defenses as your skillfully executed combo move builds to its climax. Of course, he can do the same to your controller. Then you'll retaliate, and he'll come back with more duplicitous abuse. Then . . . oh, the horror. Will we never again know peace in this world? *(theunfairadvantage.com)*

PHILIPS 60PP9352 $2,599

You know those little TV network logos at the bottom of your screen? They're called bugs. And they are to your TV what gonorrhea is to your genitals: a burning nuisance. This monster 60-inch high-def (1080i/480p) set shifts the image every so often—so subtly you won't see it, but enough to prevent that burn. *(philipsusa.com)*



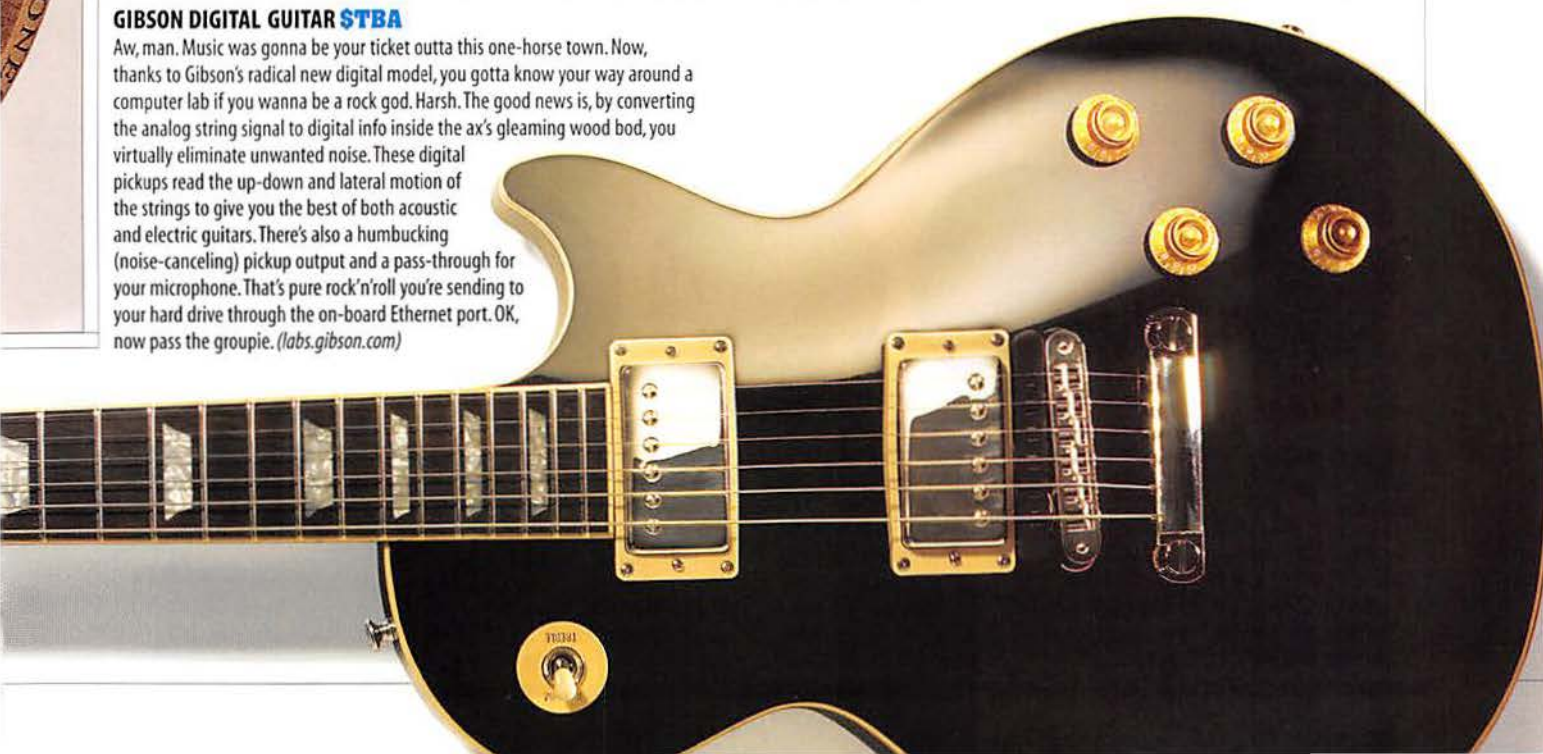
PANASONIC VDR-M30 $900

The back of your TV already has more cables and plugs than Marilyn Manson's underpants. Why complicate matters? Shoot your home movies on DVD. A single disc lets you record 120 minutes of high-quality MPEG2 video, and this camcorder's brain is smart enough to adjust recording speed to fill any remaining space. *(panasonic.com)*



GIBSON DIGITAL GUITAR $TBA

Aw, man. Music was gonna be your ticket outta this one-horse town. Now, thanks to Gibson's radical new digital model, you gotta know your way around a computer lab if you wanna be a rock god. Harsh. The good news is, by converting the analog string signal to digital info inside the ax's gleaming wood bod, you virtually eliminate unwanted noise. These digital pickups read the up-down and lateral motion of the strings to give you the best of both acoustic and electric guitars. There's also a humbucking (noise-canceling) pickup output and a pass-through for your microphone. That's pure rock'n'roll you're sending to your hard drive through the on-board Ethernet port. OK, now pass the groupie. *(labs.gibson.com)*



EDITORS' CHOICE!

When repo men finally reclaim all our cool shit, we'll miss this stuff the most.

BY JOHN WALSH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



PALMONE TREO 600 $450

Leave your Sprint PCS phone alone with a Palm OS organizer for a night and see what happens. This pocket-size mobile with QWERTY keyboard supports every wireless app you can think of: text messaging, e-mail, Web browsing. It even has a built-in digital camera. Not bad for a bastard child. *(handspring.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Phone	
PDA	
Interface	



VIRGIN PULSE VP-07 $70

It looks like an old prop swiped from the set of *Buck Rogers,* and we consider that a plus; anything that reminds us of Erin Gray prancing around in tight-fitting silver space-age spandex wins points in our books. This Virgin Pulse CD/clock radio with a purty li'l price tag employs a clever pitched face design, so that discs (including CD-R/RWs) easily slide in and out like pieces of toast. Music blares from two front-firing stereo speakers, and the quality is surprisingly good for a low-watt nightstand setup. Unlike many clock radios, this one integrates two audio jacks, so you and your sister can listen in at the same time. Also in the mix: 25 presets for AM, FM, and weather bands (the reception was spotty at times); alarm, snooze, and backup battery power for surviving blackouts. The only major drawback: a blinding LED display with no brightness control. We could actually read from this light source . . . if only our lips didn't get so tired. *(virginpulse.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Sound	
Design	
Value	



NUCLEUS MICRO $150 to $200 apiece

Remember your cousin Clarence with that huge misshapen head? He talked funny, didn't he? Maybe a tad shrill in the midrange, with muddy bass notes? That wasn't a speech impediment: The shape of Clarence's head actually affected the sound of his voice. Anthony Gallo Acoustics puts this very simple principle into practice with these speaker orbs. Their unique shape helps eliminate external diffraction, the dissonant result of sound traveling through a square speaker cabinet. Just four inches in diameter, Nucleus Micros are small enough to place anywhere, but they're as heavy as grapeshot. It's a small price to pay for 100 watts of distortion-free audio, which is loud enough to drown out even Clarence's jarring whoops come *Matlock* hour. *(roundsound.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Sound	
Design	
Value	

New Scientific Breakthrough In The Male Enhancement Market!

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Improve. Increase. Enjoy.



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Maxomize Your Value

Studies have shown that when substances are taken orally, as little as 5% make it to the cells where they are needed... ONLY 5%! Looking at this from an investment standpoint, if you invest $70 - $100 on pills that claim you MAY see a result in 3-4 weeks, you are only realizing $3.50 - $5.00 of effectiveness, if at all. The rest is waste, discarded by the organs of the body. Since MAXŌDERM™ is delivered through the skin, as much as 95% of its powerful formula reaches the desired area. **DON'T BE FOOLED BY CHEAP IMITATIONS AND INEFFECTIVE PILLS OR PATCHES.**

"I've always considered myself to be an average guy - I have a good job and keep myself in great shape. Enhancing size and sexual performance was something I've always been interested in, I mean isn't everyone. It's not that I was small, it's just that I wanted to have a little extra size. And I'm not the most patient person in the world. I wanted a product that would work quickly. I'm happy to say that MAXODERM™ lives up to its claims. Thank you for making such a high quality product."
Michael S., Los Angeles, CA

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Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.
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"THE ONLY MALE ENHANCEMENT FORMULA ON THE MARKET THAT YOU CAN ACTUALLY FEEL WORKING."



SAMSUNG YP-910GS $350

Made for the newly legal Napster music service, this 20 GB MP3 player ups the Apple iPod ante by bundling in a remote and a transmitter for wireless connection to a car stereo. You even receive 20 free downloads from Napster 2.0 and built-in support for WMA files. It's unfortunate the playlist interface is so clumsy. But so are you, and we love you anyway. *(samsung.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Memory	
Interface	
Battery Life	



GATEWAY 610XL $2,100

Finally, an all-in-one Microsoft XP Media Center PC without a ton of junk in the trunk. Easily this year's sexiest desktop, Gateway's 610XL boasts a dazzling 17-inch wide-screen LCD and measures a svelte 10 inches deep. Peep under the hood and you'll find a blazing-fast 3 GHz Intel Pentium 4 processor, 512 MB of RAM, and a colossal 200 GB hard drive that's roomy enough to record and store entire seasons of TV. Spin or burn the medium of your choice on the 610XL's speedy DVD-RW drive, and read all your media cards—from SD to Memory Stick—with the integrated seven-in-one media card reader. The elegant design means there's no enormous tower parked on your desktop or waiting in the kneehole to do injury to your shins. The downside? If the screen goes, you're screwed. In this rare instance, an extended warranty is a good idea. *(gateway.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Power	
Design	
Versatility	



KYOCERA SL300R $410

What's your biggest beef with digital cameras? Shutter lag. That lapse between pushing the button and snapping the picture is the difference between a great blackmail shot and a blurry snap of your roommate *after* cornholing the school mascot. Can you afford that? This baby has the best response of any digital camera we've used, and it's a tight package for 3.2 megapixels. We printed sharp 8x10 images and even took movie clips, with sound, on a high-capacity SD card. *(dynamism.com)*

★ AT A GLANCE	
Prints	
Shutter	
Portability	

AS SEEN ON TV

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!



DOES YOUR *SIZE* REALLY MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

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PENIS ENLARGEMENT BREAKTHROUGH: The MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to *add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood* to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement Formula – ***GUARANTEED!***

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In the past 12 months, demand for MAGNA-RX+ has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful Penis Enlargement Formula. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of MAGNA-RX+'s proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement Formula daily for three to five weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- *You'll increase your penis size by two to five full inches as well as becoming thicker and fuller*
- *Your confidence level and self-esteem will soar as you satisfy your lover like never before*

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

MAGNA-RX+ is so powerful, so effective, so complete, *we 100% guarantee that you will NEVER have to purchase any more than the 120-day supply included in this special offer.* We could easily make MAGNA-RX+ much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next two months, like some companies. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That's the secret of our success! With MAGNA-RX+, you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – *with nothing else to buy ever again!*

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE – SAVE $60!

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of MAGNA-RX+ today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: MAGNA-RX+ is the world's #1 best-selling Penis Enlargement Formula for one very simple reason: *IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!*

Need another reason to try MAGNA-RX+? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* MAGNA-RX+ normally retails for $59.95 for a 60-day supply, but if you order now, ***we'll include a second two-months supply absolutely FREE!*** *Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to five full inches for less than a 50¢ a day!*

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for two months... I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra..." *–W.B., Washington, D.C.*

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just three weeks!" *–V.W., Illinois*

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" *–T.M., Oklahoma*

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." *–R.C., South Carolina*

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

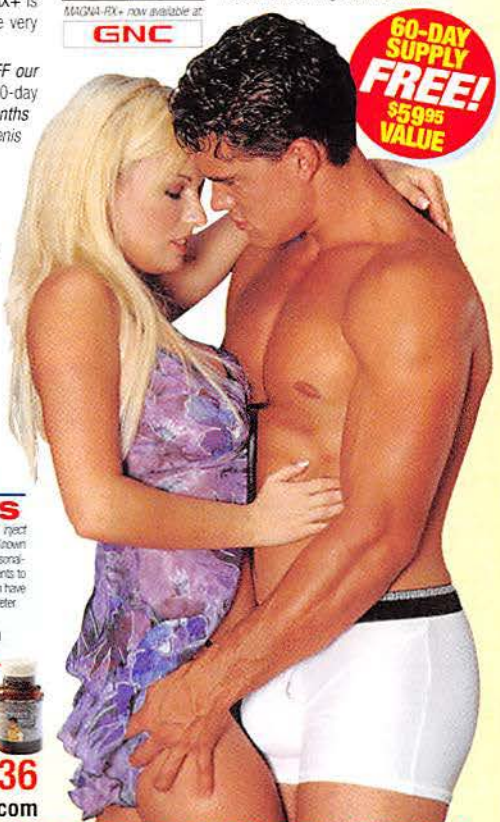
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The genius behind MAGNA-RX+ is George Aguilar, MD, a *Board Certified Urologist* who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the *College of Urology* and the *Society of Urology*, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his *State Society of Urologists*. Over years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as MAGNA-RX+: a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.



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Safe And Proven Effective: A Sex Solution For Men And Women!

This amazing pill gets everyone ready to go! The secret is an enzyme found only in certain grasses. It works on the libido centers of the brain. A manufactured, highly-concentrated dose of that enzyme has a pronounced effect on humans! **Sativol** was found effective in two research studies, proving it measurably increased horniness, erections, and pleasure. You'll enjoy big, powerful, throbbing, erections with no letdown; a horny feeling of wanting sex more often; a renewed sex life at any age (providing reasonable health). *Regularly $75.00*

60 CAPSULES *only* **$49.95**

MOTIVATOR

Motivate her with just one of these tablets (use as directed and with her permission), giving her intense sexual feelings in about five minutes. Best of all, the effect lasts for a passionate half-hour! You'll find the effect of these tablets is irresistible. Motivator will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989.

24 TABLETS *for* **$12.00**

POWER PILLS

Peter North says, *"My private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis."* Known for his sexual endurance in take after take, he personally perfected highly-concentrated doses of ingredients to maintain his supercharged performances. You can have a sustained erection and climax control just like Peter.

30 TABLETS *for* **$18.00**
***SAVE!* 120 TABLETS** *only* **$35.00**

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SAVE $49.95 with the ECONOMY PACK!

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Credit Card Account # plus 3-digit Security Code on back of card or AmEx 4-digits on front:

_____ Code_____

Signature X_____

Total Purchase	$_____
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Shipping Via Priority Mail or FedEx	$ 6.95
ADD $2 for RUSH Service	$_____
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TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED	$_____

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BUYING GUIDE

STYLE U

Page 166–167: (from left) Shirt, $225, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; at Robert Talbott stores; Khaki's of Carmel, Carmel, CA; Baumans Men's Shop, Little Rock, AR; or call 800-747-8778; or visit robarttalbott.com. Tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; at Robert Talbott stores; Saks Fifth Avenue; Khaki's of Carmel, Carmel, CA; or call 800-747-8778; or visit robarttalbott.com. Cuff links, $425, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; at Robert Talbott stores; Nordstrom; Pinstripe jacket (part of suit), $495, by Bill Blass, call 800-451-2323. Jeans, $187, by Rock & Republic, at the Lounge, N.Y.C. Sneakers, $40, by Converse, visit converse.com. Shorts, $295, by Weber by Coast, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; and Ron Herman, L.A.; or call 212-969-9683. Sneakers, $40, by Converse, visit converse.com. T-shirt, $295, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Holt Renfrew; 83; Traffic. Pants, $64, by Merc, at 99X, N.Y.C.; Rolo, San Francisco; Vice, L.A. Sneakers, $100, by Nike, visit niketown.com. Hat, $18, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Armband, $10, by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com. T-shirt, $85, by DieselStyleLab, at Urban Evolution, Charlotte, NC; and Gerry's Menswear, N.Y.C. Jacket, $455, and pants, $120, both by DieselStyleLab, at DieselStyleLab, N.Y.C.; Diesel store, N.Y.C. and San Francisco. Belt, $130, by DieselStyleLab, at MAN, L.A. Sneakers, $40, by Converse, visit converse.com. Shirt, $53, jacket, $365, and pocket square, $40, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674. Jeans, $75, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus stores; or call 888-475-7674. Belt, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; at Robert Talbott stores; Khaki's of Carmel, Carmel, CA; Saks Fifth Avenue; or call 800-747-8778; or visit robarttalbott.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. On girls: Maxim cheerleading outfit. Sneakers, $60, by Adidas, visit adidas.com. Shirt by D²Squared, at Al Maree's, New Port Beach, CA; Urban Evolution, North Carolina. Skirt by Yanuk, at Barneys New York. Shoes by Sergio Rossi, at Sergio Rossi; or visit sergiorossi.com.

Page 168: Shirt, $310, by Moschino Uomo, at Apartment No. 9, Chicago. Jacket, $1,000, and trousers, $250, both by Moschino Uomo, by special order at Camouflage, N.Y.C.; Traffic, L.A. Tie, $70, by Moschino Uomo, at La Maison Simons, Montreal. Gown by Moschino Donna, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, Bergdorf Goodman. Jacket by Moschino Donna, at select Saks Fifth Avenue; and Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

Page 169: (Top row, from left) Sweater, $49, by Original Penguin, at Original Penguin, N.Y.C.; Barneys New York; Fred Segal, L.A.; or visit originalpenguin.com. Shirt, $50, by Eddie Bauer, visit eddiebauer.com. Shirt, $59, and vest, $115, both by Kenneth Cole New York, call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit kennethcole.com. (middle row, from left) Shirt, $165, by Gran Sasso, at Exposure, Staten Island, NY, and Sebastians, Dallas; or call 212-969-9683; or visit gransasso.com. Shirt, $70, by Gant, at select Gant stores; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Shirt, $70, by Claiborne, at Macy's. (bottom row, from left) Shirt, $49, by Ben Sherman, at The Jeanery, San Diego; or visit bensherman.com. Shirt, $69, by Studio Chereskin. On girl: Shirt, $275, by Pringle of Scotland, at M.E. and Company, Seattle.

Page 170: (from left to right) Shirt, $585, cardigan, $340, pants, $350, shoes, $385, shirt, $365, cardigan, $625, and trousers, $410, all by Prada, at select Prada stores; or call 888-977-1900.

Page 171: (top, from left) Shirt, $48, by Guess?, at Guess? stores, or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Jeans, $78, by Mavi, at Mavi store, N.Y.C.; Nordstrom; It's the Ritz; or call 866-MAVI-575; or visit mavi.com. Glasses, $250, by I.a. Eyeworks, at fine optical stores, or call 800-348-3337, or visit laeyeworks.com. Shirt, $36, by Chaps by Ralph Lauren, at Belk stores. Jeans, $65, by Levi's, visit levi.com. Glasses, $250, by I.a. Eyeworks, at fine optical stores, or call 800-348-3337, or visit laeyeworks.com. Shirt, $59, by Ben Sherman, at select Bloomingdale's stores; or visit bensherman.com. Jeans, $160, by Blue Cult, at Barneys New York. (bottom) Shirt, $69, by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco, N.Y.C., Chicago, L.A.; or call 888-580-5804; or visit clubmonaco.com. Sweater, $215, by Pringle of Scotland, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pants, $52, and shoes, $55, both by Dockers, visit dockers.com. On girls: Shirts, sweaters, and skirts, all by 3 Crew; visit j.crew.com. Shoes by Report, visit reportshoes.com.

Page 172: (Top, from left) Shirt, $47, by Under Armour, visit underarmour.com. Shirt, $185, by Versace, at Versace stores; or call 888-3-Versace. Shorts, $27, sneakers, $85, and socks, $10, all by Puma, call 888-565-7862; or visit puma.com. Shirt, $47, by Under Armour, visit underarmour.com. Shirt, $235, by D&G, at D&G stores, Short Hills, NJ, N.Y.C., L.A. Shorts, $27, socks, $15, both by Puma, call 888-565-7862; or visit puma.com. Sneakers, $395, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores. (Bottom, from left) T-shirt, $40, by Gant, at select Gant stores; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Trunks, $40, by Nautica, at Nautica store, N.Y.C.; Macy's; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. Goggles, $12, by Speedo, visit speedousa.com. Shirt, $65, by Moschino Mare Uomo, at Camouflage, N.Y.C. Swim trunks, $38, and goggles, $12, both by Speedo, visit speedousa.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. Swim trunks, $78, by Emporio Armani, at select Emporio Armani stores; or visit emporioarmani.com. Goggles, $25, and towel, $25, both by Speedo, visit speedousa.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. On girl: Swimsuit by Lacoste, by special order only, call 800-4-LACOSTE. Goggles, $25, by Speedo, visit speedousa.com.

Page 173: (bottom row from left to right) Jersey, $40, and shorts, $50, both by Icewear by Ice T, at City Blue, Philadelphia; Levine's, Dallas. Sneakers, $40, by Converse, visit converse.com. Wristband, $6, by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com. Jersey, $79, and shorts, $75, both by Platinum FUBU Harlem Globetrotters, at Macy's; or visit fubu.com. Sneakers, $70, by Reebok, call 800-REEBOK1. Headband, $18, by NYBased, at Sparacino, Philadelphia; Beach Essentials, Rehoboth Beach, DE. Jersey, $44, and shorts, $42, both by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com. Sneakers, $120, by Asics, call 800-678-9433; or visit asicsamerica.com. (top row, from left) Tank, $50, by NYBased, at Boy Next Door, Atlanta; Quake, L.A. Jacket (part of short set), $120, by Ecko Unlimited, at Ecko Unltd., N. Attleboro, MA; Macy's. Wristband, $6, by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com. Tank, $42, by G-III, at Champs stores; or visit champssports.com. Pullover, $56, by Bad Boy Athletics, at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Foot Locker. Shorts, $35, by Russell Athletics, visit russellathletic.com. Headband, $6, by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com.

WHITE STUFF

Page 174: Sneakers, $65, by Reebok, call 800-REEBOK1.

Page 175: (top row, from left) Sneakers, $60, by Pro-Keds, visit prokeds.com. Sneakers, $70, by Adidas, visit adidas.com. Sneakers, $64, by Etnies, visit etnies.com. (middle row, from left) Sneakers, $45, by Pony, call 866-221-PONY. Sneakers, $100, by Nike, visit niketown.com. Sneakers, $65, by ASICS, call 800-678-9435; or visit asicsamerica.com. (bottom row, from left) Sneakers, $275, by Jil Sander, at Jil Sander store, N.Y.C.; Jeffrey, N.Y.C., L.A.; Maxfield, L.A.; To Boot; Bergdorf Goodman; or call 800-704-7317. Sneakers, $65, by Royal Elastics, visit royalelastics.com. Sneakers, $70, by Kangol, at David 2, and Macy's East; or visit kangol.com.

HEAR ME, SMELL ME

Page 176: (top row, from left) Spray, $50, by Aqua di Parma, at better department stores. Spray, $60, by Dunhill, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Spray, $50, by Givenchy Gentleman, visit sephora.com. (middle row, from left) Spray, $65, by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos stores; and at select specialty stores. Natural spray, $43, by Tuscany, at department stores. (bottom row, from left) Vaporisateur, $65, by Vera Wang for Men, at department stores. Spray, $65, by Vetiver, at select specialty stores. Refillable natural spray, $55, by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; Bloomingdale's.

MIND YOUR TEES

Page 177: (first row, from left) T-shirt, $55, by Left Field, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Standard, Atlanta; Jake & Mabel, Pittsburgh. T-shirt, $45, by Trovata, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; L.A.; and Miami; American Rag, L.A.; and San Francisco; and Union, N.Y.C. T-shirt, $50, by Buckler, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Patricia Field's, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal, Santa Monica; Rolo, San Francisco; and Ron Herman, L.A.; or visit buckler.com. (second row, from left) T-shirt, $22, by C. Ronson, at C. Ronson store, T-shirt, $26, by Lucky Brand, at Lucky Brand stores. T-shirt, $40, by ame'kas, at Factory People, Austin; Next, Cleveland; and Vice, N.Y.C. (third row, from left) T-shirt, $58, by Fred Perry, visit fredperry.com. Shirt, $49, by Diesel, at Diesel stores. T-shirt, $18, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com. (fourth row, from left) T-shirt, $28, by Tyler Speed, at Bloomingdale's; or visit tylerspeed.com. T-shirt, $25, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. T-shirt, $20, by g*mart, visit gxtomart.com.

TIME KEEPERS

Page 178: (top row, from left) Watch, $35, by Armitron, call 800-840-2933. Watch, $199, by Bulova, at Zale's. Watch, $850, by Citizen, visit citizenwatch.com. (middle row, from left) Watch, $65, by Fossil, call 800-449-3056. Watch, $99, by G-Shock by Casio, call 800-836-8580; or visit casio.com. (bottom row, from left) Watch, $1,675, by Oris, visit oris-watch.com. Watch, $275, by Seiko, at Macy's; and JC Penney; or visit seikousa.com. Watch, $100, by Swatch, call 800-8-SWATCH. Watch, $2,650, by TAG Heuer, at TAG Heuer stores, N.Y.C.; or call 866-260-0460; or visit tagheuer.com.

DARK STARS

Page 179: (from top) Sunglasses, $200, by Giorgio Armani, at select Solstice stores; call 866-246-9043. Sunglasses, $85, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Sunglasses, $45, by Polo Jeans Co. by Ralph Lauren Eyewear, at select Solstice stores, call 866-246-9043. Sunglasses, $160, by Valentino by Safilo Group, at select Solstice stores; or call 866-246-9043. Sunglasses, $250, by Silhouette, call 800-223-0180; or visit silhouette.com.

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

Page 180: (top row, from left) Shorts, $46, by Quiksilver, at select Quiksilver Boardriders Club stores; or call 800-576-4004; or visit quiksilver.com. Shorts, $45, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Shorts, $40, by Op, at May Company. (middle row, from left) Shorts, $50, by Rusty, visit rusty.com. Shorts, $60, by Gant, at select Gant stores; or call 888-645-GANT, or visit gant.com. (bottom row, from left) Shorts, $50, by Billabong, visit billabong.com. Shorts, $55, by Nat Nast, call 800-NAT-NAST. Shorts, $45, by Nautica, at Nautica store, N.Y.C.; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com.

SOLE MATES

Page 181: (top row, from left) Sandals, $420, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715. Sandals, $100, by Johnston & Murphy, at select Macy's, Dillard's, and Bloomingdale's; or call 888-792-3272; or visit johnstonandmurphy.com. Sandals, $195, by Bally, at Bally, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. Sandals, $295, by Tod's, at Tod's stores; or call 800-457-TODS. Sandals, $50, by GBX, at gbxshoe.com. Sandals, $130, by Birkenstock, call 800-761-1404; or visit birkenstock.com. (bottom row, from left) Sandals, $115, by Bacco Bucci, at Nordstrom's; Macy's West; Friedman Shoes; or visit nordstrom.com, macys.com; and largefeet.com. Sandals, $285, by Bruno Magli, call 800-MAGLI-22. Sandals, $90, by Coach, call 866-262-2440; or visit coach.com.

DESIGNER DOZEN

Page 182–183: (from left) Shirt, $495, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores. Trousers, $850, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Bergdorf Goodman. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. T-shirt, $25, jacket, $80, and shorts, $45, all by Nautica, at Nautica, N.Y.C.; Macy's; and Dillard's; or call 877-Nautica; or visit nautica.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. Sweater, $225, blazer, $495, and jeans, $60, all by H Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. Jacket, $325, by Valentino RED; at Valentino stores. Shorts, $225, by Valentino RED, at select Valentino stores. Sandals, $395, by Valentino, at select Valentino stores. Sweatshirt, $230, by D²Squared, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; and Saks Fifth Avenue. Blazer, $730, by D²Squared, at En Avance, Miami. Pants, $510, by D²Squared, at Traffic, L.A.; and Charles Spiegel, Pittsburgh, PA. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com. Shirt, $195, and jeans, $145, both by Michael Kors, at Michael Kors, N.Y.C. Jacket, $395, at select Neiman Marcus; select Marshall Field's. Flip-flops, $15, by Havaianas, visit havaianas.com.

Page 184–85: (from left) Shirt, $595, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Neiman Marcus; and AK Rikks, Grand Rapids, MI; or call 888-475-7674. Pants, $1,595, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at select Saks Fifth Avenue; and Neiman Marcus; or call 888-475-7674. Boots and belt, at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C. Shirt, $115, jacket, $2,325, and trousers, $260, all by Nicole Farhi, at Nicole Farhi, N.Y.C. Hat, $150, by Stetson, visit stetson.com. Boots, at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C. Shirt, $495, blazer, $4,195, jeans, $435, all by Tom Ford for Gucci, at select Gucci stores; or call 800-234-8224. Boots, $795, and belt, $195, both by Gucci, at select Gucci stores; or call 800-234-8224. Shirt, $70, pants, $69, both by Perry Ellis, visit perryellis.com. Boots, at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C. Henley, $155, by John Varvatos, at Neiman Marcus; or call 800-937-9146. Jacket, $695, jeans, $185, and boots, $395, all by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos stores; or visit johnvarvatos.com. Shirt, $340, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores; Macy's West; Bergdorf Goodman. Pants, $1,665, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores; and Macy's West. Belt $130, by Calvin Klein Collection; at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Boots, at Whiskey Dust, N.Y.C.

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CLOTHING CREDITS

Page 100: Black ruffle panties by Anourette. Gold N necklace from Screaming Mimi's, N.Y.C. Gold strap heels by Stuart Weitzman.

Page 80: Sheer black panties with lilac tie by Only Hearts. Black lace panties by Exotica from Brazil.

Page 82: Black sheer bra and suspender slip by Calvin Klein. Black stockings by Wolford. Heart necklace by Tiffany and Co. Pink bra and suspender slip by Calvin Klein. Sheer stockings with pink seam by Agent Provocateur.

Page 84: Deep claret basque by Exotica from Brazil. Stockings by Wolford. Pink bra and panties by Exotica from Brazil.

Page 112–114: Bra available at Barneys New York. Tank by La Cosa. Pants by Laura Urbanatti.

Page 115–116: Bra and top available at Barneys New York. Underwear by Diesel. T-shirt by The Gap. Bottoms by Diesel.

Page 118: Shirt by Ann Demeulemeester.

Page 128: Pale-pink bra and panties by Virginwear, available at figleaves.com.

Page 130: Underwire basque with tie-back by Argentovivo, at figleaves.com.

Page 132: Red bra and panties by Love Kylie, at figleaves.com. Stockings by Aristoc.

Page 133: Red babydoll from H & M Hennes. Necklace and bracelet from Lola Rose, at lolarose.biz.

Page 135: Underwear from Wolford. Mini handcuffs from Claire's Accessories. Boots, stylist's own.

Page 138: Red bra by Malizia, available at figleaves.com. Red panties from Kristina Ti. Sun visor from Claire's Accessories. Jewelry, stylist's own.

Page 139: Orange bra and panty by Mary Green, available at figleaves.com.

Page 158–159: Underwear by Only Hearts at Body Hints, N.Y.C.

Page 160: Boy shorts by Ilio at Body Hints, N.Y.C. Belt by CK Calvin Klein. Shoes by Narciso Rodriguez. Silver earrings by Nine West.

Page 161: Leather mules by Giuseppe Zanotti.

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.



My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland



1 According to Green Giant, what is the favorite veggie of lard-ass Americans?

a. ■ Corn
b. ■ Green beans
c. ■ Potatoes
d. ■ Mutton



2 Where do you recognize sexy actress Gena Lee Nolin from?

a. ☐ *Baywatch*
b. ☐ *The Price Is Right*
c. ☐ *Sheena*
d. ☐ Today's breakfast

"You're right. My finger does taste like chicken."

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3 Can you complete each movie beeyotch's badass quote?



a. I collect your _____ head."
b. "You're never going to know that I called you a retard, and your wife a _____."
c. "Air raid, or it's your _____."

4. How much are you going to lose this month betting on the wrong NCAA team?

a. ☐ Goddamn it!

5. Romance trend! According to Bloomingdale's bridal registry, the last two years have seen a 15 percent rise in what?

a. ☐ Karats per engagement ring
b. ☐ Balding losers landing hot Asian chicks
c. ☐ Postponed or canceled weddings (Yes!)



6. What are the chances that you, an American male, are going to serve time in prison during your lifetime?

a. ☐ One in three
b. ☐ One in 37
c. ☐ One in 210
d. ☐ Where do you think I am right now?



7. Which boat did Christopher Columbus actually sail to the New World?

a. ☐ The *Pinta*
b. ☐ The *Santa Maria*
c. ☐ The *Enterprisa*
d. ☐ The *Spicy Meata Balla*

8. How many of your exes think you're gay?

a. ☐ All of them, and I don't know why...ohmigod, *great* purse!
b. ☐ A few. It gives them an easy out.
c. ☐ None, except my uncle Larry.

9. How much did that famous 1920s airplane the *Spirit of St. Louis* cost to build?

a. ☐ $4,430
b. ☐ $10,580
c. ☐ $17,420
d. ☐ Ahh! King Kong! Hide!



10 Match each noted Springfieldian to his or her chosen profession:



a. ☐ DMV clerk
b. ☐ Cranberry silo guard
c. ☐ Supervisor
d. ☐ Leftorium shopkeep

11. Who invented the word *nerd*?

a. ☐ Ogden Nash ("Tableau at Twilight")
b. ☐ Shel Silverstein ("Hula Eel")
c. ☐ Dr. Seuss (*If I Ran the Zoo*)
d. ☐ Your high school football team QB (three to five for aggravated domestic assault)

12. Which of these select babe categories is the ultimate conquest?

a. ☐ NFL cheerleader
b. ☐ Miss Universe
c. ☐ James Bond actress
d. ☐ Cleaning lady
e. ☐ Twins

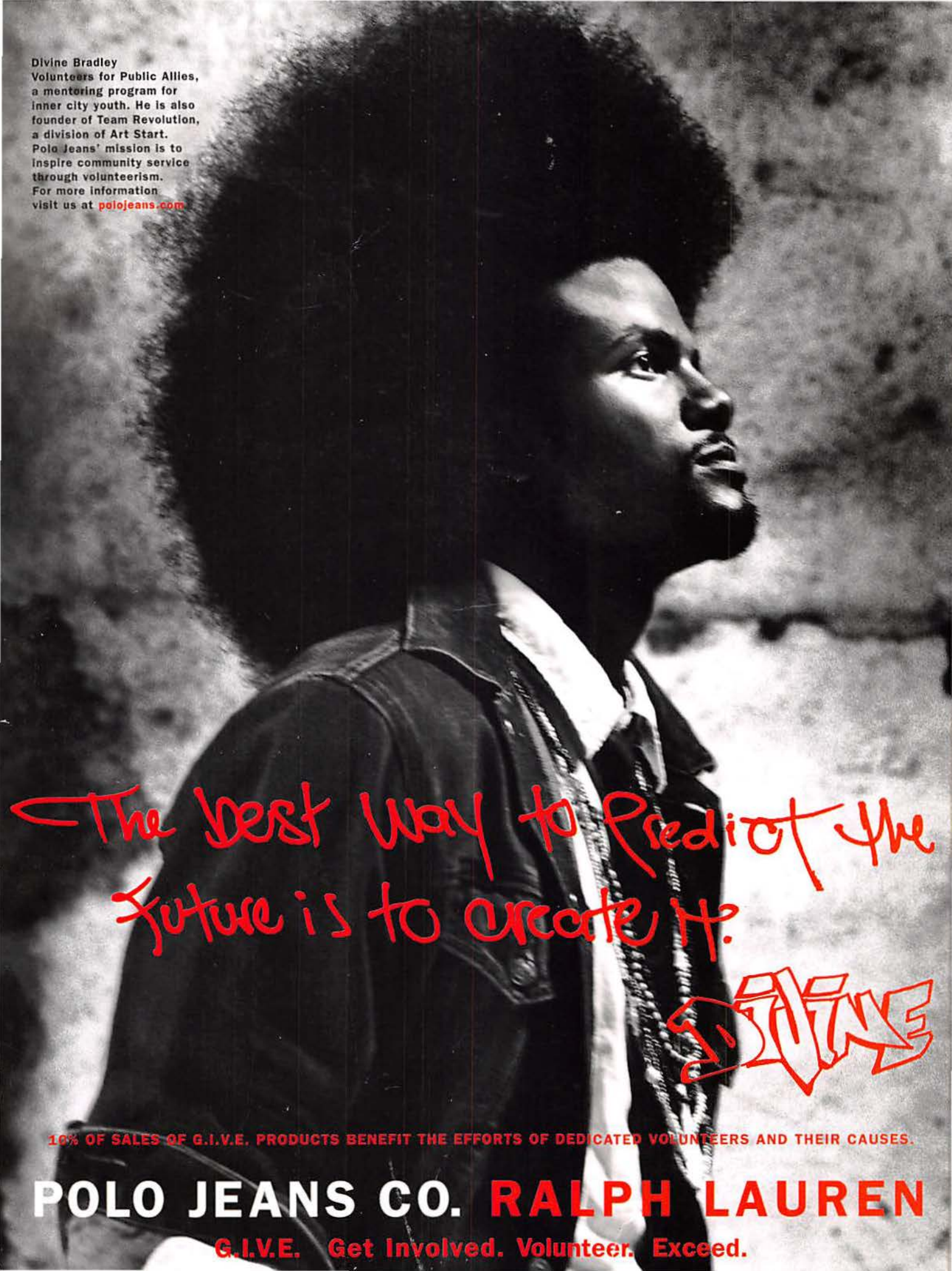
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Last month's answers: 1. a 2. c 3. a-Greece, b-Holland, c-England, d-Bahamas 4. a 5. b 6. a 7. a 8. d 9. b 10. a 11. a 12. b


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